

# Draft Dodger Rag Chords by Phil Ochs

Artist: Phil Ochs

Song: Draft Dodger Rag

**G** **A**  
I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town.  
**D7** **G**  
I believe in God and Senator Dodd and in keeping old Castro down.  
**G** **A**  
And when it came my time to serve, I knew better dead than red.  
**D7** **G**  
But when I got to my ol' draft board, buddy this is what I said:  
  
:  
**G**  
"Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen,  
**A**  
And I always carry a purse.  
**D7** **G**  
I got eyes like a bat, and my feet are flat, and my asthma's getting worse.  
**G** **A**  
Oh, think of my career, my sweetheart dear, my poor old invalid aunt.  
**D7**  
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm going to school,  
**G**  
And I'm working in a defense plant.  
  
**G**  
I got a dislocated disc, and a racked up back,  
**A**  
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs,  
**D7**  
And when the bombshell hits I get epileptic fits  
**G**  
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs.  
**G**  
I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes,  
**A**  
I can hardly reach my knees.  
**D7** **G**  
And if the enemy came close to me, I'd probably start to sneeze."  
  
  
**G** **A**  
I hate Chou En Lai and I hope he dies, but one thing you gotta see,  
**D7** **G**  
That someone's gotta go over there, and that someone isn't me.  
**G**  
So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em hell,  
**A**  
Yeah, kill me a thousand or so.  
**D7**  
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore,  
**G**  
Well I'll be the first to go.