

Bullets of Mexico (Unreleased Version)

Phil Ochs

The peons of Mexico long have known suffering and pain.

Zapata and Villa have died there, fighting in vain.

Rube'n Jaramillo kept up the tradition, he fought for the land once again.

He lived for the land, and there on the land he was slain. A forty-five bullet has ended the life of a man who had
lived by the gun,

but all of the bullets of Mexico cannot undo all the work that he's done. The greedy capiques* have stolen and
plundered the land,

With pistoleros they ruled with a cold iron hand.

The poor campesinos could stand it no longer, resistance was starting to grow.

Jaramillo decided to fight for a new Mexico. A forty-five bullet has ended the life of a man who had lived by the
gun,

but all of the bullets of Mexico cannot undo all the work that he's done. For twenty long years he fought and he
struggled and tried,

Epifania, his wife, always there at his side.

Often surrounded, he always was hounded, they searched for him
near, far, and wide:

A man of deep sorrow, but also a man of deep pride. A forty-five bullet has ended the life of a man who had
lived by the gun,

but all of the bullets of Mexico cannot undo all the work that he's done. Two thousand peasants he led to their
long-promised land,

and the army's revenge killed the wife and the sons and the man.

His assassins rejoiced with their whiskey and women, they laughed and
they danced on his grave.

Now the land waits again for another to ride on the waves. A forty-five bullet has ended the life of a man who
had lived by the gun,

but all of the bullets of Mexico cannot undo all the work that he's done.

Songwriters

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