

Phil Ochs, Bound For Glory

D A7
He walked all over his own growin' land
D
From the New York island to the California sand
G D
He saw all the people that needed to be seen
A7 G D
Planted all the grass where it needed to be green
Em A D
And now he's bound for a glory all his own
Em A D
And now he is bound for glory
He wrote and he sang and he rode upon the rails
And he got on board when the sailors had to sail
He said all the words that needed to be said
He fed all the hungry souls that needed to be fed
(chorus)
He sang in our streets and he sang in our halls
And he was always there when the unions gave a call
He did all the jobs that needed to be done
He always stood his ground when a smaller man would run
(chorus)
And its Pastures of Plenty wrote the dustbowl balladeer
And This Land is Your Land, he wanted us to hear
And the risin' of the unions will be sung about again
And the Deportees live on through the power of his pen
(chorus)
Now they sing out his praises on every distant shore
But so few remember what he was fightin' for
Oh why sing the songs and forget about the aim?
He wrote them for a reason, why not sing them for the same
(chorus)