

# Talking Vietnam Pot Luck Blues

Tom Paxton

Well when I landed in Vietnam  
I hardly got to see Saigon  
They shaped us up and called the roll  
and off we went on a long patrol  
Swappin' lies, swattin' flies,  
firing the odd shot here and there

The Captain called a halt that night  
And we had chow by the pale moon light  
A lovely dinner they planned for us  
With a taste like a seat on the crosstown bus  
Some of the veterans just left theirs layin' in the  
cans  
For the VietCong to find  
Deadlier than a land mine

Naturally somebody told a joke  
and a couple of the fellows began to smoke  
I took a whiff as a cloud rolled by  
And my nose went up like an infield fly  
Captain, he's a blonde fellow, from Yale looked at  
me and said "What's a matter with you, baby"

Well I may be crazy, but I think not;  
I'd swear to God that I smell pot!  
but who'd have pot in Vietnam?"  
he said, "Whaddaya think you been sittin' on?"  
these funny little plants....  
thousands of them.  
Good God Almighty!  
Pastures of plenty!

So we all lit up and by and by  
The whole platoon was flying high  
With a beautiful smile on the captains face  
He smelled like midnight on St. Marks Pl.  
Cleaning his weapon,  
chanting something about Hari Krishna, Hari Krishna

The moment came  
as it comes to all  
That I had to answer nature's call  
I was stumbling around in a beautiful haze  
When I met a little cat in black pj's  
Rifle, ammobelt, BF Goodrich sandals,  
Looked up at me and said "What's the matter with you,  
baby"

He said we're camping down the pass  
And smelled you people blowing grass  
And since, by the smell, you're smoking trash  
I brought you a taste of a special stash  
Straight from Uncle Ho's victory garden  
We call it Hanoi Gold.

So his squad and my squad settled down  
Passed some lovely stuff around

All too soon it was time to go  
Captain got on the radio  
Said hello headquarters, hello headquarters  
We have met the enemy and he has been smashed.