

# Drive On

## ProCon

I got a friend named Whiskey Sam  
He was my boonierat buddy for a year in Nam  
    He said is my country just a little off track  
Took 'em twenty-five years to welcome me back  
    But, it's better than not coming back at all  
        Many a good man I saw fall  
        And even now, every time I dream  
I hear the men and the monkeys in the jungle scream  
        Drive on, it don't mean nothin'  
My children love me , but they don't understand  
    And I got a woman who knows her man  
    Drive on, don't mean nothin', drive on  
        I remember one night, Tex and me  
        Rappelled in on a hot L.Z  
        We had our 16's on rock and roll  
But, with all that fire, I was scared and cold  
        We were crazy, we were wild  
        And I have seen the tiger smile  
        I spit in a bamboo viper's face

And I'd be dead , but by God's grace  
    Drive on, it don't mean nothin'  
My children love me , but they don't understand  
    And I got a woman who knows her man  
    Drive on, don't mean nothin', drive on  
    It was a real slow walk in a real sad rain  
        And nobody tried to be John Wayne  
        I came home, but Tex did not  
        And I can't talk about the hit he got  
        I got a little limp now when I walk  
        Got a little tremolo when I talk  
    But my letter read from Whiskey Sam  
    You're a walkin' talkin' miracle from Vietnam  
        Drive on, it don't mean nothin'  
My children love me , but they don't understand  
    And I got a woman who knows her man  
    Drive on, don't mean nothin', drive on

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