The Great Unwashed or Taking a Bath in Italy
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Over in Italy
The stinking place
It's hard to keep clean
Even hands and face
You go several days
Maybe a week or two
Till you start to smell
Tent mates mutter phew

You firmly resolve
"Tomorrow I'll bathe"
But you finally wind up
with only a shave
When you go so long
And you smell like hell
You grab your helmet
and run for the well

Get some water
It's ice cold too
This overseas service
You begin to rue
First neck and ears
And under the arms
For after all, us boys
Must retain our charms

From neck to waist
The water gets grimy
From the waist on down
The water gets slimy
Make a dash to the barrel
For fresh cold water
You rinse the suds
Because you orter

By now your teeth
Are chattering a tune
As you dry yourself off
You dance like a loon
Pull out clean G.I.s
The long handle kind
Fresh clean sox
It eases your mind

Put back on your pants
And woolen shirt
That are soiled and sweaty
And stiff with dirt
You come out of your tent
Feeling clean and neat
You have bathed and scrubbed
From your ears to your feet
You firmly resolve  The next day it rains
In the future to wash  Too cold again
At least once a week  You can't wash outside
But you know it's all bosh  And it's too cold within

So it goes  All I want now
From week to week  Is a big bathtub
We are all the same  Filled with hot water
Both the mighty and the weak  And someone to scrub

My neck and my ears  It's not so bad
And also my back  This army life
My tummy and arms  We kick and complain
And also my feet  And we groan and gripe

We look like hell  We're fighting a war
We don't wear fancy clothes  Not on dress parade
Sometimes we smell  We'll drop our bombs
And you hold your nose  On many a raid

If bombs don't kill 'em
We'll still give 'em hell
We'll drop down ourselves
And wipe 'em out with our smell