

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