

# Bound for Glory

[Phil Ochs](#)

He walked all over his own growin' land  
From the New York island to the California sand  
He saw all the people that needed to be seen  
Planted all the grass where it needed to be green And now he's bound for a glory all his own  
And now he is bound for glory He wrote and he sang and he rode upon the rails  
And he got on board when the sailors had to sail  
He said all the words that needed to be said  
He fed all the hungry souls that needed to be fed And now he's bound for a glory all his own  
And now he is bound for glory He sang in our streets and he sang in our halls  
And he was always there when the unions gave a call  
He did all the jobs that needed to be done  
And he always stood his ground when a smaller man would run And now he's bound for a glory all his own  
And now he is bound for glory And its pastures of plenty wrote the dust bowl balladeer  
And this land is your land, he wanted us to hear  
And the risin' of the unions will be sung about again  
Deportees live on through the power of his pen And now he's bound for a glory all his own  
And now he is bound for glory Now they sing out his praises on every distant shore  
But so few remember what he was fightin' for  
Oh, why sing the songs and forget about the aim?  
He wrote them for a reason, why not sing them for the same For now he's bound for a glory all his own  
And now he is bound for glory

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