

Farewell to you, captain, the bravest in command
Goodbye to all the soldiers who didn't give a damn
For we're goin' back to Richmond, buddy, leavin' here today
Gonna sell our rifles for a jug and get drunk along the way.

'Twas in Virginia harbor Gen'ral Parker disappeared,
tied sleeping soundly to a tree.
How we wept as we launched him and so cheerfully we cheered
as the gen'ral drifted slowly out to sea.

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At the battle of Manasses, I had my certain chance
to bravely fight the red and white and blue.
I was so blasted brave I stuck branches in my pants
and, yes, I played a tree 'til it was through.

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Please don't think that we are cowards. What a horrible suggestion!
It's just that we don't feel that we belong.
Bobby misses his dear mother, John has acid indigestion
and I think I feel a migraine coming on.

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