

Talking Cuban Crisis  
by Phil Ochs

It was just a little while ago I glued my ears to the radio  
The announcer was sayin' we'd better beware  
A crisis was hanging - a wave from the air  
crawlin' on the ground  
swimmin' in the sea  
headin' for me

Well, I didn't know if I was for or agin' it  
He was yellin' and screamin' a mile a minute  
Well, he said "Here comes the President  
but first this word from Pepsodent  
Have whiter teeth  
Have cleaner breath  
When you're facin' nuclear death"

And then President John began to speak  
And I knew right away he wouldn't be weak  
Well, he said he'd seen some missile bases  
And terrible smiles on Cuban faces  
Close Pictures  
carryin' land reform too far  
Giving land to the USSR

Well, he said we mustn't be afraid  
We're settin' up a little blockade  
Put our ships along the Cuban shores  
And if the Russian bear yells and roars,  
We'll let him have it

From Turkey and Greece, Formosa and Spain  
The peaceful West European Plain  
From Alaska and Greenland we'll use our means  
And twenty thousand submarines  
We're gonna teach the Russians a lesson  
For trying to upset the balance of power

Now most Americans stood behind  
The President and his military minds  
But me, I stood behind a bar  
Dreamin' of a spaceship getaway car  
Head for mars  
Any other planet that has bars  
Like Gerde's Folk City

Yes, it seemed the President's stand was strong and plain  
But some Republicans was a-goin' insane  
And they still are  
They said our plan was just too mild  
Spare the rod and spoil the child  
Let's sink Cuba into the sea  
And give 'em back democracy  
Under the water

Well, the deadline was set for ten o'clock  
For a cold war it was a-gettin' hot  
Well, the Russians tried, the Russians failed  
Homeward bound those missiles sailed  
Mr. Khrushchev said, "Better Red than dead."