

I Ain't Marchin' Anymore

Words & Music:
Phil Ochs

G C D
Oh, I marched to the battle of New Orleans

G C D
At the end of the early British war.

G C Am F Em
A young land started growin', the young blood started flowin'.

Am D
But, I ain't marchin' anymore.

For I killed my share of Injuns in a thousand different fights,
I was there at the Little Big Horn.
I heard many men a-lyin', saw many more a-dyin',
And I ain't marchin' anymore.

CHORUS:

C G C Em A
It's always the old to lead us to the war, always the young to fall.

C Bm Em
Now look at all we won with a sabre and a gun.

C Am D
Tell me, was it worth it all?

For I stole California from the Mexican land,
Fought in the bloody Civil War.
Yes, I even killed my brothers and so many others,
That I ain't marchin' anymore.

For I marched to the battles of the German trench,
In a war that was bound to end all wars.
I must have killed a million men and now they want me back again,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

CHORUS:

For I flew the final mission in the Japanese skies,
Set off the mighty mushroom roar.
When I saw the cities burnin', I knew that I was learnin'
That I ain't marchin' anymore.

Now, the labor leader's screamin' when they close the missile plants.
United Fruit screams at the Cuban shore.
Call it peace or call it treason, call it love or call it reason,
But I ain't marchin' anymore, no, I ain't marchin' anymore.

