Yanks & Rebs

U.S. Bombs

dogfighting planes over west germany the red baron'll say that you ain't his enemy somebody's hit they pulled the 'chute and the jumped ship a prisoner of war now counting bricks i'm proud to be(x3) an american one two three four(x2) yanks & confederates fed up with this marched to the trenches in the woods of gettysburg the canister and shells they fell like rain marched onward to cold harbor seven thousand fell in half an hour the one's that made it home never seemed the same

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