

# Working For the Yankee Dollar

## 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

Yankee, to war  
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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Yankee

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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