

## Vietnam

Across the Pacific Ocean  
Vietnam is the spot.  
Ten thousand miles from you,  
The spot that God forgot.  
We work, we sweat,  
It's more then we can stand.  
We're not supposed to be convicts  
But defenders of our land.  
We're members of U.S. Armed Forces  
Getting little pay.  
Defending people for millions  
For a lousy two and a half a day.  
Living with our memories  
Waiting to be with our gals.  
Hoping all the while  
They haven't married our pals.  
Nobody knows we're living,  
No one gives a damn.  
At home we are forgotten,  
We belong to Uncle Sam.  
When we die and go to heaven  
We'll here St. Peter yell.  
Let the boys from Vietnam through  
For they have spent their time in hell.