

## Matritin - Libya

Across the great blue water,  
matritin is the spot,  
We are doomed to spend our time  
in a place that God forgot.

So here among the snakes and rats  
where every man drinks brew,  
right in the middle of nowhere  
hundreds of miles from you

We sweat, we starve, we freeze  
It's more than a man can stand  
God knows that we aren't convicts,  
just defenders of our land.

We're in the U.S. Coast Guard  
Earning our monthly pay,  
Guarding people with millions

For a measly dollar a day

Living in our memories  
yearning for wives and girls,  
Hoping while we're at matritan  
Our women don't marry our pals  
No one knows where we are  
No one gives a damn.

We're just a handful of caustics,  
Who ~~tells~~ belong to Uncle Sam.

When we pass those pearly gates,  
You'll hear St. Peter yell,

"This way, you men from Libya,  
You've had your share of hell."