



## AN ODE TO 2 PLATOON

IT ALL STARTED BACK IN '66, WHEN THE BIG WHEEL BEGAN TO TURN  
FROM TASSY, PERTH AND MELBOURNE, THEY ALL CAME TO INGLEBURN  
FRESH FACED FROM DRIVER TRAINING, THEY HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS IN STORE  
UNTIL THEY MET JIMMY COOMBER – DID HE GIVE 'EM ALL WHAT FOR

THEY WERE MAINLY NASHOS, AND WOULD PREFER TO BE NOT THERE  
SOME HAD WIVES AND GIRL FRIENDS AND THE SEPARATION WAS UNFAIR  
THERE WASN'T THAT MUCH TIME TO PUT THEM THROUGH THEIR PACES  
THE SYSTEM PLUCKED JOHN ONGLEY TO KEEP THE SMILES UPON THEIR FACES

WE RAN, WE JOGGED, WE TRAINED ALL DAY, WE REALLY PULLED OUR FINGER  
THE FIRST BIG THING WE HAD TO DO WAS EXERCISE BARRA WINGA

EMU PLAINS WAS A DUSTY HOLE, WE STAYED THERE THREE WHOLE MONTHS  
WE DROVE OUR TRUCKS FROM TASK TO TASK, AND DID NOT COMPLAIN – NOT ONCE  
WE PUSHED ALL DAY, STOOD TO BY NIGHT, BUT THE ENEMY DIDN'T FEAR  
'CAUSE AT DAY'S END, WE SETTLED DOWN WITH TWO CANS OF HOT MAC'S BEER!

BARRA WINGA WAS A MILESTONE, IT TAUGHT US QUITE A LOT  
2 PLATOON COULD HACK IT, NO MATTER WHAT THE PLOT  
IT HELPED US TO GET READY, TO GET TO KNOW OUR MATES  
TO TRUST EACH OTHER, THROUGH THICK AND THIN, THERE COULD BE NO LOVES OR HATES  
'CAUSE VIET NAM WAS CALLING, AND WE WERE OFF NEXT YEAR  
WE WOULD ALL BE READY, AND WE WOULD HOLD NO FEAR

CHRISTMAS CAME UPON US AND IT WAS OFF HOME TO MUM & DAD'S, TO WIVES, TO  
GIRLFRIENDS, TO PUBS, TO MATES, AND IT HAD TO BE SUCH FUN  
'CAUSE THIS WOULD BE THE LAST TIME, WE COULD SAY A SAD FAREWELL  
BEFORE WE WENT OFF TO CANUNGRA TO GO THROUGH LIVING HELL

CANUNGRA WAS THE FINAL PLACE TO GET OUR SKILLS JUST RIGHT  
TO KNOW THE BUSH, TO FIRE GUNS, 'CAUSE WE MIGHT JUST HAVE TO FIGHT  
WE DIVED THROUGH MUCK, WE PUSHED UP HILLS, BY THE HOUR WE GOT BOLDER  
WE ACHIEVED A LOT, WE PRAISED OURSELVES, AT LAST WE WERE WAR TRAINED SOLDIERS



THE TRAINING IS ALL OVER, THE REAL GAME'S ABOUT TO START  
FOR VIET NAM IS A-WAITING, AND WE WILL SOON DEPART  
IT'S GOOD-BYE TO ALL OUR LOVED ONES, AND THE TEARS BEGIN TO FALL  
GOD SPEED, FAREWELL, TAKE CARE, JUST COME BACK SAFE, THAT'S ALL

WOKKER WOKKER WOKKER WAS A SOUND THAT FILLED THE SKIES  
IT WAS VERY REASSURING HAVING SAID OUR LAST GOODBYES  
IT MADE US FEEL QUITE SAFE, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO EXPECT  
'CAUSE THE HEAT AND RAIN KEPT BEATING; IT COMMANDED OUR RESPECT

WE LIVED IN TENTS ATOP THE HILLS, AND THE SAND WAS EVERYWHERE  
WE FILLED A THOUSAND SAND BAGS, A TASK THAT ALL WOULD SHARE  
BEFORE TOO LONG THE TENTS CAME DOWN AND UP WENT OUR TIMBER HUTS  
IT WAS VERY CLOSE LIVING THERE, AND THE FARTING DROVE YOU NUTS

BUT WE WERE THERE TO DRIVE OUR TRUCKS FROM VUNG TAU TO NUI DAT  
WITH LOADS OF STORES AND AMMO, OF FUEL AND BOOZE AND ALL THAT  
WE WERE THEIR LIFELINE AND WITHOUT US THEY COULDN'T DO  
WE EVEN CARRIED MINES OUT TO THAT ILL-CONCEIVED HORSESHOE

THERE WAS ALSO TIME TO PLAY, TO ENJOY THE LOCAL BOOZER  
OR GO INTO TOWN TO CHAT THE BIRDS, AND COME AWAY A LOSER  
'CAUSE THEY'D TAKE YOUR DOUGH AND PAT YOUR KNEE  
BUT AS YOU LEFT, YOU'D HEAR THE CALL : "UK DAH LOI, HE CHEAP CHARLIE"

THERE WAS R & R TO KEEP US SANE IN HONG KONG OR SINGAPORE  
FIVE GOOD DAYS OF BOOZE AND FUN, YOU COULDN'T ASK FOR MORE  
TILL WE GOT BACK TO BASE ALL TIRED AND BROKE AND SPIN OUR YARNS TO ALL OUR SECTION  
THEN WE'D LINE UP WITH JUST OUR JACKETS ON FOR OUR MONTHLY SHORT ARM INSPECTION!!

THEN BACK TO WORK TO SAND AND MUD AND STREAMS OF SMELLY SWEAT  
TO BARIA AND THE TET OFFENSIVE AND HORRORS THAT WE'D NEVER FORGET  
OUR DAILY CONVOYS WERE NEEDED, AND TO US THEY COULD BECOME A BORE  
BUT THE SHARP END BOYS THANKED US, 'CAUSE THEY NEEDED US MORE AND MORE

AND NOW IT'S TIME TO GO HOME AFTER A JOB THAT WAS WELL DONE  
WE'LL NEVER FORGET OUR TIME THERE, THE DOWN SPOTS AND THE FUN  
'CAUSE WE DID OUR BEST AGAINST THE ODDS, A SOMEWHAT MOTLEY CREW  
WELL DONE YOU LOT, YOU DID US PROUD, 2 TRANSPORT PLATOON I SALUTE YOU!