

# Jim Croce, Gunga Din

You may talk of gin and beer  
When you're stationed way out here  
An' you're sent to penny fights an' Aldershot it  
But when it comes to slaughter  
You will do your work for water  
An' you'll lick the boots of 'im that's got it  
Now in Inja's sunny clime  
Where I used to spend my time  
Servin' her Majesty the Queen  
Of all the black faced crew  
The finest man I knew  
Was regimental bhisti, Gunga Din

The uniform he wore  
Was nothin' much before  
An' rather less than half of that behind  
But a piece of twisty rag  
An' a goatskin water bag  
Was all the field equipment he could find

When a sweatin' troop train lay  
In a sidin' through the day  
Where the heat would make you bloomin' eyebrows crawl  
We shouted, "Harry By";  
Till our throats were bricky-dry  
Then wopped him 'cause he couldn't serve us all  
He would dot an' carry one  
Till the longest day was done  
An' never seemed to know the use of fear  
If we charged or broke or cut  
You could bet your bloomin' nut  
He'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear  
With his mussick on his back  
He would skip to our attack  
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire";  
An' for all his dirty hide  
He was white, clear white inside  
When he went to tend the wounded under fire

It was Din, Din, Din  
With the bullets kickin' dust spots on the green  
And when the cartridges ran out  
You could hear the front files shout  
Send ammunition mules, and Gunga Din!  
I shan't forget the night  
When I fell behind the fight  
With a bullet where my belt plate should a' been  
I was chokin' mad with thirst  
An' the man that spied me first  
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din  
He lifted up my head  
An' he plugged me where I bled  
An' he gave me half a pint of water green  
It was crawlin' and it stunk  
But of all the drinks I've drunk  
I'm most grateful to the one from Gunga Din

He carried me away  
To where a dooli lay  
An' a bullet came and drilled the beggar clean  
He carried me inside  
An' just before he died  
I hope you like your drink said Gunga Din  
So I'll meet him later on

In the place where he as gone  
Where it's always double drill and no canteen  
He'll be squattin' on the coals  
Givin' drink to poor damn souls  
I'll catch a swig in hell from Gunga Din

It was Din, Din, Din  
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din  
Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you  
By the livin' God that made you  
Your a better man than I am, Gunga Din