

# Phil Ochs, Ballad Of Alferd Packer

In the state of colorado  
In the year of seventy-four  
They crossed the san juan mountains  
Growing hungry to the core.  
Their guide was alferd packer  
And they trusted him too long:  
For his character was weak  
And his appetite was strong.

They called him a murderer, a cannibal, a thief;  
It just doesn't pay to eat anything but government-inspected beef.

Along the gunnison river  
An indian camp they spied.  
An indian chief approached them,  
To stop them he did try.  
He warned them of the danger  
In the snow that lay around,  
But the danger was in packer,  
For his hunger knew now bound.

They called him a murderer, a cannibal, a thief;  
It just doesn't pay to eat anything but government-inspected beef.

Two cold months went slowly by;  
Packer came back alone.  
&quot;my comrades they all froze to death,  
I'm starving,&quot; he did moan.

The indian chief knew how he lied,  
He spat upon the ground,  
For packer's belly hung out all over his belt:  
He'd gained some thirty pounds.

They called him a murderer, a cannibal, a thief;  
It just doesn't pay to eat anything but government-inspected beef.

Well for nine long years he ran away  
But finally he was tried.  
He claimed he didn't kill them,  
He only ate their hide.  
That county had six dem-o-crats  
Until that man arrived.  
Well only one lives on today:  
He ate the other five.

They called him a murderer, a cannibal, a thief;  
It just doesn't pay to eat anything but government-inspected beef.

Eighteen years he stayed in jail,  
It was a dreadful fate,  
For he suffered indigestion  
Every time he ate.  
Still, it's hard to blame this hungry guy  
Who went searchin' for the mines,  
For when he ate his friends  
He'd never heard of duncan hines.