

# Yankee, Go Home

Richard Thompson

G.I. Joe put your gun away  
The sun is setting on another day  
Why don't you leave me alone  
Yankee Go Home

They're burning effigies out in the street  
Man the lifeboats, sound the retreat  
Pentagon's on the Phone  
Yankee Go Home

You can't just kiss and run away  
There ain't enough money on a sergeant's pay  
When the dance hall girl you banged's in the family way

You turned my sister into a whore  
With a pair of silk stockings from the P.X. store  
Why don't you leave use alone  
Yankee Go Home

My girlfriend won't talk to me  
Since she met with a sailor from the land of the free  
I'm tired of being alone  
Yankee Go Home

I've lost count of the chewing gum that I've had  
And vodka-cola make my teeth go bad  
We'll handle this on our own  
Yankee Go Home

Dow Jones going into a stall  
Spray paint saying it on every wall  
The climb was fine, now it's time to decline and fall

Overpaid, oversexed and over here  
get smart, gringo, disappear  
The Hun's at the gates of Rome  
Yankee Go Home