

Lou Marsh-crd
By Phil Ochs

Intro: (Em) (G) (Am) (D) (Em)

On the streets of New York city when the hour was getting late
 There were young men armed with knives and guns, young men armed with hate
 And Lou Marsh stepped between them and died there in his tracks
 For one man is no army when the city turns its back

Now the streets are empty, now the streets are dark
 So keep an eye on shadows and never pass the park
 For the city is a jungle when the law is out of sight
 And death lurks in El Barrio with the orphans of the night

He left behind a chamber of a church he served so long
 For he learned the prayers of distant men will never right the wrongs
 His church became an alley and his pulpit was the street
 He made his congregation from the boys he used to meet

There were two gangs approaching in spanish Harlem town
 The smell of blood was in the air, the challenge was laid down
 He felt their blinding hatred, and he tried to save their lives
 And the answer that they gave him was their fists and feet and knives

Will Lou Marsh lie forgotten in his cold and silent grave?
 Will his memory still linger on, in those he tried to save?
 All of us who knew him will now and then recall
 And shed a tear on poverty, tombstone of us all