The Harder They Fall

Phil Ochs

London Bridge is falling down
And the people want their crown
They are not fooling a-round
Gimme my crown, gimme my crown, gimme my crownSo I'll say these words to you
Though you won't believe a word I say
Gonna say the words anywayPoems are pretty, tales are tall
Only the witches recall
The bigger they are
The harder they fallJack and Jill went up the hill
They were looking for a thrill
But she forgot to take her pill
Gimme my pill, gimme my pill, gimme my pillThrough our fantasies we fly
In the prison of our dreams we die
Dieting in an apple piePoems are pretty, tales are tall
Only the witches recall
The bigger they are
The harder they fallMary had a little lamb
Couldn't make it with a man
She buried babies in the sand
Gimme my sand, gimme my sand, gimme my sandSo the visions came to stay
She was beheaded on a holiday
That's the price you have to payPoems are pretty, tales are tall
Only the witches recall
The bigger they are
The harder they fallMother goose is on the loose
Stealing lines from Lenny Bruce
Drinking booze and killing Jews
Gimme my Jews, gimme my booze, gimme my JewsSix million jingles can't be wrong
From the dragon to the Viet Cong
Fairy tales have come alongPoems are pretty, tales are tall
Only the witches recall
The bigger they are
The harder they fall

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