

**The Devil's Hand...Aces and Eights**  
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Pay not the piper for he's the porter of unwanted truth.  
I held the devil's hand as we danced all across  
that jungle land.

The angelic glow of the pop flares flickering  
in the monsoon rain, reflecting the terror of  
the warring jungle's refrain.

Mortars loudly report as tracers in their colorful  
glowing gowns boldly go, and young men search  
their shaken souls.

Black Pajama clad figures scurry through the  
tall elephant grass, unaware of the Claymore's  
in the wire. The howitzers bark and humans  
die, that's the way of war and lonely  
mothers will forever cry.

Losers all, winners none.  
The score was kept by the  
blood shed under that distant Asian sun.

Sing not to me the praises of that unholy  
War, for many will remain there forever more.

Like the proverbial albatross around my neck,  
that jungle war will haunt my reverie until  
the devil shuffles his deadly deck.

Then that jungle war will end for me...  
with Aces and Eights... You see!