

Phil Ochs, That Was The President

G C G Bm
The bullets of the false revenge have struck us once again
Em Am D
As the angry seas have struck upon the sand
G C G Bm
And it seemed as though a friendless world had lost itself a friend
Em D G
That was the President and that was the man.
I still can see him smiling there and waving at the crowd
As he drove through the music of the band
And never even knowing no more time would be allowed
Not for the President and not for the man.
Here's a memory to share, here's a memory to save
Of the sudden early ending of command
Yet a part of you and a part of me is buried in his grave
That was the President and that was the man.
It's not only for the leader that the sorrow hits so hard
There are greater things I'll never understand
How a man so filled with life, even death was caught off guard.
That was the President and that was the man.
Every thing he might have done and all he could have been
Was proven by the troubled traitors hand
For what other death could wound the hearts of so many men
That was the President and that was the man.
Yes, the glory that was Lincoln's never died when he was slain
It's been carried over time and time again
And to the list of honor you may add another name
That was the President and that was the man.
That was the President and that was the man.
Here is an older version of the song, supplied by Cody Gillespie-Lynch
On a South Pacific ocean, on a South Pacific shore,
A legend was written on the sand,
For a man of peace was born in the middle of a war,
That was the president, and that was the man.
With the wisdom of the old and the vision of the young,
A challenge was given to the land,
And our dreams of peace were spoken with a gifted, golden tongue,
That was the president, and that was the man.
When the freedom revolution gave a rumble and a roar,
The world was shown on which side he would stand,
For the first time in a hundred years he opened up the door,
That was the president, and that was the man.
When a hungry world was searching for a way to feed it's own,
The Peace Corps was offered as his plan,
And now these seeds of knowledge go wherever winds have blown,
That was the president, and that was the man.
Everything he might've done and all he could've been,
Was proven by the tainted traitor's hand,
For what other death could wound the hearts of so many men,
That was the president, and that was the man.
No end to all the sorrow and the hours we shall grieve,
So deep was the fire of his brand,
And still I can remember, and still I can't believe,
That was the president, and that was the man.
Yes, the glory that was Lincoln's never died when he was slain,
That glory shown with Roosevelt again,
And to this list of honor you may list another name,
For these were the presidents, and these were the men.