

**DRAFT DODGER RAG (PHIL OCHS, 1965)**

**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 old draft board, buddy this is what I said:

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**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.

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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  
And 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)**

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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)**