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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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
Run Through the Jungle
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