

# Phil Ochs, Colored Town

(Capo I)

Am                    Dm

Just across the railroad tracks

Am                    G

On the far side of the town

Am                    Dm

All the people there are black

Am                    G

And they live in colored town

Am

Colored town

Speeding cars down the highway run

They never stop to look around

One place that the highway shuns

And that place is colored town

Colored town

On the sidewalk children play

In the gutters watch them clown

White world is so far away

So far away from colored town

Colored town

The owners of the local stores

Owners of the local ground

They're walking on a finer floor

Skin's too white for colored town

Colored town

In the early of the day

For the white homes they are bound

As a janitor, as a maid

They leave their place in colored town

Colored town

Come the evening, come the wine

Come the dancing music sound

Liquor knows no color line

Not even down in colored town

Colored town

A prison with no prison guards

Where no padlocks can be found

A jail without cells and bars

But you'll never escape from colored town

Colored town

Come let's open all the doors

From Birmingham to Harlem's ground

from Jackson to Chicago's shores

Let's take a look at colored town

Colored town

Come take a look at colored town

Colored town