

# The Flying Burrito Brothers, My Uncle

A letter came today from my draft board  
With trembling hands I read the questionare  
It asked me lots of things about my mamma and poppa  
Now that ain't what I call exactly fair

So I'm headed for the nearest foreign border  
Vancouver may be my kind of town  
Cause they don't need the kind of law and order  
That tends to keep a good man underground

A sad old soldier once told me a story  
About a battlefield that he was on  
He said a man should never fight for glory  
He must know what is right and what is wrong

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Now I don't know how much I owe my uncle  
But I suspect it's more than I can pay  
He's a sking me to sign a three year contract  
I guess I'll catch the first bus out today

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