

# **Vietnam War Music**

# Ballad of the Green Berets

Staff Sgt. Barry Sadler and Robin  
Moore (1966)

Fighting soldiers from the sky  
Fearless men who jump and die  
Men who mean just what they say  
The brave men of the Green Beret.

Silver wings upon their chest  
These are men, America's best.  
One hundred men will test today,  
But only three win the Green Beret.

Trained to live off nature's land  
Trained in combat, hand-to-hand  
Men who fight by night and day  
Courage peak from the Green Beret.



Back home a young wife waits.  
Her Green Beret has met his fate.  
He has died for those oppressed  
Leaving her his last request.

Put silver wings on my son's chest.  
Make him one of America's best.  
He'll be a man they'll test one day.  
Have him win the Green Beret.

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# Fortunate Son

John Fogerty of Creedence Clearwater Revival  
on *Willy and the Poorboys* (1969)

Some folks are born made to wave the flag,  
Ooh, they're red, white and blue.  
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief",  
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son.  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no,

Yeah!  
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,  
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh.  
But when the taxman comes to the door,  
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes,

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son, no.  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no.



Some folks inherit star-spangled eyes,  
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord,  
And when you ask them, "How much should we  
give?"  
Ooh, they only answer More! more! more!

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son.  
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, one.

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# Who'll Stop the Rain

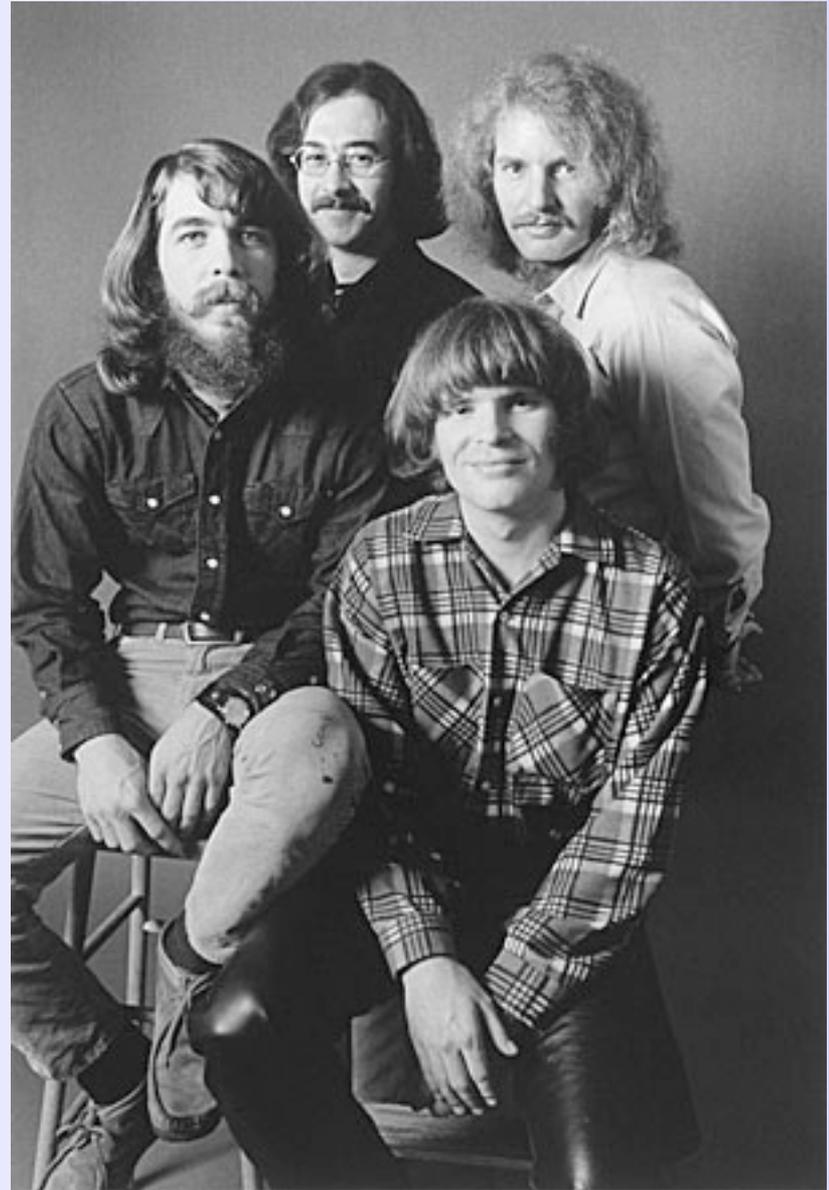
John Fogerty  
of Creedence Clearwater Revival  
on *Cosmo's Factory* (1970)

Long as I remember the rain been coming down.  
Clouds of mystery pouring confusion on the ground.  
Good men through the ages, trying to find the sun;  
And I wonder, still I wonder, who'll stop the rain.

I went down Virginia, seeking shelter from the storm.  
Caught up in the fable, I watched the tower grow.  
Five year plans and new deals, wrapped in golden  
chains.

And I wonder, still I wonder who'll stop the rain.

Heard the singers playing, how we cheered for more.  
The crowd had rushed together, trying to keep warm.  
Still the rain kept pouring, falling on my ears.  
And I wonder, still I wonder who'll stop the rain.



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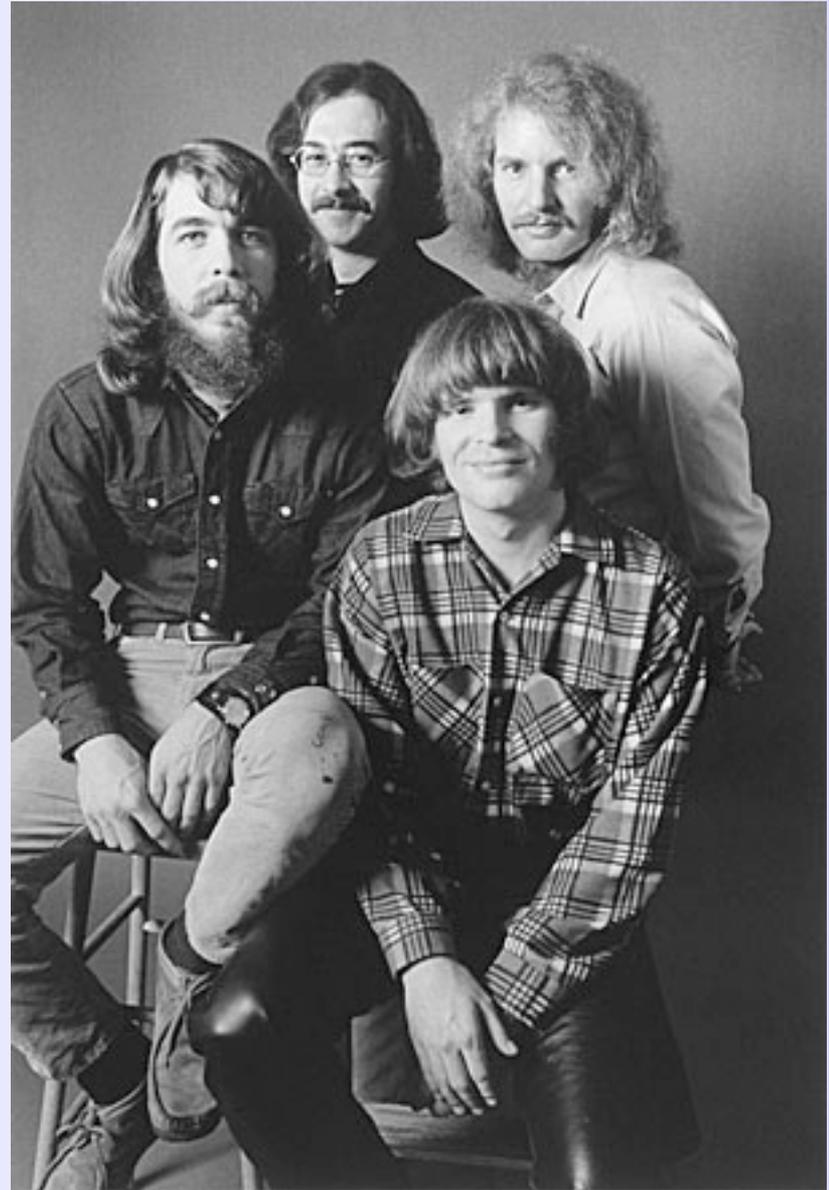
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# Run Through the Jungle

John Fogerty of Creedence Clearwater  
Revival  
on *Cosmo's Factory* (1970)



Whoa, thought it was a nightmare,  
Lo, its all so true,  
They told me, don't go walking slow  
'Cause devils on the loose.

Better run through the jungle,  
Better run through the jungle,  
Better run through the jungle,  
Whoa, don't look back to see.

Thought I heard a rumblin'  
Callin' to my name  
Two hundred million guns are loaded  
Satan cries, take aim!

Over on the mountain  
Thunder magic spoke  
Let the people know my wisdom  
Fill the land with smoke

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