

Singing In Vietnam Talking Blues

Johnny Cash

One mornin' at breakfast I said to my wife
"We've been everywhere once and some places twice"
As I had another helpin' of country ham
She said, "We ain't never been to Vietnam
There's a bunch of our boys over there"
So, we went to the Orient, Saigon Well, we got a big welcome when we drove in
Through the gates of a place that they call Long Ben
We checked in and everything got kinda quite
But a soldier boy said, "Just wait 'til tonight
Things get noisy, things start happening'
Big bad firecrackers" Well, that night we did about four shows for the boys
And they were livin' it up with a whole lot of noise
We did our last song for the night
Then we crawled into bed for some peace and quite
But things weren't peaceful and things weren't quite
Things were scary Well, for a few minutes June never said one word
And I thought at first that she hadn't heard
Then a shell exploded not two miles away
She sat up in bed and I heard her say, "What was that?"
I said "That was a shell or a bomb"
She said, "I'm scared", I said, "Me too" Well, all night long that noise kept on
And the sound would chill you right to the bone
The bullets and the bombs and the motor shells
Shook our bed every time one fell and it never let up
It was gonna get worse before it got any better Well when the sun came up the noise died down
We got a few minutes sleep and we were sleepin' sound
Then a soldier knocked on our door and said
"Last night we brought in seven dead and fourteen wounded"
And would we come down to the base hospital
And see the boys, yeah So we went to the hospital ward by day
And every night we were singin' away
Then the shells and the bombs 'til dawn again
And the helicopters brought in a wounded man
Night after night, day after day, comin' and a goin' So we sadly sang for them our last song
And reluctantly we said so long
We did our best to let them know that we cared
For every last one of them it's over there
Whether we belonged over there or not
Somebody over here loves them and needs them Well, now that's about all there is to tell

About that little trip into livin' hell
And if I ever go back over there anymore
Hope there's none of our boys there for me to sing for
I hope that war's over with and they all come back home
To stay in peace

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