Too Many Martyrs-crd
by Phil Ochs and Bob Gibson

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Em               G           Am
In the state of Mississippi many years ago
  D                    Em
A boy of 14 years got a taste of southern law
Em                   G                 Am
He saw his friend a hanging and his color was his crime
Am      D                                Em
And the blood upon his jacket left a brand upon his mind

         Am       D            G         Em
CHORUS: Too many martyrs and too many dead
Am        D              G                 Em
Too many lies too many empty words were said
Am        D              G          Em
Too many times for too many angry men
Am         D         Em
Oh let it never be again
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His name was Medgar Evers and he walked his road alone
Like Emmett Till and thousands more whose names we'll never know
They tried to burn his home and they beat him to the ground
But deep inside they both knew what it took to bring him down
chorus

The killer waited by his home hidden by the night
As Evers stepped out from his car into the rifle sight
he slowly squeezed the trigger, the bullet left his side
It struck the heart of every man when Evers fell and died.
chorus

And they laid him in his grave while the bugle sounded clear
laid him in his grave when the victory was near
While we waited for the future for freedom through the land (*)
The country gained a killer and the country lost a man
chorus