

# 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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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You firmly resolve  
In the future to wash  
At least once a week  
But you know it's all bosh

The next day it rains  
Too cold again  
You can't wash outside  
And it's too cold within

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So it goes  
From week to week  
We are all the same  
Both the mighty and the weak

All I want now  
Is a big bathtub  
Filled with hot water  
And someone to scrub

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My neck and my ears  
And also my back  
My tummy and arms  
And also my feet

It's not so bad  
This army life  
We kick and complain  
And we groan and gripe

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We look like hell  
We don't wear fancy clothes  
Sometimes we smell  
And you hold your nose

We're fighting a war  
Not on dress parade  
We'll drop our bombs  
On many a raid

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

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