

Phil Ochs, How Long

How long, how long can we go on
How long, how long can we go on,
This troubled land may never last
There is no future in the past

How far, how far have we gone
How far, how far have we gone,
So many battles without a gain (so many struggles have we lost)
So many young men lost in vain. (so many men on the cross)
chorus

Why the fear of the coming of the morning?
Why the trembling at the call?
Can't we hear the final warning,
Can't we see the writing on the wall?

Can't we see the writing on the wall?

So many years before the dawn,
So many years before the dawn,
So many children have never grown
So many cannonballs have flown.
(so many dogs have hid their bone)

So many rains have had to fall,
So many rains have had to fall,
So many storms before the flood
So many rainbows red with blood.

Why the fear of the comin' of the morning?
Why the trembling at the call?
Can't we hear the final warning?
Can't we see the writing on the wall?

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