

Working for the Yankee Dollar

The Skids

Saw Vietnam as a partisan and wished I'd never been
As I held the rope on through the scope I wish I'd never seen
Where the air turned red as the bodies bled into a schoolboy's
dream
But who were there could only stare into this wondrous scene

Yankee, to war
Yankee, head high,
Yankee, in call
Yankee, we cry.

In Germany in the '45, my mind was on the altar
Thought of God the Iron Rod and thought that needed shelter
From 'Tragen' pain and men insane and eyes that got much colder
Saw a German son with a Yankee gun and a uniform much older

Yankee, to war
Yankee, head high,
Yankee, in call
Yankee, we cry.

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Processions bear that human flare which mark a hero's welcome
For those dead and for those shed it was a big occasion
And all flags and Yankee mags which embroidered all the meaning
In an oversight, forgot the fight, which never bore elation

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