

The Marines Have Landed On The Shores Of Santo Domingo

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 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
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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
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