Yankee, Go Home

Richard Thompson

G.I. Joe put your gun away
The sun is setting on another day
Why don't you leave me alone
Yankee go homeThey're burning effigies out in the street
Man the lifeboats, sound the retreat
Pentagon's on the phone
Yankee go homeYou can't just kiss and run away
There ain't enough money on a sergeant's pay
When the dance hall girl you banged's in the family wayYou turned my sister into a whore
With a pair of silk stockings from the P.X. store
Why don't you leave us alone
Yankee go homeMy girlfriend won't talk to me
Since she met with a sailor from the land of the free
I'm tired of being alone
Yankee go homeI've lost count of the chewing gum that I've had
And vodka-cola make my teeth go bad
We'll handle this on our own
Yankee go homeDow Jones going into a stall
Spray paint saying it on every wall
The climb was fine, now it's time to decline and fallOverpaid, oversexed and over here
Get smart, gringo, disappear
The Hun's at the gates of Rome
Yankee go home

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