

Chumbawamba

"Feel Like I'm Fixin To Die' Rag"

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

(Chorus)

And it's 1 2 3 what are we fighting for?
Don't ask me I don't give a damn!
Next stop another Viet Nam.

And it's 5 6 7 open up the pearly gates.
There ain't no time to wonder why
Whoopee! We're all gonna die.

Come on generals let's move fast,
Your big chance has come at last.
Gotta go out there and break some heads.
The only good enemy is one that's dead.
And you know the peace can only be won,
When you blow 'em all to kingdom come!

(Repeat chorus)

Well come on Wall Street - don't move slow,
Why man, this is war-a-go-go!

There's plenty of money to be made
By supplying the army with the tools of the trade.
Just look at it my way - if you drop the Bomb,
Well, it's all part of the fun!

(Repeat chorus)

Well come on mothers don't delay,
Pack your boys off to the Gulf today.

Come on fathers don't hesitate,
Send them off before it's too late.

Be the first one on your block
To have your boy come home in a box!

(Repeat chorus)

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