

Corns For My Country

The Andrews Sisters

I'm gettin' corns for my Country
At the Hollywood Canteen
The hardest workin' junior hostess
You've ever seen
I'm doin' my bit down here for Uncle Sam
I'm a patriotic jitterbug
Yeah, yeah, that's what I am

I'm gettin' corns for my country, you should see the pounds fly
I'm gettin' down the waistline and I don't even try
I don't need a Duberry or a Westmore course
'Cos my weight's been taken over by the Army Air Force

We're not petite as sweet Joan Leslie, but then we never mind
When those GI's knock the South, we're glad that we're the heal
thy kind
The way those cowboys from the prairie expect us to sashay
I think I'd rather two-step with their horses any day

We're gettin' corns for our Country, though the goin' is tough
When we think we can't go on, we find we can't get enough
So if you hear of a soldier, sailor or marine
Tell him to look us up at the Hollywood Canteen

I used to be aesthetic, they say, oh yes I was, really I was
I served the drama, arts and the ballet
But the theatre guild came over and said, 'Forget about Pavlova
,
Learn to cut a rug, so now we're jitterbugs

I'm gettin' corns for my Country, so I'm really all in
In a week from now we'll be here with our usual vim
So if you hail from the Bronx, Des Moines or Aberdeen
Come down and ask for us at the Hollywood Canteen