

Nat King Cole

"Gone With The Draft"

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Gone, gone, gone with the draft!
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Gone, gone, gone with the draft!

When skinny me went out with my honey,
The boys all started to laugh,
But now it's not so funny,
They're all gone with the draft!

As a sheik I can't be beat,
The boys all hand me a laugh,
But since I have got flat feet,
I'm not gone with the draft!

I used to envy the fellows
Who had such a fine physique,
But all they can say is "Hello"
On seven fifty a week!

When the boys get back and see how I'm doin',
They'll be sorry they left,
'Cause one can't keep on wooin'
And still be gone with the draft!

When Franklin B did sign the draft,
The cats all had a chill;
The boys turned pale and ceased to laugh,
'Cause this is as serious bill!

They now realise that skinny me
Was the luckiest one of all,
Who can stay at home with Minnie
While they face the cannon ball!

So boys, take it on the chin
And always wear a smile,
You'll find it hard to grin
Carrying fifty pounds for miles!

When your year of drillin's up,
You get to camp discharge;

You can come back home and freshen up,
And run around at large!

Gone gone gone gone,
With the draft draft draft draft!

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