

I'm here, now
Written 12 June, 2020

Many moons ago, I fancied myself a folk singer and spent a fair amount of time singing songs by the likes of Malvina Reynolds, Pete Seeger, Tom Paxton and the whole sixties crowd. Sang some more traditional folk tunes, some Irish ditties and of course, tried my hand at creating my own. One of the songs that I always thought of as one of the greats was *When I'm Gone* by Phil Ochs. I must have sung it a hundred times in as many venues and I never tired of the melody or the message.

If you'll read this lyric and please, all the way through, I think you'll understand why it came to mind in the here and now. Better yet, look up ole Phil in Googledom and listen to his rendition. A word of warning here – Anna Kendrick seems like a nice person but her song of the same name is not where I'm trying to lead you. Eminem does not seem like such a nice person and his 'When I'm Gone' isn't for me. Allison Krause is a fine singer and does a fair rendition of the Ochs song but if you want to feel as well as hear it, go for the original.

When I'm Gone by Phil Ochs (1966)

There's no place in this world where I'll belong, when I'm gone
And I won't know the right from the wrong, when I'm gone
And you won't find me singin' on this song, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't feel the flowing of the time, when I'm gone
All the pleasures of love will not be mine, when I'm gone
My pen won't pour a lyric line, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't breathe the bracing air, when I'm gone
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares, when I'm gone
Won't be asked to do my share, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't be running from the rain, when I'm gone
And I can't even suffer from the pain, when I'm gone
Can't say who's to praise and who's to blame, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

Won't see the golden of the sun, when I'm gone
And the evenings and the mornings will be one, when I'm gone
Can't be singing louder than the guns, while I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

All my days won't be dances of delight, when I'm gone
And the sands will be shifting from my sight, when I'm gone
Can't add my name into the fight, while I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't be laughing at the lies, when I'm gone
And I can't question how, or when, or why, when I'm gone
Can't live proud enough to die, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

There's no place in this world where I'll belong, when I'm gone
And I won't know the right from the wrong, when I'm gone
And you won't find me singin' on this song, when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it
I guess I'll have to do it
Guess I'll have to do it
While I'm here