Santo Domingo

Phil Ochs

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

And the crabs are crazy, they scuttle back and forth
The sand is burning
And the fish take flight and scatter from the sight
Their courses turningAs the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest
The sea is churning
The marines have landed on the shores
Of Santo DomingoThe fishermen sweat, they're pausing at their nets
The day's a-burning
As the warships sway and thunder in the bay
Loud the morningBut the boy on the shore is throwing pebbles no more
He runs a-warning
That the the marines have landed on the shores
Of Santo DomingoThe streets are still, there's silence in the hills
The town is sleeping
And the farmers yawn in the gray silver dawn
The fields they're keepingAs the first troops land and step into the sand
The flags are weaving
The marines have landed on the shores
Of Santo DomingoThe unsmiling sun is shining down upon
The singing soldiers
In the cloud dust whirl they whistle at the girls
They're getting bolderThe old women sigh, think of memories gone by
They shrug their shoulders
The marines have landed on the shores
Of Santo DomingoReady for the tricks, their bayonets are fixed
Now they are rolling
And the tanks make tracks past the trembling shacks
Where fear is unfoldingAll the young wives afraid, turn their backs on the parade
With babes they're holding
The marines have landed on the shores
Of Santo DomingoA bullet cracks the sound, the army hit the ground
The sniper is callin'

So they open their guns, a thousand to one
No sense in stallingHe clutches at his head and totters on the edge
Look how he's falling
The marines have landed on the shores
Of Santo DomingoIn the red plaza square, the crowds come to stare
The heat is leaning
And the eyes of the dead are turning every head
To the widows screamingBut the soldiers make a bid, giving candy to the kids
Their teeth are gleaming
The marines have landed on the shores
Of Santo DomingoUp and down the coed, the generals drink a toast
The wheel is spinning
And the cowards and the whores are peeking
Through the doors to see who's winningBut the traitors will pretend that it's getting near the end
When it's beginning
The marines have landed on the shores
Of Santo DomingoAnd the crabs are crazy, they scuttle back and forth
The sand is burning
And the fish take flight and scatter from the sight
Their courses turningAs the seagulls rest on the cold cannon nest
The sea is churning
The marines have landed on the shores
Of Santo Domingo

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