

## Last Foxhole

Charlie Louvin

(Oh the last foxhole oh the last foxhole) oh Lord let it be the  
last foxhole  
He lived by my side on an Island in the sea a place called Okei  
nawa and just like me  
He was fighting in the army against Japan  
Our home was a foxhole made of clay blood and sand  
(Oh the last foxhole oh the last foxhole) oh Lord let it be the  
last foxhole  
Soon the war was over we went our seperate ways  
He went home to Brooklyn but in the army I chose to stay  
Now he often wrote me the letters and told me about his fears  
That when his son became a man would he had to live  
(In an old last foxhole in an old last foxhole) oh Lord let it  
be the last foxhole  
Then came Korea and they sent my company and that same Brooklyn  
boy  
Right back with me  
But I left him there in the grave deep and cold  
They just covered him up in his last foxhole  
(Oh the last foxhole oh the last foxhole) oh Lord let it be the  
last foxhole  
Well the years went by now here I am in another foxhole in Viet  
Nam  
And there's a boy from Brooklyn behind a gun  
They couldn't send his daddy so they sent his son  
(The last foxhole the last foxhole) oh Lord let it the the last  
foxhole