

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.