

Oh, I never think of walking,
 But I think of army shoes,
 And I never think of drinking,
 But I think of Belgian booze.
 I never see it raining
 But I'm thinking of a flood,
 And I never think of Flanders
 But I think about the mud.
 I never see a bottle
 But I'm dying for a drink,
 And I never think of drinking
 But I think about the clink.
 It's always the unpleasant
 That impresses most of all—
 And I never think of cooties
 But I think of Major Small.

If you never wore the khaki,
 Then it's hard for you to see
 When an officer's a bad one
 Just how damn mean he can be.
 When he's out to get a fellow
 And is watching every chance—
 If you don't know how they do it,
 Then you never been to France.
 There's no one yet that's perfect,
 And I'm kind of thinking, friend,
 If you kept watch on an angel,
 You would get him in the end.
 If a raindrop hits your button,
 You are up for dirty brass;
 If you miss the train from London,
 You have over-stayed your pass;