

By a New Guinea Waterfall



By a New Guinea waterfall one bright and shining day, beside his shattered P-38 a young pursuiter lay. His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead; so, listen to every last word the young persuader said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright; where whisky grows on telegraph poles, play poker every night. Haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing and all my crew are women, oh death where is thy sting?