

# Phil Ochs, This Old World Is Changing Hands

Oh, a thousand marching armies and a million marching men  
Have won the wide world over and lost it back again,  
But now the word has gone to ev'ry fallen land,  
That this old world is changing hands.  
From the master to the servant, from the owner to the slave  
Colonial days are buried in a deep and dirty grave;  
It's so easy to see and well to understand  
That this old world is changing hands.

Washington and jefferson and patrick henry too,  
They knew what they were doing when they started something new  
It was in this giant land of ours that it all began  
When this old land was changing hands.

\*chorus\*

And when world war two was rollin' by the tide was on it's way  
Many countries had to listen to the words they had to say  
And the word was spread by millions, all of yellow, black, and tan,  
That this old world is changing hands.

\*chorus\*

Now africa and asia and the carribbean shore  
No longer can be counted as the spoils of war  
They were bought and sold together, now together they will stand,  
For this old world is changing hands.

\*chorus\*