

## **The Sergeant Ordered: Sing!**

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The Sergeant yelled; "Attention!"  
And everyone snapped to!  
And across the wide ocean they marched,  
two by two into the dark jungle deep.  
Mortars and flares overhead,  
everyone hit the dirt, just like  
the Sergeant said.

Bullets, bombs, napalm, and tracers of red and green.  
Flares that hung in the heavy jungle night  
air like twinkling stars in distant flight.

Rain and mud, snakes and other crawly things.  
From a cold can... franks and beans, no chocolate  
ice cream. Wives and girlfriends were just  
memories and dreams.

Black pajamas, stealthily move in the tall  
elephant grass, razor wire, Claymore mines,  
Ha, Ha, Charlie's takin' automatic fire.

Fear was a silent companion of each day and night.  
Destiny was a silent thought, spoken of - not.  
Blood, death, and black body bags, in that hot  
jungle sun was their unspoken lot.

Warriors came and went as the months turn to years,  
the blood covered the jungle floor, and the  
young warriors that died there are heroes forever more.

Survivors still fight in the dark of the night,  
in a jungle war that has long been out of sight.

The Sergeant ordered; "Sing!"  
So, we all stood at attention and sang;  
"Bye, Bye Miss American Pie."