

## Reconversion Blues

Louis Jordan

I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues  
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues  
Can't wait to buy a new automobile  
And a pair of two-tone shoes  
I can walk right past my draft board  
And I won't get no dirty looks  
I can go down to the grocer  
Without takin' my ration books  
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues  
I can drive in a gas station  
And get most anything I choose  
I forgot the taste of bacon  
Butter and whipped cream cake  
At night I wake up screamin':  
"Bring me a nice fat juicy steak!"  
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues  
I'm gonna buy my baby nylons,  
All the nylons she can use  
No more fish on Tuesdays,  
I get plenty meat in my stews  
There's plenty of cigarettes and chewing gum  
And nuts and bolts and screws  
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues  
If someone say "for the duration"  
Brother, I'm gonna blow my fuse  
I'm gonna reconvert my baby  
With a house and a diamond ring  
We're gonna lock our door this winter  
And we won't come out till spring  
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues  
I'm gonna buy a brand new radio  
That don't know how to get the latest news