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Words and Melody
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# That Yankee Drive

Far a cross the sea some one thinks of me how my heart yearns to be there

where the shot and shell sounds the lib-er-ty bell as they fly-ing thru the air

Where our love ones go there to fight a foe whose strength no one can tell

Now we're due to fight Let us do it right and do it migh-ty well

Then let us Drive Drive Drive with that Yan-kee spunk Turn Turn Turn their lines in-to junk

make that Kai-ser shake with fear Just as death he's sure to hear

Say can you see Our Un-cle Sam's a hyp-no-tiz er came to make the Kai-ser wi-ser

Ber-lin-ers know its time to go When Un-cle Sam-y starts that Yan-kee Drive

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