

Charlie Louvin, Last Foxhole

(Oh the last foxhole oh the last foxhole) oh Lord let it be the last foxhole
He lived by my side on an Island in the sea a place called Okeinawa and just like me
He was fighting in the army against Japan
Our home was a foxhole made of clay blood and sand
(Oh the last foxhole oh the last foxhole) oh Lord let it be the last foxhole
Soon the war was over we went our seperate ways
He went home to Brooklyn but in the army I chose to stay
Now he often wrote me the letters and told me about his fears
That when his son became a man would he had to live
(In an old last foxhole in an old last foxhole) oh Lord let it be the last foxhole
Then came Korea and they sent my company and that same Brooklyn boy
Right back with me
But I left him there in the grave deep and cold
They just covered him up in his last foxhole
(Oh the last foxhole oh the last foxhole) oh Lord let it be the last foxhole
Well the years went by now here I am in another foxhole in VietNam
And there's a boy from Brooklyn behind a gun
They couldn't send his daddy so they sent his son
(The last foxhole the last foxhole) oh Lord let it the the last foxhole