**Waist Deep in the Big Muddy**

It was back in nineteen forty-two,

I was a member of a good platoon.

We were on maneuvers in-a Louisiana,

One night by the light of the moon.

The captain told us to ford a river,

That's how it all begun.

We were -- knee deep in the Big Muddy,

But the big fool said to push on.

The Sergeant said, "Sir, are you sure,

This is the best way back to the base?"

"Sergeant, go on! I forded this river

'Bout a mile above this place.

It'll be a little soggy but just keep slogging.

We'll soon be on dry ground."

We were, waist deep in the Big Muddy

And the big fool said to push on.

The Sergeant said, "Sir, with all this equipment

No man will be able to swim."

"Sergeant, don't be a Nervous Nellie, "

The Captain said to him.

"All we need is a little determination;

Men, follow me, I'll lead on."

We were, neck deep in the Big Muddy

And the big fool said to push on.

All at once, the moon clouded over,

We heard a gurgling cry.

A few seconds later, the captain's helmet

Was all that floated by.

The Sergeant said, "Turn around men!

I'm in charge from now on."

And we just made it out of the Big Muddy

With the captain dead and gone.

We stripped and dived and found his body

Stuck in the old quicksand.

I guess he didn't know that the water was deeper

Than the place he'd once before been.

Another stream had joined the Big Muddy

'Bout a half mile from where we'd gone.

We were lucky to escape from the Big Muddy

When the big fool said to push on.

Well, I'm not going to point any moral,

I'll leave that for yourself

Maybe you're still walking, you're still talking

You'd like to keep your health.

But every time I read the papers

That old feeling comes on;

We're, waist deep in the Big Muddy

And the big fool says to push on.

Waist deep in the Big Muddy

And the big fool says to push on.

Waist deep in the Big Muddy

And the big fool says to push on.

Waist deep! Neck deep! Soon even a

Tall man'll be over his head, we're

Waist deep in the Big Muddy!

And the big fool says to push on!

**I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag**

Well, come on 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.

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.

Well, come on generals, let's move fast;

Your big chance has come at last.

Now you can go out and get those reds

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

And you know that peace can only be won

When we've blown 'em all to kingdom come.

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.

Come on Wall Street, don't be slow,

Why man, this is war au-go-go

There's plenty good money to be made

By supplying the Army with the tools of its trade,

But just hope and pray that if they drop the bomb,

They drop it on the Viet Cong.

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.

Come on mothers throughout the land,

Pack your boys off to Vietnam.

Come on fathers, and don't hesitate

To send your sons off before it's too late.

And you can be the first ones in your block

To have your boy come home in a box.

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.

**Ohio**

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,

We're finally on our own.

This summer I hear the drumming,

Four dead in Ohio.

Gotta get down to it

Soldiers are cutting us down

Should have been done long ago.

What if you knew her

And found her dead on the ground

How can you run when you know?

Gotta get down to it

Soldiers are cutting us down

Should have been done long ago.

What if you knew her

And found her dead on the ground

How can you run when you know?

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,

We're finally on our own.

This summer I hear the drumming,

Four dead in Ohio.

**Give Peace a Chance**

Two, one-two-three-four!

Ev'rybody's talking 'bout

Bagism, Shagism, Dragism, Madism, Ragism, Tagism

This-ism, that-ism, is-m, is-m, is-m

All we are saying is give peace a chance

All we are saying is give peace a chance

Hit it

C'mon, ev'rybody's talking about

Ministers, sinisters, banisters and canisters

Bishops and Fishops and Rabbis and Popeyes and bye-bye, bye-byes

All we are saying is give peace a chance

All we are saying is give peace a chance

Let me tell you now

Ev'rybody's talking 'bout

Revolution, evolution, masturbation, flagellation, regulation, integrations

Meditations, United Nations, congratulations

All we are saying is give peace a chance

All we are saying is give peace a chance

Ev'rybody's talking 'bout

John and Yoko, Timmy Leary, Rosemary, Tommy Smothers, Bobby Dylan, Tommy Cooper

Derek Taylor, Norman Mailer, Alan Ginsberg, Hare Krishna, Hare, Hare Krishna

All we are saying is give peace a chance (repeated)

**Imagine**

Imagine there's no heaven

It's easy if you try

No hell below us

Above us only sky

Imagine all the people living for today

Imagine there's no countries

It isn't hard to do

Nothing to kill or die for

And no religion too

Imagine all the people living life in peace, you

You may say I'm a dreamer

But I'm not the only one

I hope some day you'll join us

And the world will be as one

Imagine no possessions

I wonder if you can

No need for greed or hunger

A brotherhood of man

Imagine all the people sharing all the world, you

You may say I'm a dreamer

But I'm not the only one

I hope some day you'll join us

And the world will be as one

**Fortunate Son**

Some folks are born made to wave the flag

Ooh, they're red, white and blue

And when the band plays "Hail to the chief"

Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son

It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand

Lord, don't they help themselves, oh

But when the taxman comes to the door

Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son, no

It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no

Yeah, yeah

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes

Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord

And when you ask them, "How much should we give?"

Ooh, they only answer More! more! more! y'all

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son

It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, one

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no no no

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate son, no no no

**War**

War, huh, yeah

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Uh-huh

War, huh, yeah

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Say it again, y'all

War, huh, good God

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Listen to me

Ohhh, war, I despise

Because it means destruction

Of innocent lives

War means tears

To thousands of mothers eyes

When their sons go to fight

And lose their lives

I said, war, huh

Good God, y'all

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Say it again

War, whoa, Lord

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Listen to me

War, it ain't nothing

But a heartbreaker

War, friend only to the undertaker

Ooooh, war

It's an enemy to all mankind

The point of war blows my mind

War has caused unrest

Within the younger generation

Induction then destruction

Who wants to die

Aaaaah, war-huh

Good God y'all

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Say it, say it, say it

War, huh

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Listen to me

War, huh, yeah

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Uh-huh

War, huh, yeah

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Say it again y'all

War, huh, good God

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Listen to me

War, it ain't nothing but a heartbreaker

War, it's got one friend

That's the undertaker

Ooooh, war, has shattered

Many a young mans dreams

Made him disabled, bitter and mean

Life is much to short and precious

To spend fighting wars these days

War can't give life

It can only take it away

Ooooh, war, huh

Good God y'all

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Say it again

War, whoa, Lord

What is it good for

Absolutely nothing

Listen to me

War, it ain't nothing but a heartbreaker

War, friend only to the undertaker

Peace, love and understanding

Tell me, is there no place for them today

They say we must fight to keep our freedom

But Lord knows there's got to be a better way

Ooooooh, war, huh

Good God y'all

What is it good for

You tell me

Say it, say it, say it, say it

War, huh

Good God y'all

What is it good for

Stand up and shout it

Nothing

**Bring the Boys Home**

Fathers are pleading, lovers are all alone

Mothers are praying--send our sons back home

You marched them away--yes, you did--on ships and planes

To the senseless war, facing death in vain

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Turn the ships around, lay your weapons down

Can't you see 'em march across the sky, all the soldiers that have died

Tryin' to get home can't you see them tryin' to get home?

Tryin' to get home they're tryin' to get home

Seesaw fire on the battlefield

Enough men have already been wounded or killed

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Turn the ships around, lay your weapons down

(Mothers, fathers and lovers, can't you see them)

Oh, oh

Tryin' to get home can't you see them tryin' to get home?

Oh, oh

Tryin' to get home they're tryin' to get home

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

Bring the boys home (bring 'em back alive)

What they doing over there, now (bring 'em back alive)

When we need them over here, now (bring 'em back alive)

What they doing over there, now (bring 'em back alive)

When we need them over here, now (bring 'em back alive)