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**VIETNAM LOWDOWN IN-COUNTRY BACKSTABBIN' BACKSIDE
FRAGGIN' COOK CUPPA COFFEE BLUES**

11/16-17/03

It's quiet tonight
At the mess hall
With the great sunset view,
And only God knows
All the wherefores
Of who did what to who.

Now I'm a guy who'd rather
Have coke instead of coffee...
No, not that white stuff!
But lip ticklin' liquid
Straight from Atlanta
Back in the world.

But most O's and E's
Want no more than a
Decent cuppa Joe
To jump start the bod
But it wasn't to be had
For months on end.

They loved their Mary Jane,
The guys at HQ mess,
Much better than making
Morning meals with muffins,
juice and powdered milk...
And real Army coffee.

Three sergeants came
And three sergeants gone
In five months time;
While they partied on,
Till number four brought
Forgotten rules back.

They cooked and they worked;
Then scrubbed the pots all clean.
The food turned out fine.
Thanksgiving, never better,
But someone had a grudge,
And a desire to get even.

To Sarge's field phone
Was wired a grenade
And so when he went

To get something
Needed in a hurry
From out of his tent;
They rang him up, right
When he went inside,
But over he had bent,
Chest, arms and head
In foot locker shield,
With scarcely a dent...

Yet they fragged
The boss's ass
And both legs too.
A medevac home,
Sarge's tour was over,
But what for the crew?

Suspicious aplenty,
But no solid leads.
Not one cook charged,
And the war's still on,
With Charlie to fight,
Our men to be fed.

Untrusted by all,
Forced trade is made,
Rifle and pack for
Food and utensils;
The no longer cooks
Scattered through Nam.

It's quiet right now
At HQ mess
As I go jogging by
One crew's going
Another comin' in.
The war doesn't care why.

~Gerald A. Ney~