

## **Country Joe & The Fish "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag"**

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Well, come on all of you, big strong men,  
Uncle Sam needs your help again.  
He's got himself in a terrible jam  
Way down yonder in Vietnam  
So put down your books and pick up a gun,  
We're gonna have a whole lotta fun.

And it's one, two, three,  
What are we fighting for ?  
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,  
Next stop is Vietnam;  
And it's five, six, seven,  
Open up the pearly gates,  
Well there ain't no time to wonder why,  
Whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Come on Wall Street, don't be slow,  
Why man, this is war au-go-go  
There's plenty good money to be made  
By supplying the Army with the tools of it's trade,  
But just hope and pray that if they drop the bomb,  
They drop it on the Viet Cong.

And it's one, two, three,  
What are we fighting for ?  
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,  
Next stop is Vietnam.  
And it's five, six, seven,  
Open up the pearly gates,  
Well there ain't no time to wonder why  
Whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Well, come on generals, let's move fast;  
Your big chance has come at last.  
Now you can go out and get those reds  
'Cause the only good commie is the one that's dead  
And you know that peace can only be won  
When we've blown 'em all to kingdom come.

And it's one, two, three,  
What are we fighting for ?  
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,

Next stop is Vietnam;  
And it's five, six, seven,  
Open up the pearly gates,  
Well there ain't no time to wonder why  
Whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Come on mothers throughout the land,  
Pack your boys off to Vietnam.  
Come on fathers, and don't hesitate  
To send

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