

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, we cry

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Woah-oh, woah-oh, woah-oh

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

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Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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