

# I Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag

by Country Joe  
McDonald (1964)

*Gimme an F! F! Gimme an I! I! Gimme an S! S! Gimme an H! H!  
What's that spell ? FISH! What's that spell ? FISH! What's that spell ? FISH!*

*D D G G*  
Yeah, come on all of you, big strong men, Uncle Sam needs your help again.  
*D D G G*  
He's got himself in a terrible jam, way down yonder in Vietnam  
*E7 A D G*  
So put down your books and pick up a gun, we're gonna have a whole lotta fun. And it's

*A7(½) A#7(½) D(½) D7(½) G*  
one, two, three, what are we fighting for?  
*G D D G*  
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn, next stop is Vietnam; and it's  
*A7(½) A#7(½) D(½) D7(½) G G*  
five, six, seven, open up the pearly gates. Well there  
*E A D G*  
ain't no time to wonder why, whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Well, come on generals, let's move fast; your big chance has come at last.  
Gotta go out and get those reds — the only good commie is the one who's dead  
And you know that peace can only be won, when we've blown 'em all to kingdom come.

Well, come on Wall Street, don't move slow, why man, this is war au-go-go.  
There's plenty good money to be made by supplying the Army with the tools of the trade,  
Just hope and pray that if they drop the bomb, they drop it on the Viet Cong.

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