

Another Country  
By Phil Ochs

Oh, a rifle took its aim and a man fell to the ground.  
He tried to stand again but everybody held him down:  
A time of terror when the bullet pierced the air --  
I know that couldn't happen here.  
Oh, it must have been another country --  
Yes, it must have been another land.  
That couldn't happen in the U.S.A.  
We'd never treat a man that way.

And a migrant worker sweats underneath the blazin' sun.  
He's fallen on his knees but his work is never done.  
He begs someone to listen but nobody seems to care,  
And I know that couldn't happen here.  
Oh, it must have been another country --  
Yes, it must have been another land.  
That couldn't happen in the U.S.A.  
We'd never treat a man that way.

And a man is working steady, it's good money he receives  
But he's thrown out of work for the wrong things he believes.  
He didn't have the thoughts most everybody shares.  
I know that couldn't happen here,  
so it must have been another country --  
Yes, it must have been another land.  
That couldn't happen in the U.S.A.  
We'd never treat a man that way.

And a man is sent to prison to wait until he dies.  
He fights to save his life, for years and years he tries.  
Even though he changed himself he dies upon the chair.  
I know that couldn't happen here.  
Oh, it must have been another country --  
Yes, it must have been another land.  
That couldn't happen in the U.S.A.  
We'd never treat a man that way.  
Oh, I know we'd never treat a man that way.