

# Phil Ochs, A Toast To Those Who Are Gone

C                    Am  
Many's the hour I've lain by my window  
C                    Am  
and thought of the people who carried the burden  
C                    Am  
Who marched in the strange fields in search of an answers  
C                    Am                    G  
And ended their journeys an unwilling hero  
Am                    Em                    Am                    G  
Here's a song to those who are gone with never a reason why  
Em                    Am  
And a toast of the wine at the end of the line  
D7                    G  
And a toll of the bell for the next one to die  
Back in the coal fields of old Harlan county  
Some talked of the union, some talked of good wages  
And they lined them up in the dark of the forests  
And shot them down without asking no questions  
Here's a song to those who are gone with never a reason why  
And a toast of the wine to the end of the line  
And a toll of the bell for the next one to die  
And over the ocean, to the red Spanish soil  
came the lincoln brigade with their dreams  
But they fell in the fire of germany's bombing  
And they fell 'cause no one would hear their sad warning  
Here's a song to those who are gone with never a reason why  
And a toast of the wine at the end of the line  
And a toll of the bell for the next one to die  
In old Alabama, in old Mississippi  
Two states of the union so often found guilty  
They came on the busses, they came on the marches  
And they lay in the jails or they fell by the highway  
Here's a song to those who are gone with never a reason why  
And a toast of the wine at the end of the line  
And a toll of the bell for the next one to die  
The state it was texas, the town it was Dallas  
In the flash of a rifle a life was soon over  
And nobody thought of the past million murders  
And the long list of irony(?) had found a new champion  
Here's a song to those who are gone with never a reason why  
And a toast of the wine at the end of the line  
And a toll of the bell for the next one to die