

Phil Ochs, Ballad Of The Cuban Invasion

A thousand went to take the island
Chances strong(?) as broken twigs
And a thousand stayed there at the island
Met their fate fate at the bay of pigs

They were told when they arrived
They'd be helped by castro's men
But they found out, those who survived

That the cia was wrong again

Why were they wearing my country clothes?
Why were they spending my country's gold?
Who were the friends and who were the foes?
The headlines were lying, why wasn't I told?

(repeat first verse)