

## **Phil Ochs "Davey Moore"**

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It was out to california young davey moore did go,  
To meet with sugar ramos and trade him blow for blow  
He left his home in springfield, his wife and children  
five;  
The spring was fast approaching, it was good to be  
alive.  
His wife, she begged and pleaded, "you have to leave  
this game.  
Is it worth the bloodshed and is it worth the pain? "  
But davey could not hear above the cheering crowd  
He was a champion, and champions are proud.  
Hang his gloves upon the wall, shine his trophies bright  
clear,  
Another man will fall before we dry our tears  
For the fighters must destroy as the poets must sing,  
As the hungry crowd must gather for the blood upon  
the ring.

And thousands gave a roar when davey moore walked  
in,  
Another man to beat, another purse to win  
And all along the ringside, a sight beyond compare  
The money-chasing vultures were waiting for their  
share,  
He stood there in his corner and he waited for the bell;  
The signal of the struggle of two men facin' hell;  
And when the bell was sounded, the blows began to  
rain,  
And blows will lead to hate -- hate drives men insane.  
\*chorus\*

The fists were flying fast and hard, the sweat was  
pouring down,  
And davey moore grew weaker with ev'ry passin'  
round.  
His legs began to wobble and his arms began to strain,  
He fell upon the canvas floor, a fog around his brain.  
At last the fight was over, young davey fought no  
more,  
He lost the final battle behind a doctor's door.  
And back at the arena, the screaming crowd is gone,  
And death is waiting ringside, for the next fight to

come on.  
\*chorus\*

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