

Jimmy Newman
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

Get up, Jimmy Newman, the morning is gone.
The engines are rumbling, the coffee's all brewed.
Get up, Jimmy Newman, there's work to be done,
And why do you lie there still sleeping?

There's a waiting line forming to use the latrine,
And the sun is just opening the sky.
The breakfast they're serving just has to be seen,
And you've only to open your eyes.

Get up, Jimmy Newman, my radio's on.
The news is all bad, but it's good for a laugh.
The tent flap is loose and the peg must be gone,
And why do you lie there still sleeping?

The night nurse is gone and the sexy one's here
And she tells us such beautiful lies.
Her uniform's tight on her marvelous rear,
And you've only to open your eyes.

Get up, Jimmy Newman, you're missing the fun;
They're loading the planes, Jim, it's time to go home.
It's over for us; there's no more to be done,
And why do you lie there still sleeping?

It's stateside for us, Jim, the folks may not know,
We'll let it be such a surprise.
They're loading us next, Jim, we're ready to go,
And you've only to open your eyes.

Get up, Jimmy Newman! They won't take my word.
I said you sleep hard, but they're shaking their heads.
Get up, Jimmy Newman, and show them you heard!
Ah, Jimmy just show them you're sleeping!

A joke is a joke, but there's nothing to gain.
Jim, I'd slap you, but I'm too weak to rise.
Get up, damn it, Jimmy! You're missing the plane,
And you've only to open your eyes.
My God, Jimmy! Open your eyes!