

SAD SACK SONG
(TUNE OF WHIFFENPOOF SONG)

TO THE TABLES DOWN AT
TO THE PLACE WHERE AMVETS DWELL
TO THE DEAR OLD BAR WE LOVE SO WELL:
SING THE SAD SACKS HERE ASSEMBLED,
WITH THEIR GLASSES RAISED ON HIGH,
IN ADDITION, THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING CASTS ITS SPELL.
YES, THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING
OF THE SONGS WE LOVE SO WELL,
ROLL ME OVER, ""LILI MARLENE" AND THE REST
WE WILL SERENADE OUR BUDDIES
WHO HAVE FALLEN AND ARE GONE,
THEN WE'LL PASS AND BE FORGOTTEN WITH THE REST.

CHORUS:

WE ARE POOR SAD SACKS WHO HAVE LOST OUR WAY SAD SAD SAD.
WE ARE POOR SAD SACKS WHO HAVE GONE ASTRAY, SAD SAD SAD.
AMVETS FUNSTERS OUT A SPREE,
DOOMED FROM HERE TO ETERNITY,
LORD, HAVE MERCY ON SUCH AS WE, SAD SAD SAD.