

Ballad of the Cuban Invasion  
By Phil Ochs

A thousand went to take the island  
Chances strong(?) as broken twigs  
And a thousand stayed there at the island  
Met their fate fate at the Bay of Pigs

They were told when they arrived  
They'd be helped by Castro's men  
But they found out, those who survived  
That the CIA was wrong again

Why were they wearing my country clothes?  
Why were they spending my country's gold?  
Who were the friends and who were the foes?  
The headlines were lying, why wasn't I told?

(repeat first verse)