

Going Down To Mississippi
By Phil Ochs

I'm going down to Mississippi
I'm going down a southern road
And if you never see me again
Remember that I had to go
Remember that I had to go

It's a long road down to Mississippi
It's a short road back the other way
If the cops pull you over to the side of the road
You won't have nothing to say
No, you won't have nothing to say

There's a man waiting down in Mississippi
And he's waiting with a rifle in his hand
And he's looking down the road for an out-of-state car
And he thinks he's fighting for his land
Yes, he thinks he's fighting for his land

And he won't know the clothes I'm wearing
And he doesn't know the name that I own
But his gun is large and his hate is hard
And he knows I'm coming down the road
Yes, he knows I'm coming down the road

It's not for the glory that I'm leaving
It's not trouble that I'm looking for
But there's lots of good work calling me down
And The waiting won't do no more
No, The waiting won't do no more

Don't call me the brave one for going
No, don't pin a medal to my name
For even if there was any choice to make
I'd be going down just the same
I'd be going down just the same

For someone's got to go to mississippi
Just as sure as there's a right and there's a wrong
Even though you say the time will change
That time is just too long
That time is just too long

So I'm going down to Mississippi
I'm going down a southern road
And if you never see me again
Remember that I had to go
Remember that I had to go