

Who Killed Davey Moore?

Pete Seeger

Who killed Davey Moore?
How come he died
And what's the reason for it?

"Not I," says the referee
"Don't point your little finger at me!
Sure, I could have stopped it in the eight
And saved him from his terrible fate.
But the crowd would've booed, I'm sure.
Not getting their money's worth.
Too bad he had to go
But there's pressure on me, you know.
No, it wasn't me that made him fall
You can't blame me at all!"

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"Not I," says the angry crowd
Whose screams filled the ring aloud
Says, "too bad he died that night
But we just like to see a good fight
You can't blame us for his death
We just like to see some sweat
There ain't nothin' wrong in that
No, it wasn't us that made him fall
You can't blame us at all!"

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"Not I," says his manager
Puffing on his big cigar
"It's hard to say, it's hard to tell
I always thought that he was well
Too bad for his wife and kids he's dead
But if he was sick he should've said
No, you can't blame me at all
It wasn't me that made him fall!"

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"Not I," says the boxing writer
Pounding his print on his old typewriter
Says, "Boxing ain't to blame
There's just as much danger in a football game"
Says, "Boxing is here to stay,
It's just the old American way
No, it wasn't me that made him fall
You can't blame me at all!"

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"Not I," says the man whose fists
Laid him low in a cloud of mist
Who came here from Cuba's shore
Where boxing ain't allowed no more
"I hit him, yes it's true
But that's what I was paid to do
Don't say murder, don't say kill
It was destiny, it was God's will!

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