

My Uncle

The Flying Burrito Brothers

A letter came today from my draft board
With trembling hands I read the questionnaire
It asked me lots of things about my mama and poppa
Now that ain't what I call exactly fair

So I'm headed for the nearest foreign border
Vancouver may be my kind of town
'Cause they don't need the kind of law and order
That tends to keep a good man underground

A sad old soldier once told me a story
About a battlefield that he was on
He said a man should never fight for glory
He must know what is right and what is wrong

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Vancouver may be my kind of town
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Now I don't know how much I owe my uncle
But I suspect it's more than I can pay
He's asking me to sign a three year contract
I guess I'll catch the first bus out today

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