

Chad Mitchell Trio, The Draft Dodger Rag

We've licked pneumonia and TB
And plagues that used to mock us
We've got the onus on the Sun
The small pox cannot pock us
We found the antibodies for the staphylostreptococcus
But oh the universal curse
From Vietnam to Corea
The bug of bugs that bugs us still
And begs for panacea
Oh who will find the antidote for
Pentagonorrhea

I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and a-keepin' old Castro down
And when it came my time to serve I knew "better dead than red"
But when I got to my old draft board, buddy, this is what I said

Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, my asthma's getting worse
Consider my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old invalid aunt
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school
And I'm working in a defense plant

I've got a dislocated disc and a wracked up back
And I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
And when a bombshell hits, I get epileptic fits
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs
I got the weakness woes, and I can't touch my toes
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy ever came close to me
Well I'd probably start to sneeze

Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, my asthma's getting worse
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I hate Chou En Lai, and I hope he dies
But I think you gotta see
That if someone's gotta go over there
That someone isn't me
So have a ball Sarge, watch'em ball
While you kill me a thousand or so
And if you ever get a war without any gore
Well I'll be the first to go

Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse
Consider my career, my sweetheart dear
I gotta water me rubber tree plant
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school
And I'm working in a defense plant

Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, my asthma's getting worse
Consider my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old invalid aunt
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