

White Boots Marching In A Yellow Land  
By Phil Ochs

The swamps are turning red along the fevered jungle days  
Their casualties are counted in so many different ways  
For the killing of a soldier is the murder of a man  
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land

It's written in the ashes of the village towns we burn  
It's written in the empty chairs of fathers unreturned  
And the hatred in the children's eyes is clear to understand  
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land

Flush them from the forest 'til you're sure they all are gone  
Tie their hands behind their backs and question them 'til dawn  
But when the firing squad is ready they'll be spitting where they stand  
At the white boots marching in a yellow land

Helicopters hound the skies and circle in the night  
And lead the boys to victory in a thousand little fights  
But every battle won is just another grain of sand  
When you're white boots marching in a yellow land

Oh the brave bombs of the wealthy will shatter as they shine  
But the bloodiest of course can only buy a little time  
And history is waiting for the very best of plans  
By the white boots marching in a yellow land

Centuries of colonies of slavery and worse  
Now lead us to a future of their past all in reverse  
Yes we're fighting in a war we lost before that war began  
For we're white boots marching in a yellow land