

Born on the Fourth of July
Tom Paxton

(C) (Emin) (F) (G) (C) (Emin) (F) (G) (C)

As a schoolboy I played with a (Emin)plastic grenade,
It was (F)gray and with (G)caps it was (C)loaded
In the (F)dirt we would cry and dra(C)maticly die,(Amin)
As it (F)flew through the (G)air and ex(C)ploded
As a (E)young man my dream was to (Amin)be a marine,
My (F)flag was worth all I could (G)bring it.
The (C)country was young, when the (Emin)anthem was sung,
Well, it (F)gave me the (G)goosebumps to (C)sing it.
I was (F)born on the fourth of Ju(C)ly,
(F)No-one more loyal than (G)I.
When my (C)country said so, I was (Emin)ready to go,
And I (F)wish I'd been (G)left there to (C)die. (Emin) (F) (G)

When I (C)landed in Nam, I was (Emin)great Uncle Sam,
I was (F)fighting for (G)God and my (C)mother.
And I (F)knew what to do when my (C)first tour was (Amin)through,
I signed (F)up and went (G)back for a(C)nother.
But it (E)all tumbled down when we (Amin)ambushed the town
In the (F)night, how the metal was (G)flying.
We (C)blew it to hell, really (Emin)did our job well,
But just (F)women and (G)kids did the (C)dying.
I was (F)born on the fourth of Ju(C)ly,
(F)No-one more loyal than (G)I.
When my (C)country said so, I was (Emin)ready to go,
And I (F)wish I'd been (G)left there to (C)die. (Emin) (F) (G)

In the (C)damn DMZ it all (Emin)ended for me,
The (F)fighting broke (G)out and we (C)scattered.
One (F)shot hit my heel, the (C)last thing Id (Amin)feel,
The (F)next hit my (G)spine and it (C)shattered.
In my (E)hospital bed I could (Amin)hear what was said,
And the (F)word will stay with me for(G)ever.
With my (C)whole life ahead, my (Emin)body was dead,
And the (F)word they were (G)using was (C)never.
I was (F)born on the fourth of Ju(C)ly,
(F)No-one more loyal than (G)I.
When my (C)country said so, I was (Emin)ready to go,
And I (F)wish I'd been (G)left there to (C)die. (Emin) (F) (G)

Now I (C)wheel myself down to the (Emin)crossroads of town
To (F)watch the young (G)girls and their (C)lovers,
And my (F)mind is afire, it's a(C)live with de(Amin)sire,
Christ, I'd (F)barely be(G)gun, now it's (C)over.
In my (E)wheelchair for life, my me(Amin)chanical wife,
I'm sup(F)posed to be cheerful and (G)stoic.
I'm your (C)old tried-and-true Yankee (Emin)Doodle to you,
Clean-(C)cut, para(G)lyzed and he(C)roic.
I was (F)born on the fourth of Ju(C)ly,
(F)No-one more loyal than (G)I.
When my (C)country said so, I was (Emin)ready to go,
And I (F)wish I'd been (G)left there to (C)die.
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