

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
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

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

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

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

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