Kansas City Bomber
By Phil Ochs

She comes from Kansas City, in the middle of the land
She was the queen of the game
But love never came with a man, with a man
Now all they know is her name
She's the kansas city bomber, let her roll, let her roll
Let her fly through the fury of the race
The cry of the crowd is the keeper of her soul
You can see it by the rage upon her face

The blast of the whistle, the bomber takes the floor
She turns, she spins on the rail
But she'll be the first one to score, watch her score
And the board light up as the sails
She's the kansas city bomber, let her roll, let her roll
Let her fly through the fury of the race, of the race
The cry of the crowd is the keeper of her soul
You can tell by the rage upon her face

She's gonna leave tommorrow, she's never coming back
But tommorrow is only a day
But now she is trapped on the track, on the track
And God help the lady in her way
She's the kansas city bomber, let her roll, let her roll
Let her fly through the fury of the race, of the race
The cry of the crowd is the keeper of her soul
You can tell by the rage upon her face, on her face