

Monsoon Season

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You bring your poncho with you
At first during the rainy season.
But at night on post you wonder what's the reason.
You are wet to the bone no matter what.
In Vietnam you are either soaking wet or burning hot.
War dog wants to get under your rain gear.
On nights like this, pounding water from the sky is about all you can hear.
At times I let Kobuc under to get dry.
Soon we'd quarter our post and it seemed like he was asking why?

It could stop in a moment then go for a week.
If caught outside for shelter you'd seek.
Sand and water everywhere...
In your pants and in your hair.
The enemy didn't mind working in the rain.
As he'd visit our base time and again.

Leant woes were built by k-9 troops on post at night.
They were great but at daylight it became a pitiful sight.
The Commander chewed out our boss and said we built a shanty town.
That stretched out along the perimeter, all the way around.
Our Boss chewed us out as down the chain of command it came.
We were guilty and took the blame.
They'd knock them down but suddenly they'd appear.
Then the Yelling once more we'd hear.

The yelling and building both stopped with the end of the rain.
Things went to normal once again.
Looking back it was kind of fun.
Except when sand got in your gun.

The rain back here in the States doesn't bother me today
Cause I felt the Monsoon Season of Cam Ranh Bay.