

Phil Ochs

"The Harder They Fall"

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London Bridge is falling down
And the people want their crown
They are not fooling a-round
Gimme my crown, gimme my crown, gimme my crown

So I'll say these words to you
Though you won't believe a word I say
Gonna say the words anyway

Poems are pretty, tales are tall
Only the witches recall
The bigger they are
The harder they fall

Jack and Jill went up the hill
They were looking for a thrill
But she forgot to take her pill
Gimme my pill, gimme my pill, gimme my pill

Through our fantasies we fly
In the prison of our dreams we die
Dieting in an apple pie

Poems are pretty, tales are tall
Only the witches recall
The bigger they are
The harder they fall

Mary had a little lamb
Couldn't make it with a man
She buried babies in the sand
Gimme my sand, gimme my sand, gimme my sand

So the visions came to stay
She was beheaded on a holiday
That's the price you have to pay

Poems are pretty, tales are tall
Only the witches recall
The bigger they are
The harder they fall

Mother goose is on the loose
Stealing lines from Lenny Bruce
Drinking booze and killing Jews
Gimme my Jews, gimme my booze, gimme my Jews

Six million jingles can't be wrong
From the dragon to the Viet Cong
Fairy tales have come along

Poems are pretty, tales are tall
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