

# Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag

Words & Music:  
Country Joe Macdonald  
Chords by Paul Zimmerman

[capo 2]

D7 G  
Well, c'mon all of you big, strong men, Uncle Sam needs your help again.  
D7 G  
He's got himself in a terrible jam 'way down yonder in Vietnam.  
E7 A7 D7 G  
Put down your books & pick up a gun; we're gonna have a whole lotta fun.

CHORUS:

D/E D/F D/F# G  
And it's one, two, three, what are we fighting for?  
D7 G  
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn; next stop is Vietnam.  
D/E D/F D/F# G  
And it's five, six, seven, open up the pearly gates.  
E7 A7 D7 G  
Well, there ain't no time to wonder why. Whoopee! We're all gonna die!

Now, c'mon generals, let's move fast; your big chance has come at last!  
Now, you can go out and get those Reds.  
'Cause the only good Commie is one that's dead.  
You know that peace can only be won when we've blown 'em all to kingdom come.

CHORUS:

Now, c'mon Wall Street, don't be slow; why, man this war is a go-go!  
There's plenty of good money to be made  
By supplyin' the army with the tools of its trade.  
Let's hope & pray that if they drop the bomb, they drop it on the Viet Cong

CHORUS:

Well, c'mon mothers throughout the land, pack your boys off to Vietnam.  
C'mon, fathers don't hesitate, send your sons off before it's too late.  
Be the first one on your block to have your boy come home in a box.

CHORUS:

D/E = x x 2 2 3 2    D/F = x x 3 2 3 2    D/F# = x x 4 2 3 2