

# Phil Ochs, What Are You Fighting For

Pre&gt;

C□□□□f□□ em

Oh you tell me that there's danger to the land you call your own

F □□□ em□□am

And you watch them build the war machine right beside your home

C□□□ f□ em

And you tell me that you're ready to go marchin' to the war

Dm□□□□g7□□ c

I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

Before you pack your rifle and sail across the sea  
Just think upon the southern part of the land that you call free  
Oh, there's many kinds of slavery and we've found many more  
I know you're set for fightin', but what are you fighting for?

And before you walk out on your job in answer to the call  
Just think about the millions who have no job at all  
And the men who wait for handouts with their eyes upon the floor  
Oh I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

(this verse is not in the sheet music)

Turn on your tv, turn it on so loud

And watch the fool a smiling there and tell me that you're proud  
And listen to your radio, the noise it starts to pour  
Oh I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

Read your morning papers, read every single line  
And tell me if you can believe that simple world you find  
Read every slanted word till your eyes are getting sore,  
I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

And listen to your leaders, the ones who won the race  
As they stand right there before you and lie into your face  
If you ever try to buy them, you know what they stand for  
I know you're set for fighting, but what are you fighting for?

Put ragged clothes upon your back and sleep upon the ground,  
And tell police about your rights as they drag you down,  
And ask them as they lead you to some deserted door,  
Yes, I know you're set for fightin', but what are you fightin' for?

But the hardest thing I'll ask you, if you will only try  
Is take your children by their hands and look into their eyes  
And there you'll see the answer you should have seen before  
If you'll win the wars at home, there'll be no fighting anymore  
/pre&gt;