

Matritin - Libya

Across the great blue water,
Matritin is the spot,
We are doomed to spend our time
in a place that God forgot.

So here among the snakes and rats
where every man drinks brew,
right in the middle of nowhere
hundreds of miles from you

We sweat, we starve, we freeze
It's more than a man can stand.
God knows that we aren't convicts,
just defenders of our land.

We're in the U.S. Coast Guard
Earning our monthly pay,
Guarding people with millions

For a measly dollar a day

Living in our memories
yearning for wives and girls,
Hoping while we're at maturation
Our women don't marry our pals
No one knows where we are
No one gives a damn.

We're just a handful of castrate,
who ~~tell~~ belong to Uncle Sam.

When we pass those pearly gates,
you'll hear St. Peter yell,

"This way, you men from Lubbock;
you've had your share of hell."