Davey Moore

Phil Ochs

It was out to california young davey moore did go,
To meet with sugar ramos and trade him blow for blow
He left his home in springfield, his wife and children five;
The spring was fast approaching, it was good to be alive.
His wife, she begged and pleaded, "you have to leave this game.
Is it worth the bloodshed and is it worth the pain? "
But davey could not hear above the cheering crowd
He was a champion, and champions are proud.
Hang his gloves upon the wall, shine his trophies bright clear,
Another man will fall before we dry our tears
For the fighters must destroy as the poets must sing,
As the hungry crowd must gather for the blood upon the ring.And thousands gave a roar when davey moore walked in,
Another man to beat, another purse to win
And all along the ringside, a sight beyond compare
The money-chasing vultures were waiting for their share,
He stood there in his corner and he waited for the bell;
The signal of the struggle of two men facin' hell;
And when the bell was sounded, the blows began to rain,
And blows will lead to hate -- hate drives men insane.
*chorus*The fists were flying fast and hard, the sweat was pouring down,
And davey moore grew weaker with ev'ry passin' round.
His legs began to wobble and his arms began to strain,
He fell upon the canvas floor, a fog around his brain.
At last the fight was over, young davey fought no more,
He lost the final battle behind a doctor's door.
And back at the arena, the screaming crowd is gone,
And death is waiting ringside, for the next fight to come on.
chorus

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