

Seeger Pete, Draft Dodger Rag

I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town
I believe in God and Senator Todd and keeping 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, my feet are flat, and my asthma's
getting worse
O think of my career, my sweetheart dear, and 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 racked up back
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
And when bombshells hit, I get epileptic fits
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs
I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes
I can hardly touch my knees
And if the enemy came close to me
I'd probably start to sneeze
I hate Chou En Lai, and I hope he dies,
but one thing you gotta see
That someone's gotta go over there
but that someone isn't me
So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em Hell
Yeah kill me a thousand or more
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore
Well I'll be the first to go