

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Yellow Rose of Taegu

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She's the yellow Rose of Taegu, the girl that I adore.
Her c*** it smells like cock juice; she's a good two-dollar whore.
You may talk to me of Seoul girls or whores from Tokyo,
But the yellow Rose of Taegu beats them all, I'd have you know.

Now I was shipped to Taegu; I didn't want to go,
But the Chinks came down from Chuko, and I left old Tokyo.
I landed from an LST; I was left there all alone,
But the yellow Rose of Taegu made me feel right at home

I didn't want to shoot a gun and that is certain sure.
I didn't want to go on line; I'd rather stayed with her.
They handed me an M-1; it made me nervous more.
The only person I wanted to shoot was my little Taegu whore.

She was a young and charming girl; her age was scarce sixteen
She took me in and she kicked out a sailor and marine.
She had no titties on her chest; that didn't bother me,
For what she had between her legs was big enough for three.

She liked to play the army way, she damn near broke my back,
My thoughts turn back to her each time I have to tote my pack
My back she broke; my prick she bent; my balls were hollow too,
But I put calluses on the c*** of my Rose from old Taegu.

I don't care much for GI food, the weather or the work
I don't care much for the Chinks, up in those hills they lurk
I don't care much for frozen ears, the colds, the flu, the s***s
I'd trade it all for a dose of clap from the girl without any tits.

I' going back to see her some bright and sunny day
I'll go AWOL, or on sickcall; I'll get there any way,
I'm sure to get my balls shot off if I stay here on line,
But if my Rose can f*** them off, well, that'll suit me fine.

From The Erotic Muse, Cray
Collected by Cray from a mimeographed sheet, Japan 1953