

Dogs and Soldiers

Dogs and soldiers keep off the grass!
So the hoary motto is passed
From generation to generation,
Of the enlightened class;

About my brothers, some in the present,
And some in the past.

Baby killer, knave, drunkard, coward!
We don't need any military power!
So the enlightened ones shout and glower.

Make love not war!
The only thing that makes us sore,
Are soldiers and sailors defending our
shore!

Peace at any price! they happily rant.
Freedom, oh Freedom! They cheerfully
chant.

They don't know freedom isn't free.
And the cost of that freedom is a very high
fee.

Too high to be paid by their peace loving
souls,
They call on soldiers to pay the whole toll.

Men of honor and integrity still pay the blood fee,
Through service and sacrifice keeping us free.

So chant the chants and rant the rants!
But don't try and kick me in the pants!
Dogs and soldiers keep off the grass?
They can just kiss my "G.I." brass.



—Master Sgt. (Ret.) Chuck Doig
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