Lou Marsh

Phil Ochs

On the streets of New York city
When the hour was getting late
There were young men armed with knives and guns
Young men armed with hateAnd Lou Marsh stepped between them
And died there in his tracks
For one man is no army
When the city turns its backAnd now the streets are empty
Now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
And never pass the parkFor the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in El Barrio
With the orphans of the nightHe left behind a chamber
Of a church he served so long
For he learned the prayers of distant men
Will never right the wrongsHis church became an alley
And his pulpit was the street
And he made his congregation
From the boys he used to meetAnd now the streets are empty
Now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
And never pass the parkFor the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in El Barrio
With the orphans of the nightThere were two gangs approaching
In Spanish Harlem town
The smell of blood was in the air
The challenge was laid downHe felt their blinding hatred
And he tried to save their lives
And the answer that they gave him
Was their fists and feet and knivesAnd now the streets are empty
Now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
And never pass the parkFor the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in El Barrio
With the orphans of the nightWill Lou Marsh lie forgotten
In his cold and silent grave?
Will his memory still linger on

In those he tried to save?All of us who knew him
Will now and then recall
And shed a tear on poverty
Tombstone of us allFor now the streets are empty
Now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
And never pass the parkFor the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in El Barrio
With the orphans of the night

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