

Phil Ochs "Changing Hands"

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Oh, alien 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 every 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

A 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 world was 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

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 to millions, all of yellow,
black and tan
That this old world was changing hands

From the master to the servant, from the owner to the
slaves
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

Now Africa and Asia and the Cal-Caribbean shores
No longer can be counted as the spoils of the war
They were bought and sold together, now together
they will stand
'Cause 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

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