

## Phil Ochs

# "The Marines Have Landed on The Shores of Santo Domingo"

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Pre>capo 2nd fret

Intro:em

Em

And the crabs are crazy, they scuttle back and forth,

D dsus d

The sand is burning

C d c d

And the fish take flight and scatter from the sight,

Em

Their courses turning

As the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest

D dsus d

The sea is churning.

C d c d em

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 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 soldiers 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

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 coad, 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

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

/pre>

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