

Draft Dodger Rag

Words & Music:
Phil Ochs

D E
I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town.
A7 D
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and in keeping old Castro down.
D E
And when it came my time to serve, I knew better dead than red.
A7 D
But when I got to my ol' draft board, buddy this is what I said:

CHORUS:

D E
"Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen and I always carry a purse.
A7 D
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse.
D E
Oh, think of my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old invalid aunt.
A7 D
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm going to school and I'm working in a defense plant.

I got a dislocated disc, and a racked up back, I'm allergic to flowers and bugs,
And when the bombshell hits I get epileptic fits & I'm addicted to a thousand drugs.
I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes, I can hardly reach my knees.
And if the enemy came close to me, I'd probably start to sneeze."

CHORUS:

I hate Chou En Lai and I hope he dies, but one thing you gotta see,
That someone's gotta go over there, and that someone isn't me.
So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em hell! Yeah, kill me a thousand or so.
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore, well I'll be the first to go.

CHORUS: