

## Cohan George M

### "Over There"

Visit "[Over There](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun.  
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run.  
Hear them calling you and me,  
Every son of liberty.  
Hurry right away, no delay, go today,  
Make your daddy glad,  
to have such a lad.  
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,  
To be proud your boys in line!

Over there, Over there  
Send the word, send the word over there,  
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum-tumming everywhere!  
So Prepare, say a prayer,  
Send the word, send the word to beware!  
We'll be over, we're coming over,  
And we won't be back till it's over, over there!

Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun.  
Johnny show the Hun, you're a son of a gun.  
Hoist the flag and let her fly,  
Like true heroes do or die.  
Pack your little kit, Show your grit, do your bit.  
Soldiers to the ranks  
From the towns and the tanks,  
Make your mother proud of you,  
And to liberty be true!

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Send the word, send the word over there,  
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum-tumming everywhere!  
So Prepare, say a prayer,  
Send the word, send the word to beware!  
We'll be over, we're coming over,  
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