

# Phil Ochs, Going Down To Mississippi

I'm going down to mississippi  
I'm going down a southern road  
And if you never see me again  
Remember that I had to go  
Remember that I had to go

It's a long road down to mississippi  
It's a short road back the other way  
If the cops pull you over to the side of the road  
You won't have nothing to say  
No, you won't have nothing to say

There's a man waiting down in mississippi  
And he's waiting with a rifle in his hand  
And he's looking down the road for an out-of-state car  
And he thinks he's fighting for his land  
Yes, he thinks he's fighting for his land

And he won't know the clothes I'm wearing  
And he doesn't know the name that I own  
But his gun is large and his hate is hard  
And he knows I'm coming down the road  
Yes, he knows I'm coming down the road

It's not for the glory that I'm leaving  
It's not trouble that I'm looking for  
But there's lots of good work calling me down  
And the waiting won't do no more  
No, the waiting won't do no more

Don't call me the brave one for going  
No, don't pin a medal to my name  
For even if there was any choice to make  
I'd be going down just the same  
I'd be going down just the same

For someone's got to go to mississippi  
Just as sure as there's a right and there's a wrong  
Even though you say the time will change  
That time is just too long  
That time is just too long

So I'm going down to mississippi  
I'm going down a southern road  
And if you never see me again  
Remember that I had to go  
Remember that I had to go