

Scott Miller

"Red Ball Express"

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I jumped straight at it when I had the chance,
I joined the army and I went to France
At Roosevelt's request.
Two weeks of sitting in the mud
Made me lie to the man that I could drive a truck
For the Red Ball Express.

All we do is keep it rolling on
Trading bodies for petroleum
Heating rations on the manifold
And never sleep enough to dream about home

Benzedrined and looking through cat eyes
Of a deuce and a half and a days supply
Of jerry cans in back
Aint no secret how the generals felt.
"Fuck the men they can eat their belts
but the tanks they must have gas"

All we do is keep it rolling on
Trading bodies for petroleum
Heating rations on the manifold
And never sleep enough to dream about home

The gears are sticking and the pressure's low
I felt the bump that means its time to go
Another twenty miles.
Thirty-six hours and I still ain't slept
I'm hearing voices talk inside my head
In Burma Shaving rhyme

All we do is keep it rolling on
Trading bodies for petroleum
Heating rations on the manifold
Even now I've never felt that old

Because fifty years later and you don't forget
Being eighteen and scared to death
In a world that's changing fast
Now my own son sends his own son off
To fight the next fight to be fought

And the Red Ball brings me back..

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