

Gee, But I Want To Go Home

G

The coffee that they give us,

D7

They say is mighty fine,

It's good for cuts and bruises

G

And tastes like iodine.

Chorus :

C

G

I don't want no more of army life,

D7

G

D7

G

Gee, but I want to go, Gee, but I want to go home.

The biscuits that they give us,

They say are mighty fine,

One fell off a table

And killed a pal of mine.

The clothes that they give us,

They say are mighty fine,

Me and my buddy,

Can both fit into mine.

They treat us all like monkeys

And make us stand in line,

They give you fifty dollars a week

And take back forty-nine.

The girls at the service club

They say are mighty fine,

Most are over eighty

And the rest are under nine.