

# 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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