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Many thanks to all the contributors....

BLACK MAX
SONGS
YOU'D
SING TO
MOM
CHORUS: There is a land where this land is my land
From the eastern shore to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking down the highway
I saw before me that great green sea,
I saw before me that bright green sea
This land was made for you and me.
I’ve roamed and traveled and I follow my footsteps
to the sparkling sand of her diamond beaches,
And all around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun comes shining and I was strolling
And I was wondering and the land was rolling
As the fog was lifting a voice was chiding,
This land was made for you and me.

Amerika the Beautiful

Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountains majesties
Above the fruited plain.
Amerika! Amerika!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good
With brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

SHENANDOAH

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Way, hey, you rolling river!
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Way, hey, we’re bound away ‘cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Way, hey, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Way, hey, we’re bound away ‘cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I’m bound to leave you,
Way, hey, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I’ll not deceive you,
Way, hey, we’re bound away ‘cross the wide Missouri.
WIFFLE TOOF SONG

To the tables down at Blarney
To the place where fortune dwells
To the dear old tasting bar we love so well
Sing the Wiffletoof assembled
With throes, there's no hidden truth
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
So, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well
Shall I Wiffle Ma'am in, and the rest
We will serenade our Lute
While life endures in jest
Then we'll see you can't be forgotten with the rest

CHORUS: oh, we're poor little she
We have lost at our way
Baa, Baa, Baa
We're little lost sheep
We have gone astray
Baa, Baa, Baa

Gentleman, sing a song, off on a spade
Drowned from us to eternity
Lord have mercy on fools such as we
Baa, Baa, Baa

DANNY BOY

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen
And down the mountain side
The summer's gone, the roses all are dying
It's you, it's you must go and I must bye
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
And when the valley's hush and white with snow
It's I'll be there in sunshine and shadow
Oh, Danny Boy, Oh, Danny Boy, I miss you so

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling
All the world seems bright and gay
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angles sing
When Irish hearts are happy
All the world seems bright and gay
But when Irish eyes are smiling
They'll steal your hearts away.
Marine Green, I'm 'A Goin away to the far side of the hill
Marine Green, I'm 'A Goin away where the Grass is greener still.

IWA KUNI !

A LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO

I left my heart in San Francisco,
High on a hill, it calls to me.
To be where little cable cars
Climb half way to the stars,
The morning fog may chill the air,
I don't care.
My love waits there in San Francisco,
Above the blue and windy sea.
When I come home to you San Francisco,
Your golden sun will shine for me.

WE'LL SING IN THE SUNSHINE

CHORUS: We'll sing in the sunshine, We'll laugh everyday;
We'll sing in the sunshine, And I'll be on my way.

I will never love you; The cost of love's too dear.
But though I'll never love you, I'll live with you one year

CHORUS

I'll sing to you each morning; I'll kiss you every night.
But darling don't cling to me; I'll soon be out of sight.

CHORUS

My daddy, he once told me, Just take what they may give you
Don't love you any man, Just take what they may give you

CHORUS

When our year has ended and I have gone away,
You'll often speak about me And this is what you'll say:

CHORUS

KING OF THE ROAD

Trailer for sale or rent: Rooms to let - Fifty cents;
No phone, no pool, no pets; I ain't got no cigarettes.
Ah, but two hours of push'n broom, buys an eight by twelve four bit room
I'm a man of means by no means, KING OF THE ROAD !

Third boxcar, midnight train; Destination, Bangor, Maine.
Old worn out suit and shoes; I don't pay no Union Dues.
I smoke old stogies I have found, Short but not too big around.
I'm a man of means by no means, KING OF THE ROAD
KING OF THE ROAD (CON'T)

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE)

I knew every engineer on every train,
All of the children and all of the names
And every hand-out. In every town,
And every deed that ain't locked when one one's around
And I'm a man of means by no means, KING OF THE ROAD I

COOL WATER

All day I've faced a barren state without a drop of cool water
Old Dan and I with threats and joy and sounds that say for water
Cool Clear Water
CHORUS: Keep a movin' Dan, don't you listen to him Dan,
He's a devil, not a man, and he spreadin' the meaning and with water
Dan, can you see that big green tree where the water's runnin' free and it's waitin' there for you and me!

The nights are cool and I'm a fool each star's a pool of water
Cool water
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn and carry on to water
Cool clear water

The shadow's sway and seem to say, "Tonight we pray for water,
Cool Water"
And way up there he'll hear our prayer and show us where there's water, Cool Clear Water
CHORUS

Dan's feet are sore, he's yearning for just one thing more than water,
Cool Water
Like me I guess he'd like to rest where there's no quest for water
Cool Clear Water
CHORUS

THE STREETS OF LAREDO

As I walked out in the streets of Larado,
As I walked out in Larado one day,
I spied a young cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"...
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by,
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay;
First to the dram house and then to the card house;
Got shot in the breast; I am dying today.
"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin;
Get six pretty maidsens to carry my pall;
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin.
Roses to decorate the casket as they fall.

"Oh, let the drum slowly and the fife play slowly,
Play the Dead March as you carry me along;
Take me to the green valley and lay me low;
For I'm a young cowboy and know I'm wrong."

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys
And tell them the story of this, my sad lot;
Tell one and the other before they go further;
To stop their wild reveling before it's too late!

"Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water,
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said;
Before I returned, the spirit had left him
And gone to his Maker...The cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife slowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and handsome,
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

DON'T GIVE ME AN ABLE 4 DOG

Don't give me an Able 4 Dog.
At high altitude it's a hog.
It runs out of prop in an idiot loop
Don't give me an Able 4 Dog.

Don't give me a Demon, please no
It flames out in rain and in snow
It ha new shiny paint, but all-weather it ain't
Don't give me a Demon, please no!

AIRFORCE 801 (Tune of "Wabash Cannon Ball")

Hello Itayuki tower, this is Airforce 801
I'm turning on the downwind, my prop is overrun
Fire warning light is blinking, hydraulic pressure's gone
I've lost both generators and the low fuel light is on.

Hello Airforce 801, this is Itayuki Tower
Take it to the southwest and come back on the power
Duty Officer's in the snack bar, cup of coffee in his hand
I'll have to go get his O.K., before your ship can land!"
THE S.E.V.S.
(To the tune of "Ghost Riders in the Sky")

My name is Colonel and I'm Four Two in Line
They say that Colonels are too young to keep in line —
They shout "SHAZAM!" and "BAM-BAM!
As they climb into the sky
The average age of a colonel is only twenty five
YIPEE-KI-YAY
SEMPER FI
Tigers in the Sky!

O'LEARY'S BAY (MACKA's version)

Twas a cold winter's evening
The guns were in the stalling
Osage was burning the bar
When he heard of a girl who was wearing the O.G.I.
And there was the word that he said....

Her name can mean no harm
The things your boys should know
About the effects of drink
And the ways of O.G.I. Joe (mostly Joe)

Age has taken her beauty
The occupation has left the red scar
So remember your State-Side Corbitos
And let her sleep under the Bar (between the stools)

OFF WE GO —

Off we go into the wild blue yonder — CRASH!
Anchors aweigh my Boys — SPLASH!
Over Hill, Over Dale, as we hit the Dusty Trail — ARF, ARF, ARF!
From the Halls of Montezuma — TAKE MY PICTURE!

A.O.M. 
(to the tune of "Amen")

A.O.M., A.O.M., A.O.M., A.O.M.
A.O.M., Sing it in the Morning
A.O.M., Sing it in the Evening
A.O.M., A.O.M.

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE

We've got to get out of this place
If it's the last thing we ever do

We've got to get out of this place
Girl, there's a better life for me and you!
If you ever get to see the sun to Chu Lai
And you get there at the closing of the day
You can hear the M-79 from 2/11
And watch the Choppers light up on Chu Lai Day

Then you take your little trip to downtown An Tan
And where the little children at their play
They are playing with anti-tank mines on the highway
And I tell you it's getting the tight-of-way

Oh, they are going to be a great hereafter
And I'm sure that there is going to be
I would like to join that number on my own, Lord
And not be bumbled up by some V.C.

THOSE CHU LAI MORTARS (Sung to the tune of "That Old Gang of Mine")

There are flares down by the sandramp
And that's a pretty certain sign
Those mortar rounds are breaking up
That old gang of mine

Sure I get that lonesome feeling
When I see those stiffs in line
Those mortar rounds are breaking up
That Old Gang of Mine

Now there goes Jack
And there goes Joe
Blasted off to Hell
There lays Bill
He's awfully still
Cause he ain't feeling well

And we say, "It don't mean nothing"
Everything is really fine
But those mortar rounds
keep breaking up that Old Gang of Mine

CHU LAI TOWERS (To the Tune of "Four Leaf Clover")

I'm looking toward the Chu Lai Towers
I'm on the ground again
EST is falling, my gear won't come down
Looks like I'm headed right into the ground
No need complaining, no fuel remaining
To me this looks like the end
Please send my flowers to Chu Lai Towers
My altitude is minus 12
I WAS MARRIED UP IN THE AIR

Oh, I was married up in the air
Way up above in the clouds
We went up as two
We came down as one
When we hit the ground is when my troubles began
If I'd be known what I was doing
When I took that fatal hop
It's taken her up seven miles
And then just left her drop...
Oh, I was married up in the air
I've been up in the air ever since.

Oh, I was married up in the air
Way up above in the clouds
She went up a peach
We came down a pair
But the apple of my eye is now a lemon, I swear
For our wedding breakfast
When we dined with all the Swells
The cumbellate the oysters
And then chewed up the shells
Oh, I was married up in the air
I've been up in the air ever since.

SMILE THE WHILE

Smile the while you peel those dirty spuds
Some sweet day you'll wear civilian duds
Throw away those Marine Corps shoes
Keep no more those golden rules
The old mess hall will be a memory
Every night will be a liberty
And they will have to try like hell
To make me sign again.

When the war is over we will all enlist again
When the war is over we will all enlist again
When the war is over we will all enlist again
In a Pig's Asshole we will!

BEAUTIFUL SLANT EYES

Beautiful, beautiful Slant Eyes
Beautiful, beautiful Slant Eyes
Beautiful, beautiful Slant Eyes
I'll never love Round Eyes again!
THERE'S A CAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free, And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS: Fare thee well for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu,
Adieu, adieu, I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of Auld Lang Syne?

CHORUS: For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.

And here's a hand my trusty friend,
And give a hand to thine;
We'll take a right gude willing draught,
For Auld Lang Syne.

THE CAT AND MOUSE

Oh, the liquor was spilled on the barroom floor
And the bar was closed for the night.
When a little white mouse crawled from a hole in the wall,
In the shade of the pale moonlight.
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
And back on his haunches he sat.
And all night long you could hear him roar,
"Bring On The Goddamn Cat!"

Then a black cat came from behind the bar,
And gobbled up the little white mouse.
And the moral to this story is:
Don't never take a drink on the house.
There is a house in New Orleans
They call it the Rising Sun.
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl,
And I, oh, Lord, was one.

If I had but listened to what mamma said,
I'd be at home today.
But I was young and foolish, poor girl,
I let a gambler lead me astray.

My mother, she's a tailor,
She sews these new blue jeans.
My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord,
He drinks down in New Orleans.

Go tell my baby sister:
"Don't do what your sister done,
Stay away from that house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun."

With one foot on the platform,
And the other on the train.
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear the Ball and Chain.

I'm goin' back to New Orleans,
My race is almost run,
I'm goin' back to spend my life
Beneath that Risin' Sun.

THE KEEPER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

Oh, my father was the keeper of the Eddy Stone Light,
He slept with a mermaid one fine night.
From this union there came three:
A porpoise, a pogy, and the other was me.

CHORUS: Ye, he, he, the wind blows free
Oh, for a life on the rolling sea.

One night as I was trimmin' of the glim,
A-sing'n a verse of the evenin' hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted a-hoy,
And there was me mother a-sitt'n on a buoy.

Oh, what has become of my children three,
My mother then she asked of me.
One was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served in a chafing dish.

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and me mother wasn't there.
A voice came echolin' out of the night,
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone light!"
CONFIDENTIAL SUPPLEMENT

NOT FOR VIRGIN EARS OR WEAK STOMACHS
(Chorus)

Phantom planes in the sky
Charlie Cong, prepare to die
For we're out to get your ass
And leave you dead in the elephant grass

Hey there fella in the Green Beret
You would probably be dead today
If from the sky we did not blast
And save your silly Green Beret's ass

Cockpit Check, Run up and Roll
Charlie Cong, Pray for your soul
Down the chute and Zero in
Take bombs and nap - - - Ol' Ho Chi Minh

T.F.Q. and F.M.C.
N.A.F. and Ol' NAC-V
MaG One Three, 51.2
Flying Marines up in the Blue

Wings of Gold upon their chest
Naval Aviation's best
Tiger's paw prepared to strike
Give the Cong a gift, they will not like

Paratrooper with your boots
Fancy clothes and parachutes
The Army's pride, so young and fair
At Pleiku they called Marine Air

1st Air Mobile tried and true
The 25th is helping you
But when your ass gets in a bind
Marine Air's not far behind

Straight leg soldier on the ground
Watching Phantoms fly 'round and 'round
Keep your head turned toward the sky -
That's why today you did not die

Hey there Sailor on the Sea
Phantom Jets keep the sky free
So that you can drink your Coke
Charlie Cong we're gonna smoke

We've got a Skipper, He's OK
He's James to fly both night and day
He's cool and suave and Debonair
A terror 'mongst the Ladies Fair
Escolaters of the War
Hear our afterburners roar
Hey there Charlie Check you six
Have a Napalm Cocktail - and here's the Mix
A-4D's have just one seat
So their pilot's can heat their seat
In the privacy up in the blue
It's the only thing that they do

Their Torso Harness sits too high
They can hardly see to fly
F-8's never get the call
Their pilot's have no Balls at all

Air Force Planes make lots of noise
Their pilots are just little boys
So when their bombs go Toxon Long
They're Comic Relief for the Viet Cong

I'm an A-4 Driver, can't you see
Not two people - Only Me
Single Seated Flying is a lark
My own "Standby" - I forgot to "Mark"

Gyrene Choppers slice through the Air
Off to "Hastings" they carry their Fare
One Thousand Marines they hauled Today
Not one Marine wore a Green Beret

Phantom II's o'er the DMZ.
Doing our part to make a People free
Bombs and Rockets streak through the Sky
In the Corps' Tradition - Semper Fi!

Oh when this Tour is o'er and done
It's back to CONUS for Sex and Fun
We'll remember this horrible year
You can take Viet Nam and Stick it in your Ear
I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE NAVY

Monday night I touched 'er on the ankle  
Tuesday night I touched 'er on the knee  
Wednesday night, with much success, I lifted up 'er undordress  
Thursday night she showed it to me  
Friday night I put me 'and upon it  
Saturday night she gave me balls a tweek  
It was Sunday after dinner I rammed the 'ol Boy in 'er  
And now I get in seven nights a week!! Oh, Blimy....

I don't want to join the Navy  
I don't want to go to war  
I'd just rather sit around Piccidilly Underground  
Living of the earnings of a 'igh class lady

I don't want a bullet up me ass 'ole  
Don't want me buttocks shot away  
I'd rather live in England, In Jolly, Jolly England  
And fornicate me bloody life away

Call out the Army and the Navy  
Call out the Rank and the File  
Call out the bloody Territorials  
They'll face danger with a smile, Oh, Blimy...

Call out the members of the Home Brigade  
They'll keep England free  
You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother  
But for God's sake don't call me!!

FOLLOW THE BAND

CHORUS: Ring A-Ling A-Ling, Fuck a little bit  
Follow the Band  
Follow the Band  
Follow the Band  
Ring A-Ling A-Ling, Fuck a little bit  
Follow the Band, Join in our Happy Song

My husband's a Lieutenant, a Lieutenant, a Lieutenant  
A very fine Lieutenant is he  
All day he Dicks Up, he Dicks Up, he Dicks Up  
And at night he comes home and Dicks Me!!

Captain (Chews Ass)  
Major (Makes Plans)  
Colonel (Eats Shit)  
General (Fucks Up)
ISN'T IT GRAND BOYS TO BE BLOODY WELL DEAD

Look at the Coffin with golden handles
CHORUS:
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead
Let's not have a sniffle
Let's have a bloody good cry
And always remember the longer you live
The sooner you'll bloody well die!

Look at the flowers, all bloody wilted
Look at the preacher, bloody fine fellow
Look at the mourners, bloody hypocrites
Look at the widow, bloody fine female

AVIATOR'S HYMN (To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Here's a toast to all Marines who wear the Navy wings of Gold
They are fearless fighter pilots, they are brave and they are bold
Theycarouse a bit and drink a lot in quantities untold
And they'll never fly home again

CHORUS: Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die
(STALL! SPIN! CRASH! BURN! DIE!)
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die
(STALL! SPIN! CRASH! BURN! DIE!)
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die
(STALL! SPIN! CRASH! BURN! DIE!)
And they'll never fly home again

Oh, it wasn't lack of throttle and it wasn't faulty trim
He wasn't turning in the groove, he didn't stall and spin
He just forgot to switch his tanks, too bad he couldn't swim
And they'll never fly home again

He was coming through the 90 when he got a little slow
He ignored the waving paddles of the frantic L.S.O.
When he finally added power he was just too
And he'll never fly home again

There were little bits of wreckage scattered o'er the Naval base
And a little pool of blood to mark his final resting place
Now he wears a Mark 8 gunsight where he used to wear his face
And he'll never fly home again

I saw a burning body fall from 40,000 feet
He squirmed, he kicked, he clawed the air
My God but it was neat
With the chute wrapped round his body and the shrouds around his feet
And he'll never fly home again

The lookout wasn't brilliant for 314 that day
The targets that were spotted were too many miles away
But Joe Gyrene and his R.I.O. decided they would stay
And they'll never fly home again
The target was a village in a valley steep and wide
The R.I.O. said, "It's going to be a one-way ride."
But the pilot said, "Don't worry man, we'll take this one in stride."
And they'll never fly home again.

The napalm was delivered but the pilot was in doubt.
His speed was great, his pull-out late, when he began to shoot.
In less time than it takes to tell, the pair of them punched out
And they'll never fly home again.

The Phantom hit the trees, burst into flames and was a wreck.
An Air Force chopper sped them both a long survival trek.
They never fly together now, if you would care to check.
And they'll never fly home again.

They climbed into their cockpits on that sultry August day,
As they readied for their cat shot, both their hearts
were young and gay.
But shortly they were both to learn the Devil was to pay.
And they'll never fly home again.

He tried to cut the burners in, but 'twas to no avail.
The chute was shot, the brakes were hot, the nose became the tail.
The R.I.O. screamed, "Let's get out!" but Joe was like a snail.
And they'll never fly home again.

The aircraft came to rest in such a state you'd not believe
(It never get like that performing high-time fighter weave)
And four days later, the pilot did his Major's leaves recieve
And they'll never fly home again.

Ten thousand dollars going home to his wife,
Ten thousand dollars in exchange for his life,
(Oh, won't they be excited
Oh, won't they be delighted
Think of all the things that they can buy!)
More God Damn money and no more family strife
And he'll never fly home again.

**PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REFRAIN**

Passengers will please refrain from flushing toilets
While the train is in the station, Darling I love you!
We encourage constipation while the train is in the station
Moon-light always makes me think of you.

If you wish to pass some water, kindly call the Pullman Porter,
He'll place a vessel in the vestibule,
If the porter isn't here then try the platform in the rear,
The one in front is likely to be cool.
If the woman's room be taken, never feel the least forsaken,
Never show the sign of red defeat.
Try the man's room twice the hall, and if some man has had
The call,
He'll courteously relinquish you his seat.

If these efforts all are vain, then simply break the window pane,
This novel method's used by very few.
We'll stroll through the park, a-gazing statues in the dark,
If Sherman's horse can take it, why can't you?

THE DRAFT DODGERS THERE

Well, I'm just a typical American Boy
From a typical American Town
I believe in God and Senator Dodd
And keeping old Castro down.

Well, I hate Chien-lai and I hope he dies
And I know better dead than Red.
But when I get to my local Draft Board
Buddy, this is what I said:

CHORUS: SARGE!

I'm only 16 I got a ruptured spleen
I always carry a purse
My feet are flat, I got eyes like a bat
And my Asthma's gettin' worse.

Consider my Career, my sweet heart dear
My poor old invalid aunt.
And I ain't no fool, I'm a-go'in to school
And I work in a defense plant.

I got a dislocated disk and a racked-up bag
And I'm allergic to flowers and trees
If the enemy ever get close to me
I'd probably start to sneeze.

Oh, I can't stand pain and the sight of blood
Especially if it's mine.
But if you ever get a war without any gore
Then I'll be the first in line.

STRAFE THE TOWN... (Tune of "Wake the Town...")

Strafe the Town and kill the people, It's the only thing to do,
Set your gun sights residential, You'll get more kills if you do!
Drop the Napalm in the schoolyard, see the children run & shout.
Note the Mass Hysteria, as they try to put it out!
SHAME ON YOU

Shame on you, Shame on you
You just said a dirty word
Skipper's gonna get you!
Skipper's gonna get you!
The Skipper's gonna have your Ass!

BE-BOP IA JESUS

Be-Bop 'A Jesus
He's my Savior
Be-Bop 'A Jesus
Better watch Yo! Behavior
Be-Bop 'A Jesus
He's my Savior, now!

WAS IT YOU WHO DID THE FUGGIN

Was it you who did the push'n
Put the stains upon the cush'n
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down?

Was it you whose sly wood pecker
Got into my girl Rebecca?
If it was, you'd better leave this down!

REPLY:

Yes, I was I who did the push'n
Put the stains upon the cush'n
Footprints on the dashboard upside down

Ever since I laid your daughter
I've had trouble pass'n water
Guess we'll call it even all around!

LAST NIGHT I STAYED UP LATE AND MONSTERBATED

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated
It was so nice, I did it twice
Last night I stayed up late and masturbated
It felt so good, I knew it would

Oh, you should see me on the long stroke
It is so neat, I use my feet
Oh, you should see me on the short stroke
It is so grand, I use my hand

Smash it, Bash it, Crash it on the floor!
Maah it, Slap it, slam it in the door!
Forniculee, Fornicula

Fucking may be great, But I prefer to self-manipulate!!
IT BALLS AT ALL

Come all you children and listen to me.
I'll sing you a song that will fill you with glee,
About a young woman so lovely and tall,
Who married a man who had no BALLS AT ALL.
WHAT?

CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man who had no balls at all!

Well she remembers the night that she wed,
She picked up the cover and crawled into bed,
She reached for his shoulder, his shoulder was small,
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

CHORUS:

"Mother, oh, mother, oh, what shall I do,
My sorrows are many, my pleasures but few.
How did you ever allow me to fall
For this son-of-a-bitch who has no balls at all?"

CHORUS:

"Daughter, dear daughter, now don't feel so sad,
I had the same trouble with your dear old dad.
There's many young fellows who'll come to the call
Of the wife of the man who's got no balls at all.

CHORUS:

The young lady took her dear mother's advice,
And found the proceeding exceedingly nice,
And a seven-pound boy was born in the fall,
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all!!

CHORUS:

HOTCHA

Hotcha, Hotcha,
Hotcha like to bite my Ass?

THE BIG FUCKING WHEEL

I once knew a man, oh how he sighed, I know not if the bastard li
For he had a wife who could not be satisfied. So he built himself
a big prick of steel, and mounted it on a big fucking wheel; two
balls of brass he filled with cream and the whole fucking issue w
run by steam. CHORUS: Round and Round went the Big Fucking Wheel
and in and out went the Big Prick of Steel. And the maiden cried,
"At last, at last, I'm satisfied!" Now that was the sad part of
for there was no stopping it; The maiden was torn from twat to ti
and the whole fucking issue blew up in shit!
Sung by the Shorehouse Quartet
Have you got a hard on? Not Yet!
Are you going to get one? You Bet!
Knee-deep in Shit!

TRY TO REMEMBER (From the Fantasticks, "Try to Remember")

(DANANG, JAPAN, OKINAWA, CHU LAI)

Try to remember that twelve hole shitter
with flies and ants upon your asshole

CHORUS: Try to remember and if you remember then....

SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH!

Try to remember those midnight briefs
Which lead to flights beyond belief
CHORUS - SHUDDER, SHUDDER, SHUDDER!

Try to remember the elegant messhall
With warm burg-juiice and cold Gaines burgers
CHORUS - GAG, GAG, GAG!

Try to remember the Air Force Compound
With Steaks so rare and a sign, "OFF LIMITS"
CHORUS - WEEP, WEEP, WEEP!

Try to remember that cold September
And the warmth we found on a Jo-San's Footon
CHORUS - SIGH, SIGH, SIGH!

Try to remember the Fighter Club at Naha
And the lessons we learned at the knee of a School Marm
CHORUS - SNICKER, SNICKER, SNICKER!

Try to remember the Monacon Weather
And midnight swims to the old Piss Tube
CHORUS - DRIP, DRIP, DRIP!

Try to remember the Chu Lai Sandstorms
With the fragrent scent of burning turds
CHORUS - CHOKE, CHOKE, CHOKE!

Try to remember when you're back in the States
Of your Buddies who came to take your place
CHORUS - LAUGH, LAUGH, LAUGH!
KAFOOZALUM

Come listen to my tale of woe
It happened many years ago
When women never answered, "No"
Way down in old Jerusalem

CHORUS: Hi, Ho Kafoozalum, Harlot of Jerusalem
        Prostitute of ill repute
        The daughter of the Rabbi

Kafoozalum was a wily witch, a warty whore, a brazen bitch
She caused all the men to twitch, that liveth in Jerusalem.

There was prince both lean and tall, whose manly Cock was known to all
His victims lined the wailing wall that standeth in Jerusalem

One night, returning from his sprae, his customary leer had he
Locked down the road and chanced to see that whoary bitch, Kafoozalum

With artful eye and cunning look, she lead him by his fabled crook
And into her black crack she took the pride of all Jerusalem

But he was too abrupt, alas, and so he made a hasty pass,
Which knocked Kafoozalum to the grass that grows in old Jerusalem

Kafoozalum was over-gassed, she arched her back and loosed a blast
That sent him flying far and fast, a-sailing o'er Jerusalem

And when the moon is bright and red, a flying Cock flies overhead
Still raining curses on the bed of the brazen bitch, Kafoozalum.

GOOD NIGHT SUCKERS (Tune of "Goodnight Ladies")

Good night Suckers, Bring more Yen tomorrow
Good night Suckers, How much can you borrow
We'll spend your base pay and Flight Money
All in one day, And then we'll say
Good night Suckers, Bring more Yen tomorrow
Good night Suckers, Parting is such sorrow
Please come back on your next R&R and
We'll spend your Yen again!

ALOUETTE

CHORUS: Alouette, gentille Alouette,
        Alouette, Je te plumera
        Je te plumera la........

Betty Grable, on the table
Doris Day, in the hay
Zazu Pitts, has big teeth
Carmen Miranda, on the veranda
Donald Duck, likes to swim
Sophie Tucker, She's a faker
Etc.
CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

The crocodile is a funny ani-male
He rapes his mate only once in a while
But when he does he floods the Nile
As he revels in the throes of fornication

CHORUS: Cats on the rooftops, Cats on the tiles
Cats with the Clap and the Crabs and the Piles
Cats with their nockholes all wreathed in smiles
As they revel in the throes of fornication.

The hippo's rump is big and round
The small ones weigh a thousand pounds
Two together shake the ground
As they revel in the throes of fornication

The baboon's rear is an eer'ta sight
There's a glow below like a noon light
As it waves like a flag in the jungle night
As he revels in the throes of fornication

The camel has a lot of fun
His night's complete when he is done
He always gets two humps for one
As he revels in the throes of fornication

The clam is a model of chastity
And you can't tell the he from the she
But she can tell and so can he
As they revel in the throes of fornication

The queen bees flit among the trees
And there consort with whom they please
And fill the land with sons of bees
As they revel in the throes of fornication

The monkey's small and rather slow
Erect he stands a foot or so
So when he comes, it's time to go
As he revels in the throes of fornication

Five hundred verses, all in rhyme
To sit and sing them seems a crime
When we could better spend our time
Reveling in the throes of fornication

THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes book on the corner
My mother makes second hand Gin
My sister makes love for a dollar
My God how the money rolls in
THE MONEY ROLLS IN (con't)

CHORUS: Rolls in, Rolls in,
      My God how the money Rolls in -
      Rolls in, Rolls in,
      Rolls in, Rolls!
      My God how the Money Rolls in!

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves fallen women from sin
He'll save you a blend for five dollars
My God, how the Money Rolls in!

My grandma sells cheap prophylactics
And punctures the heads with a pin
'Cause grandpa gets rich from abortions
My God, how the Money rolls in!

My uncle is whittling cut candles
From wax that is specially soft
He says that they'll come in real handy
If ever his business drops off!

I've lost all my dough on the horses
I'm sick from the second-hand gin
I'm falling in love with my father
My God, what a mess I'm in!

THE BALL OF BALLYNOOR

CHORUS: How do ya Lassnik, How do ya do?
      I can-na do ya Lassnik
      I can-na do ya noo

The Ball, The Ball, The Ball of Ballynoor
Your wife and my wife were do'n it on the floor, Sing'n...

They were do'n it in the parlor, do'n it on the stones
And you couldn't hear the music for the wheezing and the groans,
Sing'n....

The deacon's wife was stand'n there, her back against the wall
"Put your money on the table, boys, I'm go'n to do ya all", Sing'n..

The Queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey,
The King was in the chambermaid and she was in the money, Sing'n....

They tried it on the garden path and once around the park,
And when the candles snotted cut, they did it in the dark, Sing'n...

The letter carrier, he was there, the poor man had the pox,
He couldn'a do the lasses, so he did the letter box, Sing'n....

They were do'n it in the parlor, They were do'n it on the stair
And you couldn'a see the carpet for the wealth of pubic hair, Sing'n.
They were do'n it in the rafters, They were do'n it in the ricks, 
And you couldn't hear the music for the swish'n of the pricks, Sing'n.

The Governor's wife, she was there, she had the crowd in fits 
By jumping off the mantelpiece and leaning on her tits, Sing'n....

The village idjit, he was there, play'n the perfect fool, 
He pulled his Frockin over his head and whistled through his toe, Sing'n...

The village blacksmith, he was there, what do ya think of that? 
Amusing himself, Abusing himself, and catching it all in his hat, Sing'n.....

The village carpenter, he was there, play'n the perfect fool, 
He sat under the old Oak tree and whistled off his toe, Sing'n....

The village cripple he was there, he could not do much, 
He laid 'em on the table and did 'em with his crutch, Sing'n...

The mayor's wife, she was there, sitt'n down in front, 
A wreath of roses in her hair, a carrot in her cunt, Sing'n....

At first they done it simple, then they tried it he's and she's, 
And when the ball was rolling, they went at it fives and threes, Sing'n....

And when the ball was over, everyone confessed, 
The music was exquisite, but the doing was the best.

HEY LI-DI-LI-DI

CHORUS: Hey li-di-li-di-li-di
       Hey li-di-li-di-low
       Hey li-di-li-di-li-di
       Hey li-di-li-di-low

I knew a girl, she lives on a hill
Hey li-di-li-di-la
She won't do it but her sister will
Hey li-di-li-di-la

I knew a girl all dressed in pink; Hey li-di-li-di-la
She knows how to make a finger stink; Hey li-di-li-di-la

I knew a guy named Buffalo Bill, Hey li-di-li-di-la
He don't screw but his buffalo will, Hey li-di-li-di-la

About that guy named Buffalo Bill, Hey li-di-li-di-la
How do you know his Buffalo will? Hey li-di-li-di-la

ETC.
SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

CHORUS: Oh, Halalulina, Oh, Halalulina,
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's ass,
Oh, Halalulina, Oh, Halalulina,
Throw a nickel on the grass, and you'll be saved!

I was cruising down the D.M.Z.
Do'n six and twenty per,
When a call came from the Major,
Oh, won't you save me air?
I've got three holes in my wings,
And my tanks ain't got no gas,
MAY DAY, MAY DAY, MAY DAY!
I've got six MIGS on my ass!

CHORUS

Oh, I bailed out from my Phantom,
And the landing came out fine,
With my E&E equipment I set out for our front line,
Then I opened up my ration,
To see what was in it,
The Goddamn Quartermaster,
He filled the Tin with Shit

CHORUS

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

Oh, I put my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul
Take it out, Take it Out, Take it Out,
REMOVE IT!

Oh, I took my finger from the Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul
Put it Back, Put it Back, Put it Back,
REPLACE IT!

I replaced my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul
Turn it Round, Turn it Round, Turn it Round,
REVOLVE IT!

Oh, I revolved my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul
The other way, The other way, The other way,
REVERSE IT!

Oh, I reversed my finger in the Woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul
Take it Out, Take it Out, SMELL IT,
REVOLTING!
'Twas a dark and stormy night, Not a star there was in sight, All the A-4's were tied down to the line, When in mad up to his ear stood a lovely volunteer With his orders to fly old Number Nine.

His Ass was racked with pain as he climbed into the plane, And his Bung Hole was puckered fit to tie. He murmured a prayer as he climbed into the air, For he knew that this was his night to die.

As he flew o'er the DMZ he bombed a school or three And the women and children very well But how was he to know that he'd fly so Goddamn low, That his bomb blast would blow his Ass to hell.

In the wreckage he was found, thinly spread around the ground, And the crunching they raised his weary head, With his life almost spent, here's the message that he sent, To his buddies who'd be sad to see him dead.

I used an 8 to 10 delay, but it didn't work out that way, And without a tail an F4B won't fly Tell the Skipper for me that he now has twenty-three, He can roll up the ladder, Semper Fil

IT'S ALL A BLOODY SHAME

CHORUS: It's the same the whole world over It's the poor what gets the blame It's the rich what gets the Gravy Ain't it all a Bloody Shame

Standing on the Bridge at midnight Throwing Snowballs at the Moon She said Jack I've never had it But she spoke to Goddamn soon

CHORUS

She was poor but she was honest Victim of a rich man's whim First he goosed and then seduced her And she had a child by him.

CHORUS

Now he's in the House of Commons Making laws to rule Mankind While she roams the streets of London Selling Chunks of her Behind
I CAN'T FORGET DANANG

I can't forget Danang
I can't forget Chu Lai.
For Ho Chi Minh was black at me
And so was Cho on Lai.
I've flown north across the D.M.Z.
I've dropped a bomb or two.
But all I get is a bunch of Shit
From you and you and you

CHORUS: Oh, I was born to risk my ass
And save Viet Nam too.
But all I get is a bunch of Shit
From you and you and you

SILVER BOMBS (Tune of "Silver Bells")

CHORUS: Silver Bombs, Silver Bombs, 'Tis Christmas time over Hanoi
Ting - A - Ling, Here them ring, Soon it will be NAVY's big day.

Bombs are dropping, Traffic's stopping, Look at all the Napalm!
And on every street corner you'll hear...

CHORUS

Mothers dying, Children crying, Ho Chi's tearing his hair
As the bombs fly in the air

Bombs are dropping, Steel Mills' flopping, Industry has decreased,
All the V.C. will have Christmas presents.

CHORUS

FIGHTER PILOT'S LAMENT (Tune of "Thunder Road")

Let me tell you the story, And I can tell it all
About a fighter pilot, who loved his Alcohol.

Drinking all one evening, He didn't sleep that night
Early next morning he took his fatal flight.

Crawled out through the pre-flight, he felt a little sick,
Yelled to the plane captain, "Plug her in quick!"

Jumped into his cockpit, he didn't wear his mask
Reached into his flight suit and pulled out a flask.

CHORUS: Thunder, Thunder Over Chu Lai, Lightning was his
Engine but he was bound to die.

Whisky, whisky to slake a demon's thirst
The C.O. swore he'd get him but the devil got him first.
FIGHTER PILOT'S LAMENT (Con't)

Ran up his engines, everything looked fine
Added some power to taxi out the line

Started down the runway, he was doing well
But he over-rotated and that's all there is to tell.

NO MORE CHU LAI

CHORUS: Oh, I don't want no more of the Chu Lai scene
            Gee but I want to go, right back to Quantico
            Gee but I want to go home

Our bombe are fuzed electrically
They say they're mighty swell
A pal of mine pickled one
And it blew him straight to Hell!

The Majors here at Chu Lai
They say are mighty fine
They act like Liberace
They look like Frankenstein

The R.I.O.'s here at Chu Lai
They say are mighty fine
How in the Hell do they know
They've 'never flown with mine

The Pilots here at Chu Lai are a very special kind
Half of them are nearly deaf
The others almost blind

The doctors that they gave us were really quite sublime
The first flew the Goosy Bird the other was gone all the Time

The Army came to Chu Lai expecting quite a Ball
They all slept together
One mortar got 'em all

The starting pods at Chu Lai are maintained by the Group
When it comes to turning engines
They never have the Poop

The R.I.O.'s in our squadron are a very hostile bunch
Criticize any one of them
You'll get a Sunday Punch
100 MILES  (Tune of "900 Miles")

If you miss the Church I'm in
Come around and Nape again
You can smell the people burn 100 miles

CHORUS: 100 Miles, 100 Miles you can ..........  
You can ............. 100 Miles.

Throw Candy on the Ground
Take the gun and shoot them down
You can see the children die, 100 miles

CHORUS

As you're diving to the deck
Pick out a school that you can wreck
You can hear the children scream, 100 miles

CHORUS

When this bloody war is won
We'll go see what we have done
All that's left are piles of bones, piles of bones

CHORUS

SALLY

Sally's in the garden, sipp'n Cider
Lifts up her leg and Farts Like A Man!

The gas from her ass broke forty windows,
The cheeks of her ass go, BAM, BAM, BAM!

THE GLIDER PILOT'S LAMENT

Don't flush the toilet in the tow plane
When there's a glider attached to the line
It's hard enough to keep the glider in place
Without all that Shit flying back in my face
So don't flush the toilet in the tow plane
When there's a glider attached to the line

LET ME BE YOUR SALTY DOG  (CHORUS)

Oh let me be your Salty Dog, or I won't be your man at all;
Honey let me be your Salty Dog.

She came once and I came twice, Honey we're in paradise;
Honey let me be your Salty Dog  (CHORUS)

Two old maids sitt'n in bed, one looked up and the other said,
Honey let me be your Salty Dog!
I'M A NON-COMBATANT FUKA (To the tune of "Yank My Doodle, it's a Dandy")

I'm a Non-Combatant asshole
I have never killed a Cong
I just sit around and shoot the Shit
Go home and yank on my Dong
I bought my Ribbons at a Pawn Shop
Only cost Two Ninety Five
I was alive in '65 and I'll be alive in '70
I am a Non-Combatant FUKA

323 - 323

323 - 323
You can't Drink, you can't Screw
Wonder what the Hell you do
323 - 323
You ain't got no Jooj
You're the Assholes of the Group

TCHEPONE (To the tune of "Shaboom")

Tchepone, Tchepone
Tchepone, Tchepone
Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat
Tchepone, Tchepone
They're out for my Ass, Sweetheart!

HYMN

Hymmmmmmm
Hymmmmmmm
FUCK Hymmmmm!!

OLD _____ USED TO OWN A GROCERY STORE

Old _______ used to own a grocery store
He used to hang his meat upon the outside of the door
All the little children used to Yell and Scream and Shout....
Old _______ YOUR PORK IS HANG'N OUT!!

A-4D'S ARE TINKER TOYS

A-4D's are Tinker Toys
They are flown by little boys
And they make a funny noise.....
(Rasberry)

F-4B's are Rocket Ships
They are flown by real Hot Shits
And they make a mighty Roar.....
ROOOAARRR!!
QUIT CROSSING YOUR LEGS

Quit Crossing your legs, you're crushing my glasses —
You're Pucking-up a good cigar

SKOSH HIJUPONESE

When Joe Lee is on the Rick in Southern Honshu
And the Caki in the cellar starts to freeze,
Then you whisper to your Jo-san, "I adore you!"
Then you're getting just a SKOSH HIJUPONESE.

When the Colonel misses muster in the morning
And the Major's got the Officers' Disease
When half the Squadron's Medically Restricted
That's getting just a SKOSH HIJUPONESE.

BYE, BYE ASSHOLES (To the tune of "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" — Sung
in the Officers Club in Danang just prior
to 542's move to Japan in August '66)

542 enjoyed their fling —
We sure are glad to leave this Wing
Bye, Bye Assholes

542 has done their Delt —
Now it's off to the land of the Furry Felt
Bye, Bye Assholes

No one there to wake me up at Five —
Sure am glad that I am still Alive —
Grab that Jo-san by the Shank
Put a Tiger in her Tank —
ASSHOLES, BYE — BYE !!

THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

A Bloody Fetus on a Marble Slab
A Ten-Inch Pemus with a Syphilis Scab
A Quickie Blow Job in a Taxi Cab
These Foolish Things Remind me of you

A Twat that Twitches like a Moose's Ear
A Dryed-Up Condom in a Glass of Beer
A Ten Pound Titty in a Loose Brassiere
These Foolish Things Remind me of You

A Dirty Jockstrap on the Barroom Floor
A Pool of Blood beside a Sleeping Whore
A rolled-up Tampax like an Apple Core
These Foolish Things Remind me of You.
HERE'S TO THE MAJORS

Here's to the Majors, the Majors, the Majors
Oh, Here's to the Majors, the worst of them all -

They Eat it, They Beat it, They always mistreat it -
Oh, Here's to the Majors, The worst of them all

TAKE IT OUT AT THE BALL GAME (To the tune of "Take me out to the Ball Game")

Take it out at the ball game
Wave it around at the crowd
Stick it in your peanuts and Cracker Jack
I don't care if you give it a whack
For it's beat your meat at the ball game
If you don't come it's a shame -
For it's one, two, three strokes you're out
At the OLD BALL GAME

SHE WORE HER NIGHTIE (To the tune of "She Wore a Tulip")

She wore her Nightie, her lilly white Nightie
And I wore my B.V.D.'s
First I caressed her, and then I undressed her,
What a sight she showed to me!
I played with those Titties, those lilly white Titties
And down where the short hair grows -
As our kisses grew sweeter, I whipped out my Peter,
And white-washed her BIG RED ROSE!

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the Queen of all the Acrobat
She can do the tricks that'll give your cat the shits -
She can roll a pea around her fundamental orifice
De a double somersault and catch it on her tit -
She's a great big sonofabitch, twice the size of me
And the hair on her ass is like the branches on a tree
SHE CAN:

SWIM, FISH, FIGHT, FUCK -
ROLL A BARREL, DRIVE A TRUCK -
Mary Ann Burns is the only girl for me!

FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK (To the tune of "On Wisconsin")

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck (Etc.)
CHORUS: Oh, Roll your leg over
Oh, Roll your leg over
Oh, Roll your leg over the Man in the Moon

If all them young ladies was little White Rabbits
I'd be a Hare and teach them bad habits.

If all them young ladies was up for improvement
I'd give them some help with a ball-bearing momentum.

If all them young ladies was little white kittens
And I was a Tom Cat, I'd give them new fittin's.

If all them young ladies was B-29's
And I was a fighter, I'd buzz their behinds.

If all them young ladies was bats in a steeple
And I were a bat -- -- there'd be more bats than people.

If all them young ladies was diamonds and rubies
And I were a jeweler, I'd shine up their boobies.

If all them young ladies was wheels on a car,
Then I'd be the piston and go twice as far.

If all them young ladies was rushes a-growing,
I'd take out my scythe and set out a-mowing.

If all them young ladies was bells in a tower,
Then I'd be the sexton and I'd bang every hour.

If all them young ladies was bricks in a pile,
Then I'd be the mason and I'd lay them in style.

If all them young ladies was fish in the ocean,
And I were a whale, I'd show them the motion.

If all them young ladies was fish in a pool,
I'd be a shark with a water-proof tool.

If all them young ladies was wheat in a field,
And I were a reaper, I'd make them all yield.

If all them young ladies was trees in a forest,
And I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris.

If all them young ladies were singing this song,
It would be twice as filthy and four times as long!
BALLAD OF THE U.S. MARINES (To the tune of the "Green Beret")

We're the Men, U.S. Marines
Dirty, Rough and Fighting Men.
From the States we come this way
Couldn't care less about the Green Beret

We stalk in pairs both night and day
Don't need chokers or a Green Beret.
Have no wires upon our chokers
Fighting Marines, Our Country's a boat.

With steel pots upon our heads
We fight like hell and eat hot lead.
Keep your cap and silver wings
Take them home with all your things.

We patrol and kill V.C.
Fighting Cong to make men free.
One hundred men overrun today
We saved them all, the Green Berets.

I saw Marines who gave their lives
So Green Berets could return to their wives.
If I should die in this far off land
I hope it'll be for a better man.

While they jump and sing their songs
We search the fields and kill the Cong.
We're the men who fight each day
Since "75" it's been that way.

Back at home a young wife waits
Her brave Marine has met his fate.
He has died so others could live
For his land that's what he'll give.

I knew this song won't be a hit
But a good Marine don't give a Shit.
And when it comes to glory and fame
We'll kick your ass and take your name.

THE FIRST OF MAY

Hurray, Hurray the First of May!
Outdoor intercourse starts today!!

RING A DING A DING DING

Ring A Ding A Ding Ding, Blow it out your ass
Ring A Ding A Ding Ding, Blow it out your ass
Ring A Ding A Ding Ding, Blow it out your ass
Lift up your skirts and blow it out your ass!!
THE Friar

There was a Friar of Great Renown
There was a Friar of Great Renown
There was a Friar of Great Renown

AND HE: Picked a girl from out of town
He Picked a girl from out of town

CHORUS: HA HA HA
HO HO HO
HORSE SHIT!
THAT DO GOOD CONSTIFUCTION!
THAT HOTTEN OLD COCKSUCKER!
FUCK HIM!

She said, "Kind Sir please cease and quit
She said, "Kind Sir please cease and quit
She said, "Kind Sir please cease and quit

AND HE: Hit her on the Rosy Tit
He Hit her on the Rosy Tit

CHORUS

He laid her on the dewy grass
He laid her on the dewy grass
He laid her on the dewy grass

AND HE: Rammed his Penis up her Ass
He Rammed his Penis up her Ass

CHORUS

They buried her on Chestnut Street
They buried her on Chestnut Street
They buried her on Chestnut Street

AND HE: Sat on her Grave and Beat his Meat
He sat on her Grave and Beat his Meat

CHORUS

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you Sweetheart
I'm in love with you
Let me stroke your Vulva
'Til it fills with God
Let me bite your Boobies
'Til they're Black and Blue
Let's play Hide the Weenie
Up your old Wazoo!
MY PLASTIC JESUS

I don't care if it rains or freezes
As long as I got my plastic Jesus
Sitt'n on the dashboard of my car

I don't care if the road gets hairy
As long as I got my magnetic Mary
Sitt'n on the dashboard of my car

I don't have to watch my behavior
As long as I got my suction Savior
Sitt'n on the dashboard of my car.

SWEET ANTOINETTE

Sweet Antoinette
Your pants are wet
You say it's sweat
It's piss I bet
In all my dreams
Your bare Ass gleams
You're the wrecker of my pecker
Sweet Antoinette

JESUS SAVES

Jesus puts his money in the First National Bank
Jesus puts his money in the First National Bank
Jesus puts his money in the First National Bank
Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves!!

BY THE LIGHT

By the light of the flickering match
I saw her snatch
By the light of the match, sweet snatch

By the light of the flickering match
I saw her cream
I heard her scream
I was burning her snatch
With the flickering match!!

WALKIN YOUR BABY BACK HOME

Gee but it's great after eat'n your date
Brushing your teeth with a comb
Gee but it's great after eat'n your date
Walkin your baby back home.
CHORUS: AY, YI, YI, YI
In China they never eat chile (pussy)
So sing me another verse
That's worse than the other verse
And waltz me around again Willy!

There once was a man named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
She was big and smelly and had a pot-belly
But think of the money he saved

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose Dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin as he wiped off his chin
If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it.

There was a team of Tom and Louise
Who did an act while on their knees
They crawled down the aisle while screwing dog-style
And the orchestra played Kilmer's "trees".

There was a young man from Boston
Who bought himself a new Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But the rest hung out and he lost 'em

There was a lady from Cape Cod
Who thought all children came from God
It wasn't the almighty who got in her nighty
It was Rodger the Lodger by God

There was a young man named McGruder
Who dated a girl from Bermuda
She thought she'd be schrewd and swim in the nude
But McGruda was schrewder and screwed her

There was a young lady from Weaver
Who had an affair with a Beaver
The result of the Fuck was two geese and a duck
And an off-color Irish Retriever

A lovely young miss named Sue
Dreamt she was eating a Cru
In the middle of the night she woke up in a fright
To find out it was perfectly true

There was once a young man named McNair
Who was screwing his girl on the stair
The bannister broke on the 99th stroke
And he finished her off in mid-air
There was a young man from Runcine
Who invented a masturbating machine
Concave and Convex it would fit either sex
But oh, what a bastard to clean

There was a young man from Peru
Who fell asleep while in a canoe
He dreamt that Venus tickled his penis
And woke up with a canoe full of God

There was a young lady from Dundee
Who fucked with an Ape in a tree
The results were so horrid, all ass and no forehead
Four balls and a purple goat

There was a young lady from the Azores
Whose body was all covered with scree
The dogs in the street wouldn't eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There once was a Major named Kruthers
Who said, "If I had my druthers -
I'd hump your kid sisters 'til their backs were all blisters
Then I'd start on your mothers"

We once had a Skipper, "Fred Fearless"
Whose sexual prowess was peerless
'Til his Dick he did wrench as he fell off the bench
While screwing in back of a Corlist

There once was a lady from Impedes
Who loved to engage in coitus
She fucked a halfback and then a fullback
Until she got athlete's fetus

There was a young lady from Dallas
Who used dynamite for a phallus
They found her vagina in North Carolina
And her ass in Buckingham Palace

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She lay on her back and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling

There was a young man from Trent
Whose Dick was so long it was bent
To save himself trouble, he stuck it in double
So instead of coming, he went.
I LOVE MY GIRL

I love my girl, yes I do; yes I do
I love her truly
I love the hole she pisses through
I love her Ruby Red Lips and her Lilly White Tits
And the hair around her asshole
I'd eat her shit - CHOMP, CHOMP, CHOMP
If she asked me to
I'd eat her poop - DIDDLY-OOP, DIDDLY-OOP
With an Ice Cream scoop!

LIFE AT HOME

Life at home is sad and dreary
Life at home is like a tomb
Father has a rectal stricture
Mother has a fallen womb
Brother Ben has been deported
For some homosexual crime
And the maid has been aborted
For the sixth or seventh time
Sister Sue has painful menses
No one laughs and no one smiles
But the saddest occupation
Cracking ice for Grandpa's Piles

AVIATOR'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober moods
When I ramble, sit and drink.
Here's to me in my drunken moods
When I gamble, sin and drink.
And when my flying days are over
And my life on earth is past,
I hope they bury me upside down
So the world can kiss my ass!

UNCLE JOHN

Uncle John and Auntie Mabel fainted at the breakfast table
This should prove sufficient warning, Never do it in the morning.
Ovaltine has set them right, now they do it every night
Uncle John is hoping soon to rip one off in the afternoon.

CHU LAI (To the tune of the "Happy Wanderer")

I love to go a'wandering around the Chu Lai base
And as I go I love to sing, I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE!!
OFF WE GO, ON AN ONE HOUR TEST HOP (To the tune of "Off we go into the wild blue yonder")

Off we go, on an one hour test hop
Over the land, not over the sea
And for this feat, we get a ten-day furlough
A raise in rank, and a D.F.C.
We're heros all, if you can tell by medals,
We get a lot, and more as we go -
We're out to kill, Ourselves, We Will!
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force
(From getting medals)
Oh, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force
(Those raving Assholes)
Oh, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

NELLE DARLING

Your ass is like a stove pipe Nellie Darling,
The nipples on your tits are turning green
There's a yard of lint protruding from your naval,
You are the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.
Ten thousand crabs abound around your asshole
When you piss, your piss is just as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle,
So why not make one dear, and shove it up your ass!!

NOTHING COULD BE FINER (To the tune of "Carolina")

Nothing could be finer than to be in your vagina
In the Morning -
Nothing could be sweeter than your lips around my peter
In the Morning -
If I had a wish - and it could come true,
I'd spend the whole night 69'n with you
Oh, nothing could be finer than to be in your vagina
In the Morning.

DANANG (To the tune of Brazil")

Background: Swat those gnats, wipe your asshole
Swat those gnats, wipe your asshole

Danang - There is no Puntang in Danang
There are two flys upon my Wang
There is no Puntang in Danang, Danang

MY FATHER IS A FIREMAN

My father is a fireman, He puts out fires
My brother is a fireman, He puts out fires
My sister Sal is a fireman's Gal, She puts out too!
It isn't the Rollin' or Rockin'
Or the foam on the crest of a wave
It's the foam on the neck of the bottle
That's driving me down to my grave

CHORUS: Turali, Urili, Urili
Turali, Urili, Urili

Now the sexual life of a camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He tries to make love to the Sphinx
But the Sphinx's posterior organ
Is buried in the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

CHORUS

The Officer's ride in the motor Boat
The Captain rides in his Gig
It don't go a goddamn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

CHORUS

Here's to old Fort Massachusetts
And here's to the old Mohawk trail
And here's to those Indian maidens, God Bless them
They gave us our first piece of Wampum

CHORUS

Exhaustive Experimentation
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Has proved that the Ass of a Hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all

CHORUS

Here's to the students at HARVARD
And here's to the boys down at Yale
They shave all the hair off the Hedgehog
To better to get at the tail

CHORUS

Here's to the girls down in Sydney
And here's to the streets that they roam
And here's to those dirty faced Urchins, God Bless 'em
Any one of them may be our own

CHORUS
THE TATTOOED LADY (To the tune of "My Indiana Home")

Once I married a tattooed lady
And believe me when I say
Tattooed on her body
Was a map of the good old USA
Every night when the moon shone brightly
And my baby and I went to sleep
I'd wait until my baby was snoring
Then I'd lift up the sheets and take a peck.....

On her neck was Minnesota
On her shoulder was Tennessee
And Tattooed on her back was dear old Hackensack
A place where I long to be
On her chest was West Virginia
Through those hills I love to roam
And when the moon shone down down upon her Wabash
Then I knew I'd found my Indiana home!

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea.
She lost her morals down among the corals
O.k, but she was good to me.
Now ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Two twin beds and only one of them missed
You can easily see she's not my mother
'Cause my mother's forty-nine
And you can easily see she's not my sister
'Cause I'd never show my sister such a helluva Good Time
And you can see she's not my sweetheart
'Cause my sweetie's too refined
She's just a snip of a kid, who loved what she did
She's a personal friend of mine!

SECOND HAND HOSE

Second Hand Hose
I'm just a second hand hose

Although I'll tell you I've been sav'n it just for you

I was teach'n TIGERS tricks
While you played with your Cocks
I've worn out more Footons
Then you've worn out socks

Oh, every one knows I'm just a Second Hand Hose
From good old I-WAK-A-DO !!