

LEYTE LAMENT

Since the twentieth day of October
Like a cold and deadly cobra
We've chased the Japs from
Leyte Gulf to Ormoc.

Through the stinking swampy potholes
And the filthy native thatches
We've been making like der Blitzkrieg
un der Wehrmacht.

Now, it isn't that we're beefing
About the chow, nor sitting grieving
For all the stuff that's missing in the mails.
And it isn't that we're crying
About the G.I.clothes we're buying
From the natives - just to cover up
our tails.

No, the troubles come from early
On a morning dewy - pearly,
When a mighty General faced the
Leyte head.
"I'll be back," our hero shouted
"I'll be back," his echo flouted,
And the whole world trembled at
those words.

No, the fly that's in the ointment
Is that in making this appointment
The mighty one forgot old G.I.Joe.
Sure, we know that Joe's a crumb
He's thick and kinda dumb —
But he's always there when someone says "Let's go!"

And so it was at Leyte
With our bright and shiny Navy
That they shoved old G.I. Joe upon
the shore.

And they shouted and applauded
From the distance, even lauded,
As he fought his way through blood and
guts and gore.

Now that Uncle Sam's the winner
And the great one is eating dinner,
He can proudly stand and raise a potent
toast
To the fulfillment of his promise,
To the victor's mantle on us,
But didn't G.I.Joe make good the boast?

And so we say in parting
Since the next round is nearly starting
And not to interrupt the General's glee,
But, wouldn't it have been truer
A little more red, white, and bluer
To have interposed for I a great big WE!

G.I.Joe of the 96th