
BACK INTO CIVVIES AGAIN.

I'm here in the same old line-up, here with the same old crew
Handing the same old mess-tin up for the same old mess of stew,
Hanging around at the same old door, in the same old muck and rain,
And dreaming away of the wonderful day when I get back to civvies again.

Here's to the day when we shed puttees and tunics and army caps,
When we step into clothes with a Palm Beach cut and dress like regular chaps,
In a coat whose buttons can not be shined, and a hat that really fits,
In a clean white shirt with a collar and tie—when the Army and I are quits!

Here's to the day that the mess-tin goes to a place we'll not name here
When we sit at a snowy table-cloth and dine like the Grand Vizier;
We'll have to eat four square meals a day, for, figuring up, you'll find
In the matter of eating, this Army life has put us three years behind.

So here's to the day when the war is won and we start back over the sea,
To the paper the Colonel will hand to us that says at last we're free,
To the days when our troubles are all forgot, forgot with our toil and pain—
Forgot in the joy of the one great fact that we're back into civvies again.