Well with buck shot eyes and a purple heart I rolled down the national stroll and with a big fat paycheck strapped to my hip sack and a shore leave wristwatch underneath my sleeve in a Hong Kong drizzle on Cuban heels I rowed down the gutter to the Blood Bank and I'd left all my papers on the Ticonderoga and was in a bad need of a shave and so I slopped at the corner on cold chow mein and shot billards with a midget until the rain stopped and I bought a long sleeved shirt with horses on the front and some gum and a lighter and a knife and a new deck of cards (with girls on the back) and I sat down and wrote a letter to my wife and I said Baby, I'm so far away from home and I miss my Baby so I can't make it by myself I love you so Well I was pacing myself trying to make it all last squeezing all the life out of a lousy two day pass and I had a cold one at the Dragon with some Filipino floor show and talked baseball with a lieutenant over a Singapore sling and I wondered how the same moon outside over this Chinatown fair could look down on Illinois and find you there and you know I love you Baby

and I'm so far away from home
and I miss my Baby so
I can't make it by myself
I love you so

Shore Leave...