

## P. T. 109

Jimmy Dean

In '43 they Set to sea  
13 men and Kennedy  
Aboard the PT 109  
To fight the Brazen enemy  
On the isle of ol lusana  
In the strait beyond nehru  
A Jap deatroyer in the night  
Cut the '109 in two.

Smokin' fire upon the sea  
Everywhere they looked was the enemy  
The heathen gods of old Japan  
Yeah, the thought they had the best of a mighty good man

On the coast, commanderos, lookin through this periscope  
Australian niven saw the battle  
For the crew had little hope  
Two were dead, some were wounded, all were clinging to the bow  
Fightin fire, fightin water, trying to save their lives somehow.

Smokin' fire upon the sea  
Everywhere they looked was the enemy  
The heathen Gods of old Japan  
Yeah, the thought they had the best of a mighty good man

Mac Me hun, the irishman, was burned so badly he couldn't swim  
Leave me here, go on he said, cause if you don't we'll all be dead  
The PT's skipper wouldn't leave him, a man to die alone at sea  
With his strap, between his teeth, he towed the irishman to the sea.

Smokin' fire upon the sea  
Everywhere they looked was the enemy  
The heathen gods of old Japan  
They thought they had the best of a mighty good man

He led his men through water's Dark  
Rocky reefs and hungry skarks  
Braved the enemy's bayonets  
A .38 around his neck  
4 more days, 4 more nights,  
A recue boat pulled into sight  
The PT 109 was gone,  
But Kennedy and his crew lived on

So who could Guess, and who could possibly know  
That this same man named Kennedy, would,  
Be the leader of a nation,  
Be the one to take command,  
The PT 109 was gone but Kennedy lived to fight again,

Smokin' fire upon the sea,  
Everywhere they looked was the enemy,  
But JFK and his crew lived on,  
Which proves it's hard to get the best of a man named John  
Big John  
Big John  
Big John