Draft Dodger Rag Phil Ochs © 1964

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---[Verse 1]-----
I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town.
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and in keeping old Castro down.
And when it came my time to serve, I knew better dead than red.
But when I got to my ol' draft board, buddy this is what I said:
---[CHORUS]-----
Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen,
And I always carry a purse.
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse.
Oh, think of my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old invalid aunt.
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm going to school,
And I'm working in a defense plant.
---[Verse 2]-----
I got a dislocated disc, and a racked up back,
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs,
And when the bombshell hits I get epileptic fits
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs.
I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes,
I can hardly reach my knees.
And if the enemy came close to me, I'd probably start to sneeze.
---[CHORUS]-------
Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen,
And I always carry a purse.
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse.
Oh, think of my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old invalid aunt.
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm going to school,
And I'm working in a defense plant.
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2 nd & 4th lines of CHORUS

Bar Bb chord.

From Bb chord, slide up quickly to B on the way to (slide up to) C chord