

## **Phil Ochs**

# **"Santo Domingo"**

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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 gray 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 is unfolding

All the young wives afraid, turn their backs on 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 is 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 how 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 coed, 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  
The marines have landed on the shores  
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