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Arreva derche Saigon

Arreva derche, Saigon
We hope you win your war
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

The Viet Cong steal our weapons,
The Viet Cong hold them tight,
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets,
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets,
Wander where the Bao An and the Dan Ve are tonight.

The Bao An steal our chickens
The Dan Ve steal our rice
And the Hamlet Chief is selling bulgar
With the GVN acting so vulgar
Is it any wonder that the VC seem so nice.

Where are the Special Forces
They're not on our frontier
They are beating up the nuns and bouzes
They are beating up the nuns and bouzes
That's the reason for the shooting that you hear.

They send us lots of Colonels
With chickens on their necks
They are working in coordination
They are working in coordination
They are making plans to win the war atop the Ben.

Arreva derche, Saigon
We hope you win your war
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.
'WE ARE WINNING
(Tune: 'Rock of Ages')

We are winning, this we know
General Bahnès tells us so.
Through the Daïta things are tough,
In the Highlands very rough.
But the VC soon will go,
Mr. Cabot tells us so.
If you doubt them; who are you?
McNamara says so too.

(Tune: 'Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl')

Landlord fill that nuoc mam bowl,
And splash it on my dishoo.
Landlord fill that nuoc mam bowl
And splash it on my dishoo.
Tonight we'll dysentary be,
Tonight we'll dysentary be,
Tonight we'll dysentary be,
Tomorrow we'll small fishy.

(Tune: 'Sioux City Sue')

I met a gal in old Saigon
I asked her what was new.
She said I think this morning
They held another coup.
I don't know who they scuped this time,
I surely don't know why
The only thing I know for sure,
We had a little coup!
I've laid around and stayed around
This old town too long,
Summer's almost gone,
A coup is coming on.

I've laid around and stayed around
This old town too long
And I feel like I gotta travel on.

Bonzas are burning,
They're roasting in the fire (etc)

The gyroses are surrounded
In their compounds (etc)

My writes to Thi
But Thi won't come home (etc)

My writes to Chieu
But Chieu can't come home (etc)

Col. Lieu is hiding
The Police won't crack down (etc)

They've barricaded Cia Long
With lots of barbed wire (etc)

Students are demonstrating
And they won't calm down (etc)

General Minh and General Khanh
Are waiting in the wings (etc)

General Co and General Thieu
Are packing up their bags (etc)

FULRO is happy
They'll be rid of Vich Loo (etc)

Tri Quang and Tau Chau
Are waltzing the Embassy (etc)

Civilians want democracy
With an old soft Sun (etc)

The Cosmos is closing
Our boozing's almost thru (etc)

We'll go to the movies
And watch the ships turn round (etc)

Archie doesn't fear VC
He's taking barricades down (etc)
THE LONGEST YEAR

There are boys of Special Forces
There are lads from USGI too
And the guys who fly the choppers
And of course there's me and you.

Refrain ........ The longest year, the longest year
                You know damn well was spent right here,
                The longest year, the longest time
                That I have ever spent!

It's gone on a whole lot longer
Than we thought in '62.
We'd be home a whole lot sooner
If it weren't for Madame Nhu.

We were working in liaison,
Told them everything we do,
And they put it in the papers
Said that we had planned a coup.

If they weren't out burning Buddhists
Or scaling pagoda walls,
They were finding ways to cheat us,
'Cause the load we had to haul.

If you ever come to Saigon,
Follow my instructions, kid:
Buy a ticket on to Bangkok,
You'll be very glad you did.

Refrain ........ The longest year, the longest year
                Was spent in Vietnam right here
                The longest year, the longest time
                That I have ever spent!

DON'T TELL ME I'VE NOTHING TO DO

Counting geckos on the wall,
That don't bother me at all,
Shooting VC until dawn,
Then my ammo almost gone,
Drinking Ba Huoi Ba and watching hamlets overrun...
Now don't tell me
I've nothing to do,
Ghost advisors by and by

Some tanks sent out advising,
Born there in South Vietnam,
But the people they advised
Didn't give a good Goddamn.
The president and his family
Were carrying out a coup,
And the killed the whole "Vietcong"
On the lives of me and you.

Chorus ......... Yippee eye yee, Yippee eye yee!
Ghost advisors by and by!

Some Buddhists did a "siong burn"
In Hue and in Saigon,
And you couldn't "watch the birdies,"
Unless you dodged the bombs.
The students, they got angry,
The government closed the schools
And the "Times of Vietnam"
Called the U.S. a bunch of fools.

These advisors were notorious
For counter insurgency,
They collected "Lessons Learned"
For the Chief of "RUU VAN MY."
They gathered tons of data,
From the field in Vietnam.
(Sat down in Venezuela,
It won't be worth a damn.)

They worked for CONGUCACO
And for the Chief of HUD,
Who told Bob McNamara
That the war was "in the bag."
The Viet Cong were beaten
In this brave "Dias-carny"
(They didn't tell the insurgents:
The omnipotent VC's.)

Yes, in the steaming jungles
And the plagues of red and rice,
Infested with mosquitoes,
Viet Cong and body lice,
There went the good advisors
And some "Creamed Mashed" too,
To save the little country
For the likes of Madame Nhu.
They advised the Civil Guard
And the valiant SBS
They advised the Vietnamese
In the land, air and sea
And when the fights were over
When the "body count" was in
Our side had lost a hundred
And the VC only ten!

They built Strategic Hamlets
And they dispensed USAID aid.
They convinced the Montagnards
That they really had it made.
They defoliated jungles,
And herbicided rice,
As long as the Ambassador
Could afford the going price.

Then they headed for the airfield,
Cut at good old Tan Son Nhat;
With boarding passes in their hands
And CIB's to boot.
"Little soldiers of misfortune,"
And, "Tools of CIA,"
They waited for jet planes
To touch that broad runway.

Now buddy, listen to them
And hear what they will say
They're gonna guard that aircraft
So don't get in their way.
They'll zap you with their crossbows
And their homemade rifles too,
'Cause no seats exist 'on that craft
For the likes of us and you.

Yippee aye yea, Yippee aye yea,
Ghost advisors by and by.
LAST NIGHT SONG

Let's fight on for COMUSMACV
We will lead us to victory.
Send the ARVN out to fight
We'll stay in Saigon and see the night.
For we are advisors and never fear
All our advice falls on little ears.
And the Viets fight on and on
Worried that we may go it alone.
So let's fight on for COMUSMACV,
We're going to win in '73,
Johnson'll send us more and more,
Elections will help us shorten the war.

LET'S DO IT (Saigon version 1964, end Jan)

Who did it? Dinh did it,
Only others seem to think that Minh did it,
Let's do it, let's have a coup.

The word is out General Khanh did it,
(Wouldn't it be fun if Brother Can did it?)
Let's do it, let's have a coup.

Marines from way up in Hue do it,
No need for Khanh, they just ago —
Tanks, they tell us, too, do it —
Tanks a lot from My, Tho.

They say that Kim did it,
Don did it,
Certain factions seem to feel that Dung done did it —
Let's do it, let's have a coup.
THE STREETS OF SAIGON (Coup Time)

As I walked down the Streets of Saigon
As I walked down Le Loi one day,
I spied an ex-president all dressed in white linen
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I can see by your uniform you're an advisor."
These words he said as I slowly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the head and I'm sure to die.

"It was once I ruled wisely, once I ruled strongly
And loved my sister or so they did say,
But I kept my brother and so I ruled wrongly
For the Buddhists gone burning I know I must pay.

"Have sixteen dancers to carry my coffin
Have the girls down at Tu Bo sing me a love song
Take me down Xa Loi, there lay the god over me,
Now that US15 has scorned me, I know I've done wrong.

"Oh, blow the pipes slowly and beat the drum loudly,
Play a slow twist as you carry my pall
Put Dalat roses all over my coffin
To soften the tears of the press as they fall."
She's the Yellow Rose of Saigon
And I think she banned the twist
But she's a real cute dollop
She's one I think I've missed.
You can talk about the President
And about his brother Dan
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

She's angry at the Buddhists
And she hates the New York Times
Because they always rib her
And accuse her of some crimes
What's a little joke about cock-outs
Oh imported gasoline.
Why, that's real exaggeration
She's really not that mean.

Yes my little Rose of Saigon
Is just a refugee,
She fled down from Tamoi
To make jobs for you and me.
She's scored old Marshall Taylor
And Ambassador Waltzing too,
New JFK's her buddy
And gives her money too.

So my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Stays off of Du Bo street
She doesn't go for loving
But at intrigue she can't be beat.
I look for many changes
When she meets with Mr. Lodge
Cause it's said that he's a sucker
For eastern uncuffingle.

Yes my little Rose of Saigon
In a return through and through.
She's careful with her money
In case there is a Coup.
She's bound to salvage something
For all her enterprise
Before the US lose their flight
Or American goes wild.

Yes my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Is in the USA
To be a UN member
In the good old American way.
You can talk about the President
And about her husband Dan
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.
MOTHER SERGEANT  (To the tune of "My Bonnie")

My mother's a mother-sergeant
She draws just pay and quarters to boot
She lives in Saigon on per diem
And always has plenty of loot.

CHORUS

Stay here, stay here,
Oh, don't let the program go down, go down.
Stay here, stay here,
Cause Saigon's a real swinging town.

My father's a part-time guerrilla,
He gives all the ARVN a kick,
By selling for twenty plasters
A do it yourself ambush kit.

My sisters all work in the taverns,
They encourage the soldiers to roam,
Drink up cause you'll soon leave your loved ones
And back to your wives back at home.

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves all the girls from sin,
He'll save you a girl for five dollars,
My God, how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My grandpa sells cheap prophylactics
He punctures each head with a pin,
While grandma grows rich on abortions,
My God, how the money rolls in.
This One Day

'Here Comes the Coup' day
And all thru Spain
Not a soldier was stirring
Not even the dog
The plans were all checked
By Nito with great care
In hopes that a victory
They soon would declare.
The Kim's were all nestled
So snug in their beds
While visions of power
Danced thru their heads.
With Dian in his nightshirt
And Nito in his cap
Both settled down
For a bit sturdy nap.
When out on the roof
There came such a clatter
Dian rose from his bed
To see what was the matter
Then what to his wondering eyes did appear
But 50's and 80's inspiring such fear
(Cause they were all shooting not there but here)
The trucks and the how's and the planes
Now they came
He started to think "How short-lived is fate?"
Then all of a sudden his phone gave a jingle
(This happened quite often since he was still single)
"Give up and live or resist and die,
We'll give you until six to say no or yes"
He picked up his pants, down the staircases he flew
If I hadn't listened to dear Madame Nito
I'd still have control instead of the Coup."
But how that fits here, I'd better get another
To come up with nake troops and put down another
Attempt to take over the reigns of this realm
And let us get back to steering the helm,
So putting his fingers up to his nose
No gave than the sign that everyone knows,
And moving the bookstore so grand and so tall
Uncovered a doorway into a hall,
This passage too secret - not even Nito knew
Then with his "rip it in" for just such a "Coup"
We had to be fully outside of the ground
To a spot they was in back of those loud hanging sounds
"We made it," cried Nito with a voice loud and clear
But Dian shook wisely "We are still too near"
So let's take that vehicle parked over there
I can drive an APO (It was a dare)"
continued...

They captured the driver and vehicle intact
And moved it out smartly (the vehicle was tracked)
Over the river and away from the coup
Dash away dash away dash away Mau
And all you could hear as they drove out of sight
Was "merci beaucoup," don't shoot all night.

The next day we heard so few of the facts
The rumors were flying about many parts.

But one thing we feel is essentially true
Some old is preserved, but there ain't no more Mau.

DON'T TAKE MY COUNTERPART AWAY (You are my sunshine)

In Southeast Asia, here in Vietnam,
What kind of war no one can say,
Some say insurgent, some psychological,
Please don't take my counterpart away.

Down in the Delta, we have the VC, who come
here from the North of Hue,
Some say guerrilla, some next door neighbor,
Please don't take my counterpart away.

The other night dear, out in the Hamlet
I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke dear it was the VC,
So I shot him down and I cried.

The high triumphant includes Westmoreland
with Throckmorton and Dick Stilwell,
They'll have the VC backed into China
Just don't take their counterparts away.
MACV FIGHT SONG

Buckle down, Westmoreland, buckle down,
You'll win, Harry Cabot - if you'll only buckle down,
You're both stars a plenty
At less than three and twenty
You'll win, Hank - Westy if you'll only buckle down.

MACV MARCHING SONG

Nine eyes have seen the glory
Of a thousand claymore mines.
There were booby traps and punji stakes
Among the jungle vines.
We have battled the mosquitos
And every kind of bug
And with the VC girkies
I've exchanged a dozen hugs.

Gory, gory we were ambushed,
Gory, gory we were ambushed,
Gory, gory we were ambushed,
And we ain't going to fight no more.

Oh, nine eyes have seen the glory
Of the Montagnards at play.
I have seen Strategic hamlets
In every sort of way.
I have seen the troops of MACV
And have often heard them say
Let's get on with this war
So I can get away.

Glory, glory I'm in Vietnam
Glory, glory I'm in Vietnam
Glory, glory I'm in Vietnam
What a hell of a place to be!
O Little Town of Dan Ho Thuc

O little town of Dan Ho Thuc
How still we see thee lie,
The good Rhodes are all at play,
Uprising in the night.

Yet in the dark streets shines the
A blazing FNUO flag,
The bad Jari will have to die,
As ARVn, they do fight.

The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas
the VC gave to me...

Some plastic in a Dauphine
2 hand grenades
3 punji stakes
4 fallen flowers
5 claymore mines
6 satchel charges
7 birds a shrinking
2 bar girls drinking
3 Saigon teas
10 tanks of napalm
11 Montagnards
12 butterflies

You Better Bug Out

Oh, you better bug out,
You better get high,
Draw your weapon
I'm telling you why,
Ho Chi Minh is coming to town.

He know when ARVn's sleeping,
MACV is never awake,
He knows your ass is never good,
So bug out for your own sake.

Chorus... Oh, you better bug out, etc.
The other night boys, as we lay sleeping,
We dreamed we had gone JCF's,
Toilet trained and sandbox broken,
The blanket was their only need.

And so we dressed them,
And cozy-nursed them,
And sent them on their lonesome way,
To tense the VC
In the highlands
And through the Delta rope and play.

Now they've put swings in every hamlet,
The district chiefs they're winning now;
Gone are the diapers of John O'Reilly,
And Walt’s to wed a sweet Hao Hao.

We spank and spoil them,
We've almost weaned them,
Our sweet and pouting JCF's.
They'll learn their lesson,
To Stu confessin'
They can now buy Saigon tea.