

I feel like I'm fixin' to Die Rag

...GIVE ME A U ...
...GIVE ME A K...
...GIVE ME AN E ...

Country Joe McDonald

WHAT'S THAT SPELL?UKE!

WHAT'S THAT SPELL? UKE!

WHAT'S THAT SPELL? UKE!

WHAT'S THAT SPELL? UKE!

start up a Bb here somewhere..

Mark Karpner 1969



Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz May 2005
Songs of the Psychedelic Era

C'mon all of you big strong men

Uncle Sam needs your help again

He's got himself in a terrible jam

Way down yonder in Vietnam

So put down your books and pick up a gun

We're gonna have a whole lotta' fun

Now C'mon Wall street don't be slow

Why man, this is war au-go-go!

There's plenty good money to be made

Supplyin' the army with the tools of the trade

Just hope and pray that if they drop the bomb

They drop it on the Viet Cong

Sing the Chorus!

Now c'mon generals let's move fast

Your big chance is here at last

Now ya' can go out and get those reds

'Cause the only good Commie is one that's dead

And ya' know that peace can only be won

When we've blown 'em all to kingdom come

Sing the Chorus!

Come on mothers throughout the land

Pack your boys off to Vietnam

Come on fathersdon't hesitate

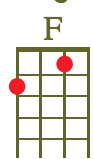
Send your sons off before it's too late

Be the first one on your block

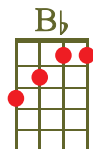
To have your boy come home in a box

... and the Chorus again... louder!

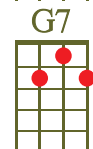
..and now that famous Chorus...



And it's one, two, three



What are we fighting for?



Don't ask me, I don't give a damn



Next stop is Vietnam



And it's five, six, seven

Open up the pearly gates

Well, there ain't no time to wonder why

Whoopee! we're all gonna die