

Vietcong Blues-lyrics

Junior Wells

I woke up early this mornin'
I was feelin' kind of blue
My landlady said you got a letter here
And I began to sing the blues
It was from my brother
Don't you know the boy's laying down in Vietnam
Lord they say, you don't have no reason to fight baby but
Lord knows you think you're right
(But you got to be wrong, don't you hear me, you got to be wrong,
now pick up...)

You wake up early in the mornin' baby
And you don't have nothin' to eat
You can't buy yourself no clothes baby
Lord knows who can you meet

My brother's in Vietnam
People don't you know just why I'm singin' these blues
You might have no respect for your country darlin'
But that's why, that's why I'm singin' these blues
(You better pick up baby and get with it, you hear me? Looka
here...)

The mothers, all the wives,
all the fathers, that have sons,
in Vietnam, you hear me?
This is to you
Always

Oh I'm gonna wake up early in the mornin'
People I'm 'bout to go out of my god-darn' mind
Lord I'm gonna wake up early in the mornin'
People I'm 'bout to go out of my god-darn' mind
It's so sad, it's so sad to think about your people
Lord when the other man thinks they're wrong
(You're not right baby. Hear this just before I go)

Lord I woke up in the mornin'...
You're gonna look up,
You're gonna look up and find yourself gone
Lord I woke up this mornin'
You're gonna look up and find yourself gone
(How would you feel if it was your brother over there, eh? How
would you feel?)
Lord then you're gonna ask the good Lord to forgive you
Please forgive me for my sins.