

I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag

(Written and recorded by Country Joe McDonald, 1967.)

Well, **(D7)** come on all of you, big strong men,
(G) Uncle Sam needs your help again.
He's **(D7)** got himself in a terrible jam
(G) Way down yonder in Vietnam
So **(E7)** put down your books and **(A7)** pick up a gun,
We're **(D7)** gonna have a whole lotta **(G)** fun.

And it's **(D/E)** one, **(D/F)** two, **(D/F#)** three, what are we **(G)** fighting for?
Don't ask me, I **(D7)** don't give a damn, next stop is **(G)** Vietnam;
And it's **(D/E)** five, **(D/F)** six, **(D/F#)** seven, open up the **(G)** pearly gates,
Well there **(E7)** ain't no time to **(A7)** wonder why,
Whoo**(D7)**pee! we're all gonna **(G)** die.

Well, **(D7)** come on generals, let's move fast;
(G) Your big chance has come at last.
(D7) Got to go out and get those reds
The **(G)** only good commie is the one that's dead
And **(E7)** you know that peace **(A7)** can only be won
When we've **(D7)** blown 'em all to kingdom **(G)** come.

(chorus)

(instrumental break with kazoos)

Well **(D7)** come on Wall Street, don't be slow,
Why **(G)** man, this war is go-go
There's **(D7)** plenty good money to be made
By sup**(G)**plying the Army with the tools of its trade,
(E7) Just hope and pray that if they **(A7)** drop the bomb,
They **(D7)** drop it on the Viet **(G)** Cong.

(chorus)

Well **(D7)** come on mothers throughout the land,
(G) Pack your boys off to Vietnam.
(D7) Come on fathers, don't hesitate
To **(G)** send your sons off before it's too late.
(E7) Be the first ones **(A7)** on your block
To have your **(D7)** boy come home in a **(G)** box.

(chorus)

