

Phil Ochs

"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
The marines have landed on the shores of Santo
Domingo
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
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