

Phil Ochs, The Harder They Fall

F
London Bridge is falling down,
E Am
And the people want their crown.
D G
They are not fooling a-round.
C G C /C7/F
Gimme my crown, gimme my crown, gimme my crown.
F
So I'll say these words to you,
Dm C
Though you won't believe a word I say...
G
Gonna say the words anyway.
Bb Am
Poems are pretty; Tales are tall.
Bb
Only the witches recall:
A G
The bigger they are, The harder they fall.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
They were looking for a thrill
But she forgot to take her pill
Gimme my pill, gimme my pill, gimme my pill
Through our fantasies we fly
In the prison of our dreams we die
Dieting in an apple pie

chorus

Mary had a little lamb
Couldn't make it with a man
She buried babies in the sand
Gimme my sand, gimme my sand, gimme my sand
So the visions came to stay
She was beheaded on a holiday
That's the price you have to pay

chorus

Mother goose is on the loose
Stealing lines from Lenny Bruce
Drinking booze and killing jews
Gimme my jews, gimme my booze, gimme my jews
Six million jingles can't be wrong
From the dragon to the Viet Cong
Fairy tales have come along

chorus