

That Was The President
By Phil Ochs

On a South Pacific ocean, on a South Pacific shore,
A legend was written on the sand,
For a man of peace was born in the middle of a war,
That was the president, and that was the man.

With the wisdom of the old and the vision of the young,
A challenge was given to the land,
And our dreams of peace were spoken with a gifted, golden tongue,
That was the president, and that was the man.

When the freedom revolution gave a rumble and a roar,
The world was shown on which side he would stand,
For the first time in a hundred years he opened up the door,
That was the president, and that was the man.

When a hungry world was searching for a way to feed it's own,
The Peace Corps was offered as his plan,
And now these seeds of knowledge go wherever winds have blown,
That was the president, and that was the man.

Everything he might've done and all he could've been,
Was proven by the tainted traitor's hand,
For what other death could wound the hearts of so many men,
That was the president, and that was the man.

No end to all the sorrow and the hours we shall grieve,
So deep was the fire of his brand,
And still I can remember, and still I can't believe,
That was the president, and that was the man.

Yes, the glory that was Lincoln's never died when he was slain,
That glory shown with Roosevelt again,
And to this list of honor you may list another name,
For these were the presidents, and these were the men.