

White Boots Marching In a Yellow Land

Phil Ochs

The pilot's playing poker in the cockpit of the plane
The casualties are rising like the dropping of rain
And the mountain of machinery will fall before a man
When your white boots marching in a yellow land
It's written in the ashes of the village towns we burn
It's written in the empty bed of the fathers unreturned
And the chocolate in the children's eyes will never understand
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land
Red, blow the bugles of the dawn
The morning has arrived, you must be gone
And the lost patrol chase their chartered souls
Like cold whores following tired armies
Train them well, the men who will be fighting by your side
And never turn your back if the battle turns the tide
For the colors of a civil war are louder than commands
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land
Blow them from the forest and burn them from your sight
Tie their hands behind their back and question through the night
But when the firing squad is ready, they'll be spitting where they stand
At the white boots marching in a yellow land
Red, blow the bugles of the dawn
The morning has arrived, you must be gone
And the lost patrol chase their chartered souls
Like cold whores following tired armies
The comic and the beauty queen are dancing on the stage
Raw recruits are lining up like coffins in a cage
We're fighting in a war, we lost before the war began
We're the white boots marching in a yellow land
And the lost patrol chase their chartered souls
Like cold whores following tired armies

Songwriters

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