

## LUCKY ONES

A song we use to sing as grunt Marines...

“I know a girl that lives on a hill.  
She won't do it but her sister will.

Listen people have you heard?  
President Nixon's passed the word.  
We're all going to Vietnam.  
Kill us all some Vietcong.

Sound off..one...two  
Sound off...three...four  
Break it on down.  
one...two...three...four  
one...two...THREE...FOUR!

And it's one, two, three, what are we fighting for?  
Don't ask me I don't give a damn my next stop is Vietnam.  
And it's five, six, seven, open up them pearly gates.  
Well ain't no time to wonder why...whoopee we're all gonna die!

Stick em deep!  
Watch em bleed!  
Watch em die!  
Marine Corps!...Mighty Corps...Arroorah!”

Stupid song hey? We were all seventeen to twenty something year's old and just knew we could kick ass any where in the world and that we'd live forever. Vietnam proved some of us wrong.

In the movie Platoon, a young actor said “I like it here. Here I get fed and clothed and pretty much left alone. The only thing ya gotta worry about is getting killed and you really won't know about it if it happens”.

Every time I get knocked down, I get back up because I owe the ones that didn't come back that.

You see...I'm one of the lucky ones.