

Thin Wild Mercury

Todd Snider

Poor Phil Ochs, sad and low
Hands in his pockets, wonderin' where to go
Watching those tail lights leave him behind
Thrown for the limosene for speaking his mind
Like a red-eyed photo into a garbage can
At the corner of hero and also ran
A fragile heart skipped a fragile beat
It's warm in the limosene, cold on the streets of

Thin wild mercury
And gold lame
Where things will go your way
Or they won't
Thin wind mercury
And gold lame
You know what they say
Or you don't

It was all over some new Dylan song
That Phil had the nerve to say sounded wrong
Dylan stopped the car, words shook like a fist
"Phil, you ain't a writer, you're a journalist"
Death of a rebel, twist of fate
If he ever thought better, he thought too late
Poor Phil Ochs, he slipped through the cracks
Judas went electric and he never looked back on....

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No, you don't
No, you don't