Monroe Town
By Phil Ochs

The Klan rode through old Monroe Town
They rode there many a year
One black day they rode too far
The cry of freedom was near

Monroe Town is a dying town
It's a human scar with their feathers and their tar
With guns in their in their hands they rose to a man
Beat Monroe clan they (?) made a stand

There is a courthouse in Monroe Town
The truth is never let in
It doesn't really matter what you have done
You are judged by the colour of your skin

Freedom had a brother in Monroe Town
Rob Williams was his name
Liberty was his battle cry
And justice was his aim

Every state has a Monroe Town
Just look and you will see
Let's get together and clean them out
Let's really make our country free