

U.S. Bombs

"Yanks & Rebs"

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dogfighting planes over west germany the red baron'll
say that you ain't his enemy somebody's hit they pulled
the 'chute and the jumped ship a prisoner of war now
counting bricks i'm proud to be
(x3) an american one two three four
(x2) yanks & confederates fed up with this marched
to the trenches in the woods of gettysburg the canister
and shells they fell like rain marched onward to cold
harbor seven thousand fell in half an hour the one's
that made it home never seemed the same

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