

## Ochs Phil

# "The Marines Have Landed On The Shores Of Santo Dom"

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Phil Ochs

And the crabs are crazy, they scuttle back and forth,  
the sand is burning

And the fish take flight and scatter from the sight, their  
courses turning

As the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest, the sea is  
churning.

The marines have landed on the shores of Santo  
Domingo.

The fishermen sweat, they're pausing at their nets, the  
day's a-burning

As the warships sway and thunder in the bay, loud the  
morning.

But the boy on the shore is throwing pebbles no more,  
he runs a-warning

That the the marines have landed on the shores of  
Santo Domingo.

The streets are still, there's silence in the hills, the town  
is sleeping

And the farmers yawn in the grey silver dawn, the  
fields they're keeping

As the first troops land and step into the sand, the  
flags are weaving.

The marines have landed on the shores of Santo  
Domingo.

The unsmiling sun is shining down upon the singing  
soldiers

In the cloud dust whirl they whistle at the girls, they're getting bolder

The old women sigh, think of memories gone by, they shrug their shoulders.

The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo.

Ready for the tricks, their bayonets are fixed, now they are rolling

And the tanks make tracks past the trembling shacks where fear's unfolding

All the young wives afraid, turn their backs to the parade with babes they're holding

The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

A bullet cracks the sound, the army hit the ground, the sniper's callin'

So they open their guns, a thousand to one, no sense in stalling

He clutches at his head and totters on the edge, look now he's falling

The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

In the red plaza square, the crowds come to stare, the heat is leaning

And the eyes of the dead are turning every head to the widows screaming

But the soldiers make a bid, giving candy to the kids, their teeth are gleaming

The marines have landed on the shores of Santo Domingo

Up and down the coast, the generals drink a toast, the wheel is spinning

And the cowards and the whores are peeking through the doors to see who's winning

But the traitors will pretend that it's getting near the  
end, when it's beginning

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