

## 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....

Thin wild mercury  
And gold lame  
Where things will go your way  
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Thin wild mercury  
And gold lame  
You konw what they say  
Or you don't  
No, you don't  
No, you don't