

Phil Ochs, White Boots Marching In A Yellow Land

E C#m A E
The pilots playing poker in the cockpit of the plane

C#m A F#m
The casualties arriving like the dropping of the rain

E C#m A B
And a mountain of machinery will fall before a man

E G#m A B E
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land

It's written in the ashes of the village towns we burn

It's written in the empty bed of the fathers unreturned

And the chocolate in the childrens eyes will never understand

When you're white boots marching in a yellow land

C#m

Red blow the bugles of the dawn

B

The morning has arrived you must be gone

A

B

And the lost patrol chase their chartered(*) souls

E

D

Like cold/old(?) whores following tired armies

Train them well, the men who will be fighting by your side

And never turn your back if the battle turns the tide

For the colours of a civil war are louder than commands

When you're white boots marching in a yellow land

Blow them from the forest and burn them from your sight

Tie their hands behind their back and question through the night

But when the firing squad is ready they'll be spitting where they stand

At the white boots marching in a yellow land

Red blow the bugles of the dawn

The morning has arrived you must be gone

And the lost patrol chase their chartered souls

Like cold whores following tired armies

The comic and the beauty queen are dancing on the stage

Raw recruits are lining up like coffins in a cage

We're fighting in a war we lost before the war began

We're the white boots marching in a yellow land

And the lost patrol chase their chartered souls

like cold whores following tired armies