

# Phil Ochs, Draft Dodger Rag

Here's to the State of Richard Nixon

Phil Ochs

Written by Phil Ochs

- This song is a rewrite of his earlier song "Here's to the State of Mississippi";

Here's to the State of Richard Nixon

For underneath his borders the devil draws the line

If you drag his muddy rivers nameless bodies you will find

And the fat trees of the forest have hid a thousand crimes

And the calendar is lyin' when it reads the present time

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of

Richard Nixon, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the schools of Richard Nixon

Where they're teachin' all the children they don't have to care

All the rudiments of hatred are present everywhere

And every single classroom is a factory of despair

Oh, there's nobody learnin' such a foreign word as "fair";

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of

Richard Nixon, find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the laws of Richard Nixon

Where the wars are fought in secret, Pearl Harbor every day

He punishes with income tax that he don't have to pay

And he's tapping his own brother just to hear what he would say

But corruption can be classic in the Richard Nixon way

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of

Richard Nixon find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the churches of Richard Nixon and Billy Graham

Where the cross, once made of silver, now is caked with rust

And the Sunday mornin' sermons pander to their lust

All the fallen face of Jesus is chokin' in the dust

And Heaven only knows in which God they can trust

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of

Richard Nixon find yourself another country to be part of

And here's to the government of Richard Nixon

In the swamp of their bureaucracy they're always boggin' down

And criminals are posing as advisors to the crown

And they hope that no one sees the sights and no one hears the sound

And the speeches of the President are the ravings of a clown

Oh, here's to the land you've torn out the heart of

Richard Nixon find yourself another country to be part of