

Thompson Richard

"Yankee Go Home"

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G.I. Joe put your gun away

The sun is setting on another day

Why don't you leave me alone

Yankee Go Home

They're burning effigies out in the street

Man the lifeboats, sound the retreat

Pentagon's on the Phone

Yankee Go Home

You can't just kiss and run away

There ain't enough money on a sergeant's pay

When the dance hall girl you banged's in the family
way

You turned my sister into a whore

With a pair of silk stockings from the P.X. store

Why don't you leave use alone

Yankee Go Home

My girlfriend won't talk to me

Since she met with a sailor from the land of the free

I'm tired of being alone

Yankee Go Home

I've lost count of the chewing gum that I've had

And vodka-cola make my teeth go bad

We'll handle this on our own

Yankee Go Home

Dow Jones going into a stall

Spray paint saying it on every wall

The climb was fine, now it's time to decline and fall

Overpaid, oversexed and over here

get smart, gringo, disappear

The Hun's at the gates of Rome

Yankee Go Home

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