

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Six Clicks

Six Clicks
(Herschel Gober)

Six clicks is a mighty short walk,
When you march behind a band--
But six clicks can seem like a hundred miles
When you're walking in Charlie's land.

With a pack upon your back,
A rifle in your hand,
Every step you take,
Death is holding your hand,
Walking in Charlie's land.

Up before the crack of dawn,
Out in the brush,
Every clump of trees
Can hide an ambush.

You must not relax,
Don't lay your rifle down.
Remember, buddy, you're trespassing,
On Charlie's ground.

There's mud, mosquitoes and snakes,
Mines and punji stakes.
Some of our boys learn too late,
Just who owns this real estate.
This is Charlie's land.

Six clicks is a mighty short walk,
When you march behind a band--
But six clicks can seem like a hundred miles
When you're walking in Charlie's land.

From recording In Country, Broudie et al
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