

# The Iron Lady

Phil Ochs

Have you seen the iron lady's charms  
Legs of steel, leather on her arms  
Takin' on a man to die  
A life for a life, an eye for an eye  
And that's the iron lady in the chair

Stop the murder, deter the crimes away  
Only killing shows killing doesn't pay  
Yes, that's the kind of law it takes  
Even though we make mistakes  
And sometimes send the wrong man to the chair

In the death row waiting for their turn  
No time to change, not a chance to learn  
Waiting for someone to call, say it's over after all  
They won't have to face the justice of the chair

Just before they serve him one last meal  
Shave his head, oh, they ask him how he feels  
Then the warden comes to say goodbye  
Reporters come to watch him die  
Watch him as he's strapped into the chair

And the chaplain, he reads the final prayer  
Be brave my son, the Lord is waiting there  
Oh, murder is so wrong you see  
Both the Bible and the courts agree  
That the state's allowed to murder in the chair

In the courtroom, watch the balance of the scales  
If the price is right, there's time for more appeals  
The strings are pulled, the switch is stayed  
The finest lawyers fees are paid  
And a rich man's never died upon the chair

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