

# *Draft Dodger Rag*

By Phil Ochs (1964)

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

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

I've 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, and 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)