

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## That Was the President, that Was the Man 2

That Was the President, that Was the Man 2  
(Phil Ochs)

The bullets of the false revenge have struck us once again,  
As the angry seas have struck upon the sand,  
And it seems as though a friendless world has lost itself a friend,  
That was the president, and that was the man.

I still can see him smiling there and waving to the crowd,  
As he drove through the music of the band,  
And never even knowing no more time would be allowed,  
Not for the president, and not for the man.

Here's a memory to share, here's a memory to save,  
Of the sudden early ending of command,  
Yet a part of you, a part of me is buried in his grave,  
That was the president, and that was the man.

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

The glory that was Lincoln's never died when he was slain,  
It's been carried over time and time again,  
And to the list of honor you may list another name,  
That was the president, and that was the man.

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