

In looking back across the days
That I've spent in sore confinement
And sleepless nights that were filled with dread
T'was certainly a drab environment

And many a time when my spirits were low
And I thought life not worth living
I remembered the boys who'd sudded worse fate,
And considered what I was giving.

I've thought, and thought, and racked my brain,
Comparing notes and provision,
And now at last I can sleep once more,
For I've arrived at my decision.

I've been knocked around by the Jerry,
Been cold and hungary as well,
But what hardship is that compared to the boy,
Who met death in a flaming hell.

I've said the food made my stomach ache,
I've griped when rations were cut,
But then I remembered the guy in the tail,
Who took a slug in the gut.

I've groaned and moaned about my bed,
And begged for a little more straw.
Then I thought of the fellow who jerked the cord,
To find his chute was packed with a flaw.

"Look at the things I'm giving up,"
For freedom's sake I wail.
But what of the pilot who held his ship
So the rest of his crew could bail.

"I'm being held against my will,
Oh! Mine is a terrible fate."
But think of the bombardier caught on his sight
In the nose of a spinning crate.

So this is my decision
And firm it please take a clue,
No matter how dark the times may seem,
There's someone worse off than you.