Working for the Yankee Dollar

The Skids

Saw Vietnam as a partisan and wished I`d never been
As I held the rope on through the scope I wish I`d never seen
Where the air turned red as the bodies bled into a schoolboy`s dream
But who were there could only stare into this wondrous scene

Yankee, to war
Yankee, head high,
Yankee, in call
Yankee, we cry.

In Germany in the `45, my mind was on the altar
Thought of God the Iron Rod and thought that needed shelter
From `Tragen` pain and men insane and eyes that got much colder
Saw a German son with a Yankee gun and a uniform much older

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Yankee, head high,
Yankee, in call
Yankee, we cry.

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Processions bear that human flare which mark a hero`s welcome
For those dead and for those shed it was a big occasion
And all flags and Yankee mags, embroidered all the meaning
In an oversight, forgot the fight, which never bore elation

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Lyrics submitted by Darryl.

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