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SATAN'S ANGELS SONGBOOK

DEDICATED TO THE
FIGHTER PILOTS
OF THE 433 TFS

INTRODUCTION

Ubon Ratchatani was at one time a quiet Thai village whose peace and tranquillity was broken by no more than the impact of a crashing rice bug. In 1966, however, the Eighth TFW Wolfpack arrived in force. One squadron, the 433rd TFS, Satan's Angels, began to serenade themselves with songs of skill and cunning. Having nothing to do but fly fighters, chase pooyengs, and sing songs (What else could a guy want?) they waxed prolific (in several ways) and compiled this book to be used whenever fighter pilots gather to indulge in a small party of one kind or another.

We all know that a fighter pilot is an individualist, and no doubt each one of you knows a different version of each song included in this book. However, in an effort to obtain max volume and thereby drive all bomber pilots and other wienies from the club, this book is dedicated to the purpose that every one sings approximately the same words at the same time. This attempt is not, repeat not, to be construed as compulsory standardization, a process we all know and loathe.

There are several verses included which should not fall on delicate ears, As a fighter pilot you are urged to keep your head on a swivel and clear yourself before serenading members of the opposite sex with a song containing some of the more descriptive words. Remember, you can't say fuck in the club. Indiscriminate use of the more lusty ballads is not advisable since this can only result in icy stares and imminent removal from the premises. QUOTE "I've been thrown out of better places than this" UNQUOTE. It is not the purpose of this book to offend; rather it is to remember the good old days and stimulate a good time among fighter pilots gathered together to enjoy themselves.

FSH

The Twelve Days of Christmas

(Clean version)

On the first day of Christmas,
My D O gave to me,
A Paveway in a pear tree.

Second- 2 KB-18's

Third-3 LAU 3's

Fourth-4 CBU's

Fifth-5 MK 36's

Sixth-6 Sidewinders

Seventh-7 Frag changes

Eighth-8 Iron bombs

Ninth-9 Napes-a-splashing

Tenth-10 tons of bombs

Eleventh-11 stacks of maps

Twelvth-12 Wing Wienies.

I Want to Play Piano

I want to play piano in a whorehouse,
That's my one desire,
Take your ranches, and your banks, and your gold mines out in Butte,
I just want to play piano in a house of ill repute.

You may laugh at my advocacy,
But carnal copulation's here to stay,
I don't want worlds of riches,
I just want to play for those old bitches,
I want to play piano in a whorehouse.

Can You Say Will The Sun Tomorrow

Can you say will the sun rise tomorrow?

Will there be any time left to borrow?

Will the poet make a rhyme,

Will there be any time,

Can you say, will there be a tomorrow?

Seems to me I have been here forever,

Will this war ever end, maybe never.

Will the dawn still arrive,

Will I still be alive,

Or will I sleep here alone forever?

There's someone who I'm sure loves me only,

She's the one on my mind when I'm lonely,

Does she know? Can she see?

Is she still true to me,

Does she know what it's like to be lonely?

From the sea comes the sun, dawn is breaking,

Soon the fight for my life I'll be making,

If I die over here,

Will they know? Will they care?

Will there be joy or hearts that are breaking?

Just Give Me Operations

Don't give me a one double O, the bastard is ready to blow
The AB is there, but you're saying a prayer,
Don't give me a one double O.

Chorus;

Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll,
For I am too young to die,
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue,
An all-weather coffin, that flames out so often,
Don't give me an F-102.

Don't give me an F-104, with compressor stalls galore,
the wing is so small, you can't turn it at all,
Don't give me an F-104.

Don't give me an F-105, with no room to pull out of a dive,
It maneuvers quite well, and straight ahead, goes like hell,
Don't give me an F-105.

Don't give me an F-4D, in the night with no utility,
Those hard landing drops, and those quick barrier stops,
Don't give me an F-4D.

Nellie Darling

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe Nellie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
And when you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass,
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So kindly make one, Dear and shove it up your ass.

Yankee Air Pirate

I am a Yankee Air Pirate, with DT's and blood-shot eyeballs,
My nerves are all run down from bombing downtown,
From SAM breaks and Bad Bandit calls.

Chorus;

A Yankee Air Pirate, a Yankee Air Pirate, a Yankee Air Pirate am I,
A Yankee Air Pirate, a Yankee Air Pirate, If I don't get my hundred,
I'll die.

I've carried iron bombs on the outboards, flown fast CAP for
F-1-O Thuds,
I've sniveled a counter or two once or twice,
And sweated my own rich red blood.

Repeat Chorus;

I've been downtown to both bridges, to Thai Nguyen, Kep and
Phuc Yen,
And if you ask me, then I'm sure you can see,
There's no place up there I ain't been.

Repeat Chorus;

Function Junction

Are you from Function? From Function Junction?
Where those double suction function pumps are made,
Are you from Function? From Function Junction?
That's where I want to be.

If you're having trouble and your water is low,
A double suction function pump will soon make it go,
Are you from Function? From Function Junction?
Well, I'm from Function too.

Son of Satan's Angels

Chorus;

I'm a son of Satan's Angels,

I fly the F-4D,

All the way from the Hanoi Railroad bridge to the DMZ.

I'm one of ol' Fred Cuthill's boys,

And mean as I can be.

I'm a son of Satan's Angels,

I fly the F-4D.

Hello Hanoi Hannah, send your MIG's to meet their doom,
Light them up and blast them off, Fred's boys will be there soon,
I don't care if you are the gal that was born with the silver spoon,
'Cause I've got sidewinders on board that'll home on an AB plume.

There isn't a tripple A gunner up there that can have a piece of
my ass,

Because I've got CBU's on board, and I'm in for one more pass,
He hosed me down one time too many, and that one was his last,
I can see my CBU's tearing holes in the gunner's ass.

I've Been Everywhere

Well, I took off from Ubon in a thick and heavy driving rain,
I toted my bombs up to green anchor tanker plane,
I had a brand-new AC riding in the front seat,
A guy with six months RTU, before that a "Tweet",
He asked me if my counters numbered much more than ten,
I said listen Mac, there ain't no place up there I ain't been.

Chorus;

I've been everywhere, Man I've been everywhere,
I've crossed the mountains bare, Man I've seen the flak-filled air.
Of SAM's I've had my share, Man I've been everywhere.

Hanoi, Haiphong, Phuc Yen, Yen Bai, Longson, Hoa Lac,
Phu Tho, Son Tay, Mao Binh, Nam Dinh, Thai Binh, Bac Ninh
Thai Nguyen, Gia Lam, Wiet Tri, Do Son,
Thud Ridge, MIG Ridge, Northeast Railroad, Bac Mai, Ninh Grang,
Bac Giange, Poo-Yang.

Repeat Chorus;

Sam Neue, Nan Ban, Quang, Son La, Bat Lake, Dong Hoi,
Quang Khe, Thanh Hoa, Red Route, Black Route, Blue Route,
Purple Route,
Channel 97, and the Red and Black River Valley,
Landside, Waterside, Down the slide, Dang my hide,
In town, Crosstown, Uptown, Downtown.

Repeat Chorus;

Fireball on The Hillside

There's a fireball down there on the hillside
And I think maybe we've lost a friend,
But we'll keep on flying and we'll keep on dyin'
For duty and honor never end.

There's an upended glass on the table,
Down in front of a lone empty chair
Yesterday we were with him, today God be with him,
Wherever he is in your care.

They were four when they took off this mornin'
And their duty was there in the sky,
Only three ships returnin', blue 4 ain't returnin'
To blue 4 then hold your glasses high.

There's a fireball down there on the hillside
And I think maybe we've lost a friend,
But we'll keep on flying and we'll keep on dyin'
For duty and honor never end.

Downtown

When you get up at two o'clock in the morning
You can bet you'll be - downtown
Shaking your boots, you're sweating heavy all over
Cause you get to go - downtown

Smoke a pack of cigarettes before the briefings over
Wishing you weren't bombing, wishing you were flying cover
It's safer that way-

It's hairy as hell down there-

You know you're biting your nails and you're pulling your hair
You're going downtown-where all the lights are bright

Downtown-you'd rather switch than fight

Downtown-hope you'll come home tonight - downtown, downtown
Planning the route, you keep hoping that you won't have to go
today-Downtown

Checking the weather and it's scattered to broken

So you still don't know-downtown

Waiting for the guys in TOC to say you're cancelled

Hoping that the "words" they give will be what suits your fancy

Don't make me go-

I'd much rather RTB

And so you sit and you wait thinking, oh fuck shit hate

I'm going downtown-that's why I'm feeling low

Downtown-but I don't want go

Downtown-going to see Uncle Ho-downtown, downtown

Pistol Force-burners now-Bacrauda has sweeping guns

Disregard the launch light, no threat. Like hell, there's

A pair at 3 o'clock-let's take her down!!!!

Banana Valley

Just go down to banana valley
Go on down and meet your fate
Go on down to banana valley
But when you go down, down, down, you better learn to hate.

I got friends in banana valley
I got friends that learned too late
I got friends in banana valley
They go down, down, down, 'cause they did not hate.

There's snakes in the weeds in banana valley
Them snakes in the weeds know how to hate
Them snakes in the weeds in banana valley
They go down, down, down, and there they wait.

I heard all 'bout banana valley
How fighting them snakes could be so great
So much fun in banana valley
Gotta go down, down, down, and investigate.

Two weeks ago in banana valley
Two of my friends killed one of them snakes
Two weeks ago in banana valley
They went down, down, down to attend the wake.

So go on down to banana valley
Go on down to meet your fate
Go on down to banana valley
But when you go down, down, down, you better learn to hate.

Balls of O'leary

The balls of O'leary
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're shapely and stately
Like the dome of St. Paul

The women all muster
To view that great cluster
They stand and they stare.
At the bloody great pair
Of O'leary's balls.

Sally

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went bam bam bam.

Bless Them All

Bless them all, bless them all
The needle, the airspeed and the ball
Bless all the instructors
Who taught me to fly
Sent me up solo and left me to die
So if your jet ever should stall
You're due for one hell of a fall
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, bless them all

Bless them all, bless them all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants
The sour puss ones
Bless the airmen and their dopey sons
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here, bless them all.

Here's To The Regular AF

(MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN)

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the goddamn reserves

CHORUS:

Call out, call out
Call out the goddamn reserves, reserves
Call out, call out
Oh, call out the goddamn reserves

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the goddamn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Ubon
The regulars stay in Japan

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the goddamn reservists
Their ass would be dragging the floor

CHORUS TWO:

Fight on, fight on
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on, fight on
Fight on, fight on
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on

Sammy Small

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball
But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
They say I shot him in the head, with a fucking piece of lead
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a fucking piece of string
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all

Oh, that parson he will come, so fuck 'em all
Oh, that parson he will come, so fuck 'em all
Oh, that parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up his bun, so fuck 'em all

Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wore a mask, for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do, so fuck 'em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud, fuck 'em all

Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, thought it was a fucking joke
Now my goddamned neck is broke, so F-U-C-K 'E-M A-L-L.

The Little Grey Rat

Oh, the pale moon shone on the bar room floor
The bar was closed for the night
Then out of his hole came the little grey rat
And he sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all through the night you could hear him shout
Bring on your goddamn cat

Battle Hymn

We fly our fucking phantoms at ten thousand fucking feet
We fly our fucking phantoms through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make a fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth

CHORUS:

Glory, glory what a hellava way to die, glory, glory what a hellava way to die

Glory, glory what a hellava way to die, glory, glory what a hellava way to die

(INSERT LAST LINE OF EACH VERSE)

We fly those fucking phantoms at fuck all thousand feet
We fly those fucking phantoms through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck

We fly those fucking phantoms at ten thousand fucking feet
We fly those fucking phantoms through rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying fucking down
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground

You Can Tell A Fighter Pilot

(MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY)

By the ring around his eyeball
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot
By the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator
By his sextants, maps, and such
You can tell a fighter jockey
But you can't tell him much

Beside a V. C. Waterfall

Beside a V.C. waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered phantom jet, a young pursuiter lay.
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead,
So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said:

I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles,
Play poker every night,
We haven't got a thing to do, but sit around and sing,
All our crews are women, Oh death where is thy sting?

Oh death where is thy sting, ting a ling
Oh death where is thy sting,
The bells of hell will ring, ting a ling
for you but not for me.

Oh, ting a ling a ling ling, blow it out your ass,
Ting a ling a ling ling, blow it out your ass,
Ting a ling a ling ling, blow it out your ass,
Better days are coming bye and bye.

Please Don't Burn The Shithouse Down

Please don't burn the shithouse down,
Mother has promised to pay,
Mother is drunk, father's in jail,
Sister's in a family way,
Brother dear, is mighty queer,
Times are fucking bad.
So, please don't burn the shithouse down,
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

I Love My Wife

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly,
I love the hole that she pisses through,
I love her tits tiddlely, tits and her little brown asshole,
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, with a rusty spoon.

Fighter Pilots

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan
There are all across the bay, getting shot at every day
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They're all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
The automatic pilot is on, he's reading comics in the john
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice
Oh, watch the tripple nickel in the club
Oh, watch the tripple nickel in the club
They won't party, they can't sing, 433rd does everything
Oh, watch the tripple nickel in the club
When a bomber jock walks into our club
When a bomber jock walks into our club
He doesn't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in Hell.

Adeiline Schmidt

(Cattle Call)

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
She went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in a glass,
Up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus;

It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
Brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
My God, how that poor girl could shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He happened to be on that side of the street,
He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy,
When a piece of brown shit hit him right in the eye,

Chorus;

This handsome young chap, he cussed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
And on Brooklyn Bridge you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying "blinded by shit".

Chorus;

It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
Brown, brown, shit falling down,
It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
His life it was ruined by shit.

Kotex Song

You can tell by the smell that she isn't felling well,
When the end of the month rolls around.
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms
When the end of the month rolls around.

For its Hi, Hi, Hee, in the Kotex industry,
SISTER! JUNIOR! BANDAID!

Now ere you go, the blood will always flow,
When the end of the month rolls around,
Keep 'em bleeding-when the end of the month rolls around.

Boozin Buddies

A young fighter pilot lay dying,
The medics had left him for dead,
All around him women were crying,
And these were the words that he said.

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach,
Take the burner out of my brain,
Take the turbine out of my kindey,
And assemble the unit again.

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Losin' buddies while boozin',
We are the boys they send out to die,
Losin' buddies while boozin'

Up in headquarters they yell and they shout,
Talking of things they know fuck all about,
We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Losin' buddies while boozin'.

Finicule, Finicula

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
It felt so good--I knew it would,
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat,
It was so nice--I did it twice.

You-----should really see me on the short strokes,
It feels so good, I use my hand,
You-----must really catch me on the long strokes,
It feels so neat, I use my feet,

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor,
Smash it, bash it, thrust it thru the door,
Some people seem to think that fucking is grand,
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

Mary Anne Byrnes

Mary Aune Byrnes was the Queen of all the acrobats,
She could do tricks that would give a cat the shits,
Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice,
Turn a double back flip and catch 'em on her tits,
She's a great big sonofabitch, twice as big as me,
Hair on her ass like branches on a tree,
She can shit, piss, fight, fuck,
Fly a plane, drive a truck,
Mary Anne Byrnes is the girl for me!

On Top of Old Hanoi

On top of old Hanoi, all covered with flak,
I lost my poor wingman, He'll never come back,
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief,
And a quick triggered commie, is worse than a thief,

For a thief will just rob you, and take all that you have,
But a quick triggered commie will send you to the grave,
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust,
Not one MIG in a thousand, a Phantom can trust.

Now when the bad weather keeps the ships down,
All the way we can here this horrible sound,
Attention all pilots, now listen to this,
There'll be a short meeting, that you dare not miss.

The Twelve Days Of Christmas

On the-----day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me,
A hand job in a pear tree.

Two brass balls,

Three french ticklers,

Four cock suckers,

Five mother fuckers,

Six sacks of shit,

Seven scrotums swinging,

Eight assholes gapping,

Nine nipples dripping,

Ten twats a-twitching,

Eleven lesbians licking.

Twelve testies throbbing,

Sammy Small

(SEA version)

O, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,
O, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,
O, we fly the goddamn plane,
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again, so fuck 'em all.

O, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,
O, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,
O, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive, and just to jink,
LBJ's a goddamn fink, so fuck 'em all.

O, we bombed MuGia pass, fuck 'em all,
O, we bombed MuGia pass, fuck 'em all,
O, we bombed MuGia pass,
Though we only made one pass,
They really stuck it up our ass, so fuck 'em all.

O, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
O, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
O, they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

O' we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
O' we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
O, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every girl and boy,
What a goddamn fucking joy! so fuck 'em all.

O, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
O, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
O, my bird it did get shot,
And I'll probably cry a lot,
But I still think that it's shit hot, so fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm hanging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm tangled in my chute,
Comes this silly fucking toot,
Hangs a medal on my root, so FUCK EM ALL.

The Great Fucking Wheel

An airman told me before he died,
And I don't think that the bastard lied,
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied.

So he invented a prick of steel,
Driven by a great fucking wheel,
Two brass balls all filled with cream,
And the whole fucking thing was driven by steam.

Round and round went the great fucking wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

But now we come to the bitter bit,
There was no way of stopping it,
She was spilt up from her ass to her tit,
And the whole fucking thing was covered with shit.

Picadilly

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday, her chemise, Gor Blimey,
Friday I put me hand upon it,
Saturday night she gave me balls a tweak,
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her,
And now I get it seven days a week.

Chorus: I don't want to join the Army,
I don't want to go to war,
I just want to hang around, Picadilly underground,
Living off the earnings of a high class lady,
Don't want a bullet up me arse hole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away,
I'd rather be in England, In jolly jolly England
And fornicate my bloody life away.

Friggin In The Riggin

It was on the good ship Venus
My God you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast a rampant penis.

Chorus:

Friggin in the riggin, friggin in the riggin
There's fuck all else to do.

The captain of the lugger
He was a dirty bugger
He filled his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

Chorus:

The captain's wife was Mabel
And whenever she was able
She'd fornicate with the second mate
Upon the galley table.

Chorus:

The captain had a daughter
And she fell into the water
Delighted squeals revealed that eels
Had found her sexual quater.

Chorus:

The Great Bloody Ball

Chorus:

H'i dee ya last nickt

H'i dee ya doo

The man tha' ha' ya last nickt

Can not ha' ya nut.

There was friggin in the bedrooms

Friggin in the picks

You could not hear the music

For the swishing of the pricks.

Chorus

There was friggin in the parlor

Friggin on the stairs

You could not see the carpet

For the cunts and curly hairs.

Chorus:

The farmer's wife and she was there

She kept us all in fits

Jumping off the mantel piece

Abouncing on her tits.

Chorus:

The parson's wife and she was there

She did not do very much

With a bed of roses in her hair

A carrot up her cunt

Chorus:

The village postman he was there

He had a dose of pox

He could not fuck his lassy

So he fucked the letter box

Chorus:

The village idiot he was there

Acting like a fool

Pulling his foreskin over his head

A'whistlin through his tool.

Chorus:

The chimney sweep an' he was there

We had to throw him oot (out)

For every time he farted

He filled the room with soot,

Chorus:

And when the ball was over

And all went home to rest

We all enjoyed the music

But the friggin was the best.

Chorus:

Cruising Over Hanoi

We were cruising over Hanoi
Doin four and fifty per-
When I called to my flight leader,
Oh won't you help me sir?
The "SAMS" are hot and heavy,
The MIGS are on our ass,
Take us home flight leader
Please don't make another pass.

CHORUS: Hallelujia-Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel in the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Hallelujia - Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel in the grass
And you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run
Trying to set the pipper right,
When a SAM came off the launch pad,
And headed for our flight
Then number two informed me
"Hey four, you'd better break!"
I racked that goddamn plane so hard
It made the whole thing shake.

CHORUS

I started my recovery,
It seemed things were all right,
When I felt the damndest impact
Saw a blinding flash of light.

We held the stick with all our might
Against the binding force,
Then number two screamed out at us
"Hey four you've had the course!"

CHORUS

I screamed at my back seater,
"We'd better punch on out-
Eject, Eject, you stupid shit"
In panic I did shout.
I didn't wait around to see
If Joe had got the word,
I reached between my legs and pulled,
And took off like a bird.

CHORUS

As I descended in my chute
My thoughts were rather grim,
Rather than be a prisoner
I'd fight them to the end.
I hit the ground and staggered up
And looked around to see,
And there in blazing neon
Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

CHORUS

(Slowly)
The moral of this story is
when you're in Package Six,
You'd better goddamn look around
Or you'll be in my fix.
I'm a guest at Hanoi Hilton
With luxury sublime
The only thing that's not so great--
I'll be here a long -- long -- time.

CHORUS

These Things Remind Me of You

Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear,
Ejaculations in my glass of beer;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A naked photograph of Liberace,
The way you softly whisper suck-a-hatchi,
Syphlytic scars that make your face so blotchy;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pubic hair in my breakfast roll,
The smelly odor of your pungent hole,
The way you wrap your thighs around my pole;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A dirty whore strolling down the street,
A bloody Kotex in the rumbleseat,
I love my poontang but I beat my meat;
These foolish things remind me of you.