

POOR CHARLIE

(Sung to the tune of the MTA)
"The Ship That Never Returned"

Let me tell you of a Cong by the name of Charlie
On that tragic and fateful day.
He put ten rounds in his pocket, kissed his wife and family,
And went cut to zap the ARA

Chorus:

But did he ever return? No, he never returned,
And his fate is still unlearned,
He may run forever thru the trackless jungles,
He's the Cong 'who never returned,

Repeat Chorus:

Charlie handed in his rifle at the An Khe station
And he turned into a refugee,
When he got there the boss man told him "one day's labor,"
And he gave him only 50p.

Repeat Chorus:

Now Charlie's wife went down to the airstrip
One day at quarter past three
And from the open chopper she pulled Charlie to safety,
And they infiltrated Plei Me.

Repeat Chorus:

VICTOR CHARLIE AT PLEI ME

(Sung to the tune of Rock of Ages)

Victor Charlie at Plei Me, threw a hand grenade at me,
So I caught it in my palm, threw it back and he was gone,
Victor Charlie at Plei Me, thanks a lot, you s. o. b,

Submitted by: Ron Migut SGT "C" 1-7 1966-67

