

Seeger Pete "Draft Dodger Rag"

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DRAFT DODGER RAG

(Phil Ochs)

I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town

I believe in God and Senator Todd and keeping old Castro down

And when it came my time to serve I knew better dead than red

But when I got to my old draft board, buddy, this is what I said:

Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen
And I always carry a purse

I got eyes like a bat, my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse

O think of my career, my sweetheart dear, and my poor old

invalid aunt

Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a goin' to school, and I'm working in a defense plant

I've got a dislocated disc and a racked up back

I'm allergic to flowers and bugs

And when bombshells hit, I get epileptic fits

And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs

I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes

I can hardly touch my knees

And if the enemy came close to me

I'd probably start to sneeze

I hate Chou En Lai, and I hope he dies,

but one thing you gotta see

That someone's gotta go over there

but that someone isn't me

So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em Hell

Yeah kill me a thousand or more

And if you ever get a war without blood and gore

Well I'll be the first to go

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filename[DRAFTDOD

recorded by Pete Seeger on Dangerous Songs

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