

Always a Deadeye



Once a Deadeye, always a Deadeye,
I am proud to me known by that name,
It is the nickname of my old outfit,
And deep down, we are all the same.

We are a brotherhood of combat men,
All proud dogfaces of World War II,
The best division in the whole Pacific,
Doing what we had to do.

Our Ninety-Sixth settled a score*,
And well we did it too,
We were on the lines in Leyte and Okinawa,
When the fighting was there to do.

We wiped out Japs by the thousands,
And recaptured miles of their lands,
And lost many, many of our buddies,
Our legs, our arms, and our hands.

Many years are now since gone,
The memories have slipped away,
But still remains that pleasant glow
Of brotherhood, made upon that day.

Once a Deadeye always a Deadeye,
We are really proud of that name,
We enjoy the camaraderie in our old outfit,
And deep down, we are all the same.

*US Army Unit
by W R Hill

