There But for Fortune

Phil Ochs

Show me a prison, show me a jail
Show me a prisoner, man, whose face is growin' pale
And I'll show you a young man with many reasons why
And there but for fortune, may go you or IShow me an alley, show me a train
Show me a hobo who sleeps out in the rain
And I'll show you a young man with many reasons why
And there but for fortune, may go you or IShow me the whiskey stains on the floor
Show me a drunken man as he stumbles out the door
And I'll show you a young man with many reasons why
And there but for fortune, may go you or IShow me the country where the bombs had to fall
Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall
And I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why
And there but for fortune, may go you or I, or I

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