

BULL DURHAM'S

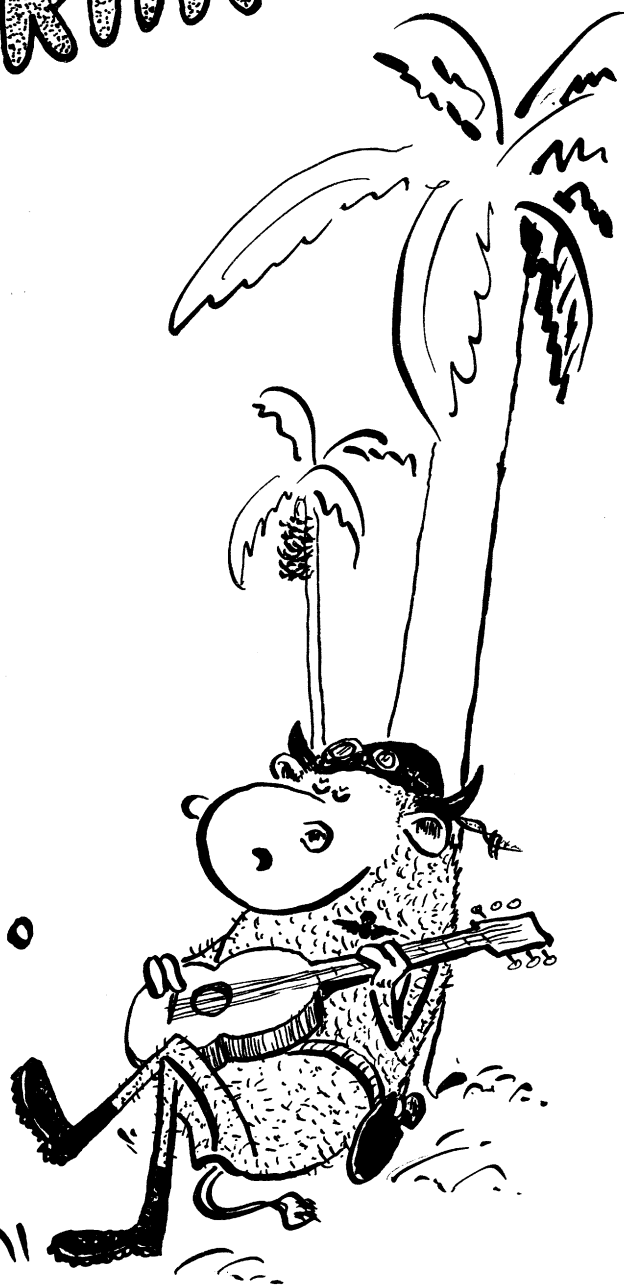
 **SING**

AT

SEA.

★ OVER 100 of the BEST
SONGS to come out of the
war in South East Asia

compiled and edited
by
James P. Durham ~ Lt. Col., USAF



INDEX

<u>SONG TITLE</u>	<u>PAGE NUMBER</u>
WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY.....	1
THE THUD DRIVERS THEME	2
OH LITTLE TOWN OF HO-CHI-MIN.....	2
REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG.....	3
HUMORISQUE.....	4
THE REDRIVER VALLEY.....	5
OUR LEADERS.....	6-7
ON TOP OF THE POP UP.....	7-8
THE THANH HOA BRIDGE.....	8-10
UP IN THAT VALLEY.....	11-12
POP GOES THE WEASEL.....	12-13
DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI.....	13
ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS.....	14-15
WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE.....	15-16
WILD WEASEL	17-18
12 DAYS OF COMBAT.....	18
I WANTED WINGS (SEA Version).....	19-21
THE YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI	21
DA NANG LULLABYE	22
WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD.....	22-23
#1 CLISMAS SONG	23-24
SONG OF THE WOLF PACK.....	24-25
IF YOU FLY	25-26
NAPALM	27
ON TOP OF OLD THUD RIDGE	28-29
JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS	29-31
THE COED AND THE CADET.....	31
YOU'LL NEVER MIND.....	32-33
ODE TO A GREAT FUCKING SAR EFFORT.....	33-35
BROWN ANCHOR.....	36-38
DOWNTOWN.....	38-39
AIR CORPS LAMENT.....	39-42
FLAK SHOWERS	42
BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85mm GUNNER.....	42-43
IN-FLIGHT REFUELING	43-44
LET'S HAVE A PARTY.....	45
BLODDY GREAT WHEEL.....	46
ACE IN THE HOLE	36-47
BATTLE HYMN.....	47
THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS.....	48-50

SONG TITLEPAGE NUMBER

I WANT WINGS.....	50-51
JOY TO THE WORLD.....	51
JINGLE BELLS	51
LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHAM.....	52
"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES.....	52-53
PUFF	53
THE HO-CHI-MINH TRAIL.....	53-54
TIE MY ROOT AROUND A TREE.....	54-55
NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN HELL.....	55
ON TOP OF FUJI	56
BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL.....	56
ITAZUKE TOWER.....	56-57
WRECK OF OLD '97.....	57-58
HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE.....	58
PHAN RANG BLUES	59-60
THE RIVER RAN RED	60
DOUMER BRIDGE BLUES	61-62
THE BATTLE OF 18.23.....	62-63
WINGMAN'S LAMENT.....	63-64
I AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN	64-65
RING DANG DOO	66-67
CALL OUT THE RESERVES.....	67
B-52 TAKE OFF	68
B-52.....	68
LITTLE RED LIGHT	68
METHUSELAH WITH WINGS.....	69
AS WE CAME AROUND AND TRIED TO GET SOME MORE..	69-70
ASHAU.....	70
GRUNTS.....	71
A MAN NAMED LOUIE	71-72
DEAR MAMAM YOUR SON IS DEAD.....	72
I FLY THE LINE	72-73
OSCAR DUCE.....	73-74
BUFFALO FAC WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT.....	74
SYCAMORE TREE	74
MIGHTY DUST OFF	75
ATAPO TOWN	75-76
COVEY BILL	76-77
SILVER WINGS.....	77-78
TCHEPONE.....	78-79
ODE TO THE OPERATIONS OFFICER.....	80

<u>SONG TITLE</u>	<u>PAGE NUMBER</u>
JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS.....	81-82
SYDNEY LEAVE	82-83
SAIGON CITY.....	83-84
YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT.....	84
SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS.....	85
VNAF WATERFALL.....	86
HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE	86-87
THE STOOGES.....	87-88
THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS.....	88-89
MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE	89
DON'T FENCE ME IN	89-90
COOL WATER	90-91
EOD'S ANSWER TO THE GREEN BERETS	91-92
C-124 SONG	92-93
THE PLEIKU AIR BASE BLUES	93-
SOP FOR THE AIR FORCE WIFE	94-95
LITTLE BROWN OUT-HOUSE	95
A REAL AC	96
BALLAD OF BULL DURHAM	96-97
TERMS AND DEFINITIONS	97-99

WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY

Tune: My Indiana Home

When the SAMs start rising from old haiphong
Harbor,

And the 85's start puffing at Kep Hay,

You will know your target's just
around that mountain

And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play

Oh, you reach your pull up point and
start your pop up,

And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,

You see the bridge and as you start
your roll in,

You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now
you're off and running,

Jinking hard you're on your marry way,

And as you reach the jagged limestone
ridges,

You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all
the sea is friendly

Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,

I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,

If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're
resting easy,

A drink of water helps you on your way,

But a glint of light, a speck up high,
and you know,

The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving
down, you're running,

But his overtake is much to great today,

In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of
Tonkin,

You wish the MIGs just hadn't come
to play!!!

THE THUD DRIVERS THEME

Tune: Whiffenpoof Song

From a hootch in Southeast Asia,
To the place where aces dwell
To the strip club down at Zuke
We knew so well.

Sing the fighter jocks assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
Sing they poorly not too clearly,
loud as well

We will throw our glasses wildly,
And throw our bombs as well
And the finks at Two A. D. can go to hell

We are poor fighter jocks who have lost
our way,
Help---Help---Help. We flew to the town
of Hanoi today, Help---Help---Help
Steely eyed pilots up in the blue,
Lead got zapped by an SA-2,
Let's haul ass or they'll zapp us too,
A-----B-----now!!!

OH LITTLE TOWN OF HO-CHI-MIN

Oh little town of Ho-Chi-Min
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA-2s
You think the "Fives" won't fly.
Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs,
Too late for fear, the end is near.
How about that TBC???

REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG

Tune: Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and
the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the
BAC-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as
you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in
Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy
summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you
could hear all the gunners say,
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really
quite a dog,
She's known around the country as
Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will
always smell,
He'll always be remembered down in
Fighter Pilots Hell,
He frags all the targets and sends us
out to die,
He sends us into combat in
Republic's 105

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and
the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the
BAC-9 and the trees,
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as
you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in
Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

HUMORISQUE

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And goosing shadows in the dark
If Sherman's horse can take it, why
can't you.

You're the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dash board upside
down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside
down
Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I've never seen your Goddamn
town.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying
and he never saw the pay that he earned.
Many jocks have flown into the valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission.
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley
and today you're flying my wing.

Oh the flack is so thick in the valley,
that the MIGs and the missiles we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the valley
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley.
In the States it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
'Twas the last A. A. R. for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flack toward the tar-
get
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefings,
We will sit there and tickle the heads,
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my callsign today is TEAK lead!

OUR LEADERS

Tune: Mana

At Phillips Range in Kansas
The jocks all had the knack
But now that we're in combat
We got Colonels on our back
And every time we say "Shit Hot"
 or whistle in the bar
We have to answer to somebody
Looking for a star.

(CHORUS)

Our leaders, Our leaders,
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one
And the jocks were scared as Hell.
They ran to meet us with a beer
 and tell us we were swell,
But Reece took the B. D. A. ,
And said we missed a hair.
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell
From the Wheels at Second Air.

(CHORUS)

They send us out in bunches
To bomb a bridge and die
These tactics are for bombers
That our leaders used to fly.
The bastards don't trust our Colonel up
 in Wing, and so I guess,
We have to leave the thinking to
The Wheels in J. C. S. !

(CHORUS)

The J. C. S. are generals
And they're not always right.
Sometimes they have to think it over
Well into the night.
When they have a question
Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgment to
That money saving Mac!

(CHORUS)

Now Mac's job is in danger
For he's on salary too.
To be the final say so
Is something he can't do
Before we fly the mission
And everything O. K.
He has to get permission from
Flight Leader L. B. J. !

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back,
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,
Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead.
The sky filled with fireballs,
The missiles flashed by
Sweet Mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit
I'm going to bust"
Not one Goddamned Elint
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots
And listen to Dad,
Forget about jinking
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches far,
It's a long walk to Takhli,
And a beer at the bar.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE

Tune: The Strawberry Roan

I was hanging around Ops in this sweaty
crime,
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack
of time,
When up walks this Colonel and says,
"I suppose
You're a trained killer by the looks
of your clothes."
Well I looked him up once and I looked
him down twice.
I could tell by his sneer he weren't
thinkin' nice,
So I said in a voice that shook with
the fear,
I'm your man if you buy the beer."

The Colonel then said, "I've a place
in mind
Where you can go, if you're not blind,
They've flak and MIGs and SAMs and such,
I need a man that's good in the clutch."
I get all het up and ask what I'd get,
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.
I told him I'd go cause they haven't found
A target in Hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.
He stops by a "Nickle" that's tied up
in twine,
"This is your bird, now get on your way."
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn
my pay.
I crank the beast up and I taxi on out,
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief
shout,
"The oil pressure's low, the water
don't work,
And the stab aug's got one hell of a
jerk.

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.
Well I take on off at two hundred per,
I got two on the wings and a full loaded
ter.

I struggle on up to ten thousand feet,
Send down the tanker or we'll never meet

Well I take on my gas and head out
on course.
I call for a steer until I am hoarse.
But Lion is down and Invert won't say,
and Brigham says I'm not going his way.

Well I'm off on my own and all for
the best,
Those bastards don't know the East
from the West.
Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look
for the bridge,
They said it was South but it's East
of the ridge.
I roll in on my run, it looks easy
as pie,
'Til the flak starts burstin' and
coverin' the sky.

I coolly comput all the mils I will need
And calmly adjust both angle and speed.
I check my drift and with the bridge
 in my sight,
I mash on the button and pull off
 to the right,
Well I check back at six and I see
 this big bird,
He's a closing in fast and he's sure
 riding herd.
As he flashes by there's a Red Star
 on each side,
It must be a MIG and there's no place
 to hide.

I head for the deck with all that she's
 got,
When along comes this SLAM-my God
 I've been shot!
While driftin' down in my chute
 all alone
I'm finally convinced that I'm no
 "smokin' stone".

I'm wishing' I was back in Kansas
 right now
With a face-full of horseshit, my
 hand on the plow
but that ain't so and I'm down in
 the drink
a day like today can sure make a man
 think!

Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge
Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge
They've flak and missiles, you're
 some sittin' duck
At downing good pilots they've had
 lots of luck.

UP IN THAT VALLEY

Tune: Down in the Valley

Up in that valley,
that valley so low.
Where the SAM missiles flourish,
And the 85's glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,
the Hanoi rail yard,
The bridges at Bac Giang,
They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands mill right,
and the strike pilots flail.
The MIGs try to bounce us,
But they always fail.

The MIG cap, he hollers,
"There's bandits at twelve!"
"Launch!" screams the Weasel.
It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'
right next to my hide. "

We're down on the bomb run.
the target's in sight
"Sweet Jesus, " I'm thinking,
"I'd better break right. "

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,
What a beautiful sight.
Oh shit! I just notice
An overhead light.
My heart is a-pumping,
I know I'm not dead
Please, God, get this old Thud
just out past the Red.

If I can get past
That muddy old slough,
The Sandys and Jollys
Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,
And now I can boast,
The rest I can finish
Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,
Although I must say,
I often have seen it,
Where they've saved the day.

Up in that valley
That valley of grief,
I hope all of your flights there
Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,
So long to Takhli.
Don't bust your ass, buddy,
I'm going home free.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the SAM site
The missile chased the Weasel.
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where
to roll in to displease 'em
One more pass with HEI.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
Did more than just tease 'em.
The Russian Techs got all pissed off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.
They show their ass, we shoot it off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI

Tune: Winchester Cathedral

Don't send me to Hanoi.
Please, don't put my name down.
The shooting is bad there.
Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang,
More milling around.
Another Brown Anchor,
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me to Yen Bay
I don't like that much flak.
It takes too much damn gas
To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,
I don't want to get none,
Those BUF support missions,
They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs,
Where there are no big guns.
I just want to fly where
It's easy on my bear.

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return til Lyndon gives the
word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one half or more don't count,
But you can't return til Lyndon gives the
word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay,
And then the bastards took it away,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone,
With half a flight they head for home,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak,
One half or more won't make it back,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive,
Who flew the bloody 105,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE

Tune: Where Have All the Flowers Gone

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've all gone to Vietnam.
When will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
They've all become Viet Cong.
Oh, when will we ever learn;
Oh, when will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC's gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the VC's gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the VC's gone?
To fix the bridges that we bomb.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the Weasels go?
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn/

Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
They've been down, oh, so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the strike flights go?
'Cross the fence again, I know.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Along the railroad, Oh, so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the old heads gone?
They've gone home; their tour is done.
You see, they've finally learned;
Oh yes, they've finally learned.

WILD WEASEL

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by
name.

I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big
game.

I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine
bear.

Come weak guns, some weak guns; they're all
off at once.

But don't worry fellows, for threats, there
are none.

There's a big one just looking at two
o'clock now.

There's flak all around us. They're shooting,
and how!

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,
fine bear.

Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's
at eight.

Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off
straight.

A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.
Oh God, where's that bastard? My flight
suits turned brown.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,
fine bear.

Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the
sky.

The missile's at two, boys; now watch it
sail by.

There's smoke from the SAM site out there
in the grass.

Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his
ass.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,
fine bear.

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called
me by name.

I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the
big game.
One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading
for home.
And over those damn hills, I'll never
more roam.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-
hot, fine bear.

12 DAYS OF COMBAT

Tune: 12 Days of Christmas

On the first day of combat, the Air Force
gave to me a pilot in a teak tree.

On the second day. . . . 2 rocket pods.

On the third day. 3 fuel tanks.

On the fourth day. 4 AIM 9's

On the fifth day. 5 MIGs to chase

On the sixth day. 6 750's

On the seventh day. 7 SAM's a singing

On the eighth day. 8 Flak sites firing

On the ninth day. 9 Senators snooping

On the tenth day. 10 Sandys searching

On the eleventh day. 11 Choppers whirling

On the twelveth day. 12 Pooyings waiting

I WANTED WINGS

S. E. A. Version

I've been alive
Twenty years, plus four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.
I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster.

I wanted wings.
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief.
The dirty sons-of bitches
Filled it with three-hundred switches.
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my body alive they taught me to survive
At a Place nestled in the hills.
They led my porcupine,
And other goodies fine;
Pemmican to cure all my ills.

And in three weeks I had made it.
They said I'd graduated.
Well, buddy, if that's living'
I think that I'll just give in,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training
In the snow, and when it's raining.
I'd rather be a weenie
With my tootie and martini,

Buster

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to stay,
But I cannot get away.
In Hanoi they all love parades.
Each day we take a walk
Through Hanoi Central Park,
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mannas
Dressed us all in black pajamas,
Spectators throw rocks, sometimes spit
there.

Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105
I'd much rather stay alive.
The lousy afterburner
Gets you north just that much sooner,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are in jest;
Thud drivers are the best,
At flying 'n chasing women, too.
The goods they deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this war was through.
And for some it is all over.
They lie down beneath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,
But we will not forget their names,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations
For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well
They can split-S down to Hell,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI

Tune: The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi
Who loves a fighter crew.
She runs the Hanoi Hilton
And she longs to welcome you.
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh
He has a long goatee.
And if you greet him nicely,
He will let you stay for free.

CHORUS:

Her eyes are shaped like almonds,
And I'll give you a hunch,
I don't want to meet her family,
Cause they're a nasty bunch.
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast
And fish heads and rice for tea.
But so long as they don't catch me,
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom,
Or you may fly a Thud,
But if you fly to Hanoi,
Better listen to me Bud.
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,
Or Los Angeles and such,
But the yellow rose of Hanoi
Is just a bit too much.

CHORUS:

DA NANG LULLABYE

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS:

Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in.
Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia
To fight my own war in the air.
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,
I don't think that its really fair.

CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat,
Then have a beer when I return.
I usually finish the first one,
Before incoming rounds are heard.

CHORUS:

Each morning we go off to combat,
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.
The Gyreens are up even sooner,
To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

CHORUS:

And now my tour is all over
I'll resume the life that I led.
My wife thinks that its rather silly,
To put sandbags around our bed.

WE' VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

We've been working on the railroad
Every Fucking day.
We've been working on the railroad,
Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad,
No rolling stock or switches,
But seventh frags us on the railroad,
Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAM's galore, 57's too,
85's will scragg your old Yazoo!
Fuck, Shit, Hate, Shit Hot too
So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge,
Someone's in the drink I know 0-0-0-0
Someone's in the karat near Hoa Lac,
Shouting on the radio.

Shouting, Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh
Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh, oh, oh, oh
Fee, Fi Jolly Green Oh
Only 99 more to go.

#1 CLISMAS SONG

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,
Bull frogs singing in the choir,
Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho,
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geicos clawing across the cold bare floor,
Fried lice cooking on the stove,
Tee Lucks kissing neath the mistle toe,
It's Melly Climas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,
Garlic breath gets in my way,
VC's roasting in an napalm fire.
Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,
Napalm rising at their feet,
I dropped it low, but they went too slow,
Mell Clismas dear Ho.

VC making love near rice paddy,
Tee Lucks eyes are all aglow,
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,
Tee Luck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,
Chappie joined him over there,
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,
Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight...

SONG OF THE WOLF PACK

Tune: Ghost Riders In the Sky

Oh pilots of the Wolf Pack
Go to the briefing room
The mission is a good one
To the MIGs it will mean doom
We're going up to Hanoi
To Kep and Phuc Yen too
To write our bloody record
In the annals of the blue

We take off in our Phantoms
To play our deadly cards
The engines make our thunder
And our eyes are steely hard
We're on the way to battle
The forces of the foe
We're certain to destroy them
We'll seek them high and low.

We battle today, and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the sky
We cycle through the tanker
The tension starts to rise
We go to meet our destiny
Awaiting in the skies
We tune and arm our missiles
As we streak across the black
Our boss is in the forefront
Leading the Wolf Pack

We're showing on their radar
Their hearts are full of hate
They rise to meet the challenge
To meet their bloody fate
They're headed for disaster
As any fool can tell
They dare to face the Wolf Pack
We'll shoot them clear to hell

We battle today, and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the Sky

Wolf Pack lead says "Contact"
They're MIGS, a flight of two
I'm too close for the sparrow
The sidewinder will do
I'll roll into the six o'clock
Behind the trailing MIG
And let him have a missile
Just like a fiery GIG

Oh other flights engaged more MIGS
Hot action filled the air
The Wolf Pack's lust was sated
Before heading for their lair
The enemy won't soon forget
The awesome deadly toll
As the 8th Wing troops return to base
And make their victory rolls

We battle today and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the sky.

IF YOU FLY

CHORUS:

Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday
G. E. ain't here to stay.

If you fly an Eighty-nine
You must be deaf, dumb and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow up time?

If you fly a ninety-four
You will never holler no more,
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eighty-nine.

CHORUS:

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 101
Tell yourself its really fun
One day it will pitch up with you
And you will wish you never flew

CHORUS:

If you fly a 102
Don't go up unless its blue
For if you feel one drop of rain
You'll be in pieces not a plane.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 104
The whole world flocks to your door
Range is short, the wings don't last
But golly it sure does fly fast.

CHORUS:

If you fly a Thunderchief
You will soon shake like a leaf
Flying it may make you sick
It handles like a great big brick.

CHORUS:

If you fly a Phanton two
Your're flying days will soon be through
It flies at twice the speed of sound
If you can get it off the ground
CHORUS:

NAPALM

Tune: Good ship Titanic

It was up by Hanoi where the Red meets the sea
I was out on a race to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer with his pitchfork in
his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit
the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when the napalm went down.

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFC
I was out on a race to see what I could see.
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when those rockets went down
(hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell,
When those rockets hit the bell,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thi Nugen when I knew I was through
The 37's and 57's had shot my turbine through,
It was when I hit the silk, oh my God, I strained
my milk!
It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit
the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
Itty Bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when that pilot went down.

ON TOP OF OLD THUD RIDGE

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of old Thud Ridge
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wing man
He'll never get back

For flying is a pleasure
And dying a grief,
And a quick triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand
Can an old F-4 trust.

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this
Horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss. "

They'll give us some lectures
Then give us some more,
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more.

Now listen you trainees
You can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story
Is easy to see
Don't go to Haiphong
Or old Quang Khe

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Tune: Bless them all

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-
rotate
They've scattered and amitten from Burma to
Britain
Don't give me a P-38

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 a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for
fighting the hun
But with cooland tank dry, you'll run out of
sky
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of
an airplane I know
A ground loopin bastard, you're sure to
get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying
is no fun
The day it's a lark, but I'm scared of
the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a
ground loving whore
She'll whine moan and wheeze and
She'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave
many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tub
Don't give me an old thunderbolt

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll
go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame
out
Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like
broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as
for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an F-89, Tho TIME says
They'll really climb
They're all in the States, all boxed up
in crates
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established
a score
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets radar and
A/B
She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-
air
Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out
in a dive
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels
in it
Don't give me a C-45

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on
the floor
And we'll go fat-cat'n, from here to Manhattan
Don't give me a C-54

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get
back alive
The MIG-15s chase 'em, they soon will erase
them
Don't give me a B-45

Don't give me a one-double-O, The bastard
is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-O

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

THE COED AND THE CADET

The Coed and the Cadet were courting I de-
clare,
Down by the gate they didn't know that I
was there
Oh the Coed she was bashful and Cadet he
was shy,
He asked her if he could and this was her
reply:

You can do it if you wanna
But you'd better do it right,
You'd better not do it
Like you did the other night,
Cause if you do, I'm telling you
I'll never let you do it again
I really mean it,
I'll never let you kiss me again.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come and join the Air Force
We're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work
just fly around all day
While others work and study
and soon grow old and blind
We take to the air without a care
and you will never mind

CHORUS

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come and join the Air Force
and you will never mind

Come and get promoted
As high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train
If you're an Air Force flier
And when you get to General, you will
surely find
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls
in
But you will never mind.

You rake it up and spin it
And with an awful tear
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in
but you will never care
For in about two minutes more
another pair you'll find
You'll dance with Pete in an Angel's suit
But you will never mind

While flying the Pacific
You hear the engine spit
You watch the tach come to a stop
The Goddamn thing has quit
The ship won't float, and you can't swim
The shore is far behind
Oh, what a dish for crabs and fish
But you will never mind

While flying over Laos
In a Thunderchief
There's one thing to remember
and that's my firm belief
I've only got one engine, Jack
and if that bastard quits
It'll be up there all by itself
Cause I will shit and git

And if some wily MIG 21
should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and bellyache
and call the bastard names
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk
and pretty soon you'll find
There is no Hell and all is well
And you will mind

ODE TO A GREAT FUCKIN' SAR EFFORT

(With apologies to "The Night Before Xmas")

One fine day, just last summer
('twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over-
from screwing the maid.

So with canopies open and heads hung in grief
Their sorrows were many
Their crew rest too brief;

The mission commander
By some marvelous feat
Got them all to the Anchor - -
Cycled through, then did meet

With those beautiful Thuds
spread in "pod" - Quite a force:
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan Horse.

The MIGs had been scrambled,
Were headed out east,
But the gunners are hosing
Eighty-fives at our beast!

Why the hell should they hate me?
I cried in dismay,
"I'm egressing, you bastards,
So play it my way!"

But my cry went undeeded
As our bird took a hit;
And I know there and then
Things had just turned to shit.

Tho' my chances were nil
There was fuck else to do
But head for the Black
with our whole fuckin' crew!

So in anger, and pissed,
Did we drop the whole load
On the cock-suckin' gunner's
Kids, wife and abode!

There was no goddamn grief
As I cried out with glee
"Eat your heart out, you bitch,
For you'll never get me!"

So with eighty per cent
(that was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes of a TET.

But 'twas mostly in vain
As we swung past the Red -
I knew that my ass
Was fuckin' near dead.

'Cause Yen Bay came alive
Like the Fourth of July!
The flak was so thick
That I wanted to cry

As my two three and four
Broke down, left, then right -
Leaving us solo
In the dwindling light.

"Well ol' buddy, " my number one
GIB says to me,
"it looks like there's just
Gonna be me and thee.

"And with your goddamn luck
We should punch out at ten -
So the rest of the fall
We can take with a grin.

"For I just know goddamn well
As I sit here in fright
That both fuckin' chutes
Were packed wrong last night!

"And I want you to know"
he hastened to add,
"That in case we don't make it -
Please don't get mad!

"It isn't my fault
That the pod didn't work -
I told you that twice,
you dumb fuckin' jerk!

"A tank didn't feed;
The doppler was short'
(you said) we'll get our counter -
No matter what!

"Well, you've got your first counter -
It may be the last
Unless this old whore
Can take one more blast!"

Shut your trap, and eject!"
Was the word of the day;
So we punched, not at ten,
But at two, so they say.....

BROWN ANCHOR

Tune: Oh Susanna

The phone did ring at half past four
For briefing X weren't there
"Get your ass here right away
You've been elected spare".

"Oh Brown Anchor"
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

I was setting by the runway
And feeling mighty low
"Bear four, you've got a hydraulic leak
I guess I'll have to go!"

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fhanestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

I guess I told a little lie
It probably wasn't fair
It was my only chance to say,
"Bear spare is in the air."

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
Oh leader go home fast!

It was raining out when we took off
Night weather we did fly
We rendezvous at nineteen thou
My tank were nearly dry

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

As we climbed out I had to fart
My belly it did swell
I had to put my mask back on
I couldn't stand the smell

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

They're 12 o'clock at 5 miles
You're cleared refueling freq
"Tally-ho" Our flight leader cried
And head-on we did meet.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

We hung out at 14 thou
The burner going strong
The flak came flying by my bow
We can't hang out here long!!

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

Oh I uplled off the target
And for B. D. A. looked back
I couldn't see the bomb burst
For the son-of-a-bitchen' flak

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

Finally got my hundred flown
To the states I'm flying back
6 more hours on my ass
And then into the sack

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast.

I opened my hold baggage
My wife she sure did flip
I hope that she will understand
I just adopted "Nip"

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast

DOWNTOWN

When you got a belly full o' bravo's
and shyspots you can always go --
Downtown.

When you been drinkin' and "cancel"
you're thinkin', you are sure to go --
Downtown.

Listen to the music of the Fan Songs
softly singing

Look and see the contrails of the
MIGs so swiftly winging

Sweat out the booze.

The flak is much blacker there

It shakes up the pilots

It shakes up the bears

To go downtown

Tried flying fast and slow

Downtown

Tried flying high and low

Downtown

Everything's shooting at you.

Look and see the airfields with their
runways so inviting

See the interceptors coming up to join
the fighting

Get out of here
SMA's are much thicker there
Come up in singles
Come up in pairs
Downtown
Everything's waiting for you.

Just when it seems 100 come quickly,
 you can always go
Downtown
Somehow the felling in your stomach gets
 sickly when you have to go
Downtown
Crew chiefs launch their aircraft with a
 pride and care amazing
Proudly watch the Thunderchiefs, their
 afterburners blazing
They're going again
Our buddies are jailed up there
We still remember and we still all care
So we go
Downtown
Til it is o'er and done
Downtown
Til it is through and won
Downtown
Everything's waiting for you.

AIR CORPS LAMENT

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the
 fighting sky.
With hearts that laughed at death and longed for
 nothing but to fly.

But now these hearts are grounded and those days
 are long gone by,
The force is shot to Hell.

CHORUS:

Glory-flying regulations have them read
at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them
The Force is Shot to Hell.

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played
the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled
our way to fame,
But now that's all VERBOTTEN and we're all to
gash-darn tame,
The force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of
that
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Heve you ever climbed a Thunderchief up to where
the air is thin?
Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear
the screaming din?
Have you tried to do it lately?
Better not--you'll auger in,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the
days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or
"young and bold"
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite
old,
The Force is Shot to Hell.

CHORUS:

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may
still be wet
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have
not been set,
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and
really let
The Force is Shot to Hell

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred
thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly
wrong.
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,
The Force is Shot to Hell.

CHORUS

I have seen them in their Nickels when their eyes
were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming high speed dives that
blasted Hanoi's name,
But now they just fly Sky Spots and hang their
heads in shame,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

They flew their rugged Thunderchiefs through a
living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring
them back
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations
Shack
The Force is Shot to Hell

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the
Liberators, too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails
in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are
wet with dew
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings
of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your
heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin',
groanin', squeal,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang
the fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when
men were stong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may
do wrong,
The Force is shot to Hell.

FLAK SHOWERS

Tune: April Showers

Although flak showers may come your way,
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"My fuel is BINGO, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight you may
stay and fight alone.
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on straffing that position
and knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85mm GUNNER

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the force
And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed
til he is hoarse,
"Go out and man your guns my boys, you have a job
to do"
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
I don't want to fight no more.

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my
gun I stand
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense
of this land
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I
call grand
The Thuds are coming in.

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit
And smoke and dust and arms and legs, don't like
it one damn bit.
If they miss me this last time I think that I
shall quit,
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell
Each day they scare us pissless in a way we know
so well
Our Commie Satin he stands up, you hear that
bastard yell
The thuds are coming in.

IN-FLIGHT REFUELING

Tune: Strawberry Roan

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me.

Oh we took off for Brown, oh so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea
And for the last time land I did see.

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand.

But yes, you have guessed it, no one was there
Nothing around, but ocean and air,
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane.

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas,
The pain was beginning to leave my ass,
T'was beginning to pucker, and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into view.

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch,
We just latched onto, that son of a bitch
Who ho, called the scanner, "It's under your wing,
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more,
But I couldn't hit, that dirty old whore,
I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low,
I backed off again, and tried it real slow.

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work,
I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk,
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow,
As I looked at the cold water down there below.

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool.

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose
The engineer said, "Sir, you're taking on fuel",
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool.

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas,
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin,
"You know there are days, sir, when you just can't win".

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say,
That old F-105 lies out in the bay,
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life,
Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round
World go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round
So lets have a party.

RAY - SHIT HOT

We're going to tear down the bar in our club- --	BOO
We're gonna build a NEW bar	RAY

It's gonna be a foot wide	BOO
But it'll be a mile long	RAY

There'll be no bartenders in our bar	BOO
We're gonna have BARMAIDS	RAY

Our barmaids will wear long dresses	BOO
Made of CELLOPHANE	RAY

You can't take our barmaids home	BOO
They'll take YOU home	RAY

You can't sleep with our barmaids	BOO
They won't let you sleep	RAY

Beer's gonna be 50 cents a glass	BOO
Whiskey free	RAY

Only one to a customer	BOO
Served in buckets	RAY

WE're gonna throw all the beer in	
the river	BOO
Tehn we'll all go swimming	RAY

No girls allowed above the first floor	BOO
With their clothes on	RAY

There'll be no loving on the dancing floor	BOO
And no dancing on the LOVING floor	RAY

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

A pilot told me before he died
And I don't think the bastard lied
That he had a girl with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied

So he fashioned up a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls were filled with cream
And the Whole fucking issue was driven
by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steal
Until at Last that maiden cried
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied

Now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
She was split from her ass to her tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered
with shit

ACE IN THE HOLE

Oh the world is full of guys, who think
they're mighty wise
Just because they know a thing or two
You can see them night and day strolling
up and down broadway
Telling of the things that they can do
Oh there are wise men and there are boozers
Con men and crap shooters, they all hang
around the Metropolis
Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do
they get those dollars
They all have that ace down in the hole

Some of them write to the old folks, for
coin

that's their old ace in the hole
Others have girls on the old tender-loin
That's their old ace in the hole
They'll tell you of places that they're
going to see
From Frisco to the old north pole
But their name would be mud, like a chump
playing stud
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

BATTLE HYMN

We fly our fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and
snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make our fucking landfall on the fifth
of fucking forth.

CHORUS: Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory Halleluja. Glory,
Glory Hallelujah, '(insert last line of each verse).

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all 1,000 feet
We fly those fucking Thuds 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 Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the 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.

THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

It was midnight in Korea
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____
And this is what he said
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all
Pilots, gentle pilots, and all the pilots shouted Balls
When up stepped a young Lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
"YOU CAN TAKE THOSE GODDAMN SABRES JETS
AND SHOVE 'EM UP YOUR ASS"

Chorus:

Oh Halleluia, Oh halleluia, Throw a nickle on the grass
Save a fighter pilots ASS
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, throw a nickle on the grass
And you will be saved

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per
There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me sir
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIG's on my ass

I shoot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
The airspeed read one-twenty, my God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around
I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor

Split S'ed on to my bomb run, I got too goddamn low
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the works all done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skosheback act"
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened my ration tin, to see what was in it
The Goddamn quarter master, had filled the thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sin
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have quarter master bollix, for breakfast till I die.

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, how did I get there

The boys up from that other group, they think they are so hot
They brag about the "Bluetails", that they've so often shot
One thing they don't remember, when are they holler and hoot
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground
The Colonel he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun
But then I met the F.F.B., Chitose here I come

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last
they sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mach
That Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like a rock
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near
I went before the F.E.B., and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of jerks.

Strafin on the panel, I made my pass too low
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you go"
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother, when the works all done this fall
Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse

I WANT WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the goddamned things
Now I don't want them anymore
They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die
I've had a belly full of war
You can save those Zero's for the goddamn heros
Distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster
Oh

CHORUS:

I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them any more

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned
Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants
I'm not a fighter pilot I have learned
You can save those Mitsubi's for those other-sons-o-bitches
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than be shot down in Germany, Buster

Now I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY
That's for the eager not for me
I won't trust to luck to be picked up by a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Cause I'd rather be a bell hop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle not around a goddamn throttle Buster

Now I don't care to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me park my lunch
I get no hay, when they holler bombs away
I'd rather be home with the lunch
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
For I'd rather be home buster with my ass than a cluster, Buster

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
What will they think of next they'll be dehydrating sex
And on that day I'll tell the coast I'm through
For I dearly love my humpin, and I'd love to do some pumpin'
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of power,
Buster

Now the day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes
I always smoke one for my guts
They make them by the tons, but I haven't got a one
Oh what I'd give to have a butt
Now the home front be pitching, but I still will do my bitching
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can mass produce some cookie,
Buster

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the bombs will come
Lets all go join the fun
The bridges, Dams and Power Plants
The schools, the kids and even ants
Will know the awesome sound
Of bombs hitting the ground
They'll shiver, they'll quiver
Gee, war is fun.

JINGLE BELLS

Flying thru the sky, in a foxtrot one-o-five
Flying thru the flak, never looking back
Thru the hills we dodge, for SAMS are called away
What fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRY today

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to bomb the DRY each day
CBU's, Mark 82's 750's too
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHAM

Oh little town of Ho Chi Men
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA2's
You think the fives won't fly
Yet thru the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs
Too late for fear, the end is near
How about that one-o-five.

"G" GUILTS AND PARACHUTES

Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Alone came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery

CHORUS:

Sing "G" suites and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

He asked her for a pillow to rest his head
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead
And she like a shy girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air. "

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

Final Chorus:

Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do

PUFF

Puff the tragic wagon
Came across the sea
Conceited turds in gooney birds
They came to kill VC

The VC shook in terror
Where're they appeared
The mini ones with mini guns
A sticking out their rear

Puff the tragic wagon
At Da Nang by the sea
Though Rinkelman in number one
His waist is 63

The FC-47
Flies all afternoon
Half a day of boredom in
A silly fucking goon.

THE HO-CHI-MINH TRAIL

Tune: Alone the Navaho Trail

Every day along about sunrise
When the sky line is beginning to pale
I load six seven-fifties
And fly the Ho-Chi-Minh Trail

I hate to see the flak a bursting around me
I shiver when I think about it's hitting
But over yonder hill the SAM's are rising
They always seem to yank my pucker string

Well what do you know it's Bingo already
And Two hundred's the course that I sail
Tomorrow I'll load some more seven-fifties
And fly the Ho-Chi-Minh Trail.

TIE MY ROOT AROUND A TREE

Tune: Chiselm Trail

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny
She said boy you can't have any

Chorus: Come and tie my root around a tree, round a tree
Come and tie my root around a tree

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickle
She said for that you don't even get a tickly

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime
She said young man you're wasting your time

Reached in my pocket, and pulled out a quarter
She said that she was a preachers daughter

Reached in my packet, pulled out a half
She said young man you make me laugh

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits
All she did was wiggle her tits

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck
She said young man you've bought a fuck

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink
Oh my god how her pussy did stink

Fucked her sitting, fucked her lyin'
If I'd had wings I'd a fucked her flying

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw
Fifteen crabs and a big blue ball

I went to a doctor, cause my pecker was sore
My god said the doctor you've been taken by a whore

And now you can see I'm a peckerless man
I fuck em with my finger and fool em when I can

Now the last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her since
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence

NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN HELL

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, the place is full of queers, navigators, bombadiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh, the bomber's pilots life is just a farce
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
The auto pilot's on, reading sex books 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 over-aged
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

When a bomber pilot walks into our club
When a bomber pilots walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
He just sits and flubs his dub
When a bomber pilot walks into our club

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
They're all up above, drinking whiskey, making love
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Hey, look at the _____ (unit) _____ in this club
Hey, look at the _____ (unit) _____ in this club
They don't party, they don't sing
44th does everything
Hey, look at the _____ (unit) _____ in this club

ON TOP OF FUJI

On top of old fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
On top of Mt Fuji, he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open, he made his last pass
At altitude zero, he busted his ass.

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Sabre 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
And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy string?

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh death where is thy string
The balls of hell may ring, ting-aling
For you but not for me

Oh, ting-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-aling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
Ying-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming by and by.

ITAZUKE TOWER

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rust of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on my downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coolant's overheated, the guage says 1-2-1
You'd better get the crash crew, and get them on the run

Air Force 801 this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that it is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have a VIP

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on my downwind leg, I see you bisquit gun
My engine's running ragged and the collant's gonna blow
I'm going to land a mustang so look out below

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final. And running on one lung
I'm gonna land this mustang no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up, before that judgement day

Air Force 801, this is judgement day
You're in pilots heaven, and you are here to stay
You just bought a mustang and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell

WRECK OF OLD '97

There were 97 airplanes warming on the apron
Not enough room you could see
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last one was a fifth one dee
She was old '97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near

A second lieutenant wandered into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do

Now the first forty seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line

He was headed for Wonju and from there to Chinbae
And he had to make that flight
So he said, Okay if you will give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu airstrip
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all
He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going in his direction
And he said, I'll get there by rail

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a hole in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight

There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her engine was facing back

Now ladies please listen and take my warning
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

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

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

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

Chorus: Fight on, Fight on:
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on, Fight on.

PHAN RANG BLUES

Let me tell you a tale of the South China Sea;
Of a base known as Phan Rang where wiskey flows free.
It's called Happy Valley by those in command -
It's really the cess-pool of South Vietnam.
There's fuck-all to do so you drink, sleep and fly,
The food ain't worth eating so very few try.
And the 35th Wing, which rules all alone
Is as fucked-up as anything you've ever known.

What a horrible base,
It's a fucking disgrace.
The water supplied us is all full of grit
It smells like a garbage can stuffed full of shit.
What a horrible base.

We've been infiltrated by Training Command
They're not fighter pilots, they don't understand.
We're so regulated whenever we fly
That Mustang will even decide how you die.
You don't make decisions, we have something new
They're called Instant Experts who know what to do.
They get sixty-hours at Cannon Luke
And their stupid instructions make fighter jocks puke.

I have been here to long -
I can't tell right from wrong.
This base ain't worth saving, it's so fucking bad
The worst damn assignment that I've ever had
I have been here to long.

We get lots of screwin' but never with love
The fucking we get is passed down from above.
We aren't allowed acro or rat-racing here
The flying we do is a shitty affair.
It's straight to the target, then straight back to base
To bank more than thirty degrees means disgrace.
You're grounded and pounded down into the grit
And the whole base to told you're a dumb fucking shit.

Give Phan Rang to the Cong,
Here is where they belong.
If I ever leave here I'm not coming back
I'm sure there are less rules to live by in SAC.
Give Phan Rang to the Cong.

The poor Base Commande is losing his mind
And with both hands searching, his ass he can't find.
He's taken up drinking, his nerves are all shot
The coffee is cold and the Kool-Aid is hot.
The fuel farm is leaking, the water tanks too
If we're hit by mortars this damn base is through.
No one can defend us, we all live in fear
That we won't survive to go home in a year.
Why the hell are we here?
Living on whiskey and beer
The 35th Wing had such poor B. D. A.
They sent in the Aussie's to show them the way.
Why the hell are we here?

THE RIVER RAN RED

Tune: The good Ship Titanic

Number One was having fun, Number Two got quite a few
Number Four got some more as he said
Oh, the river ran red with blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more,

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mitts
As we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe.
There were some who turned around, when they heard that
awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got Number Three, don't you see
Yes, they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat First Verse)

DOUMER BRIDGE BLUES

They got a little place
just south of the ridge
Name of the place
is the Doumer Bridge,
You take the MIGs--
I'll take the flak, come on
I'm gonna show you
where it's at

Struggled out of bed
at half past three
Flight Surgeon said--
you look bad to me,
Walked on down,
down to the line
Crew Chief said--baby,
you're looking' fine, come on,
I'll show you where it's at.

Staggered up the ladder
and strapped in tight
Crew Chief said--
hope to see you tonight
Had some second thoughts
about the mission ahead
Thinkin' 'about my baby
waiting back in bed.

Shoved up the throttle,
I was ready to go
Prayin' for some weather--
Hurricane or snow
Movin' down the runway
in my heavy machine
Lookin' for the anchor tanker
known as green.

Round the anchor tanker
and took on gas
No more easy counters
like Mu Ghia Pass
Hyperventilating
as we crossed the red
Wishing all the more
that I was back in bed.

The weather broke out
with 30 miles to go
Hit the A/B
I was going to slow
The flak started shooting
as the SAMs came up
Beginning to wonder
'bout my six-alpha luck.

Saw the bridge ahead
and rolled in fast
This fighter jock's career
is all down in the past
Joined his drinking buddies
in the hall of fame
never will the fighter jocks
forget his name

THE BATTLE OF 18.23

Tune: Battle of New Orleans

To 18.23 we took a little flight,
On J. C. S. direction we carried on the flight,
We took some "Baby Hueys" and we took a weasel too,
And we bombed that bloody bridge until the pieces flew!

(CHORUS)

Oh, they fired their guns and the "Fives" kept a comin'
Though there wasn't nigh as many as there was awhile ago,
They fired their missiles as the "Fives" began their run,
On that bloody fuckin' bridge in the valley far below.

Oh, we lost four ships and the men in them too,
Before we dropped a span in the muddy fucking goo.
We tried it twice by land then we tried it twice by sea,
The J. C. S. were so happy they giggled in their glee.

(CHORUS)

Now 18.23 will never more be used,
Once they decided how the bombs should be used.
There's no time for joy and no time for sorrow,
The bastards have another and it's fragged for tomorrow!!

CHORUS

WINGMAN'S LAMENT

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

We turned the Red and lead said, "Push it
up. "
I used my burner and couldn't keep up.
I was dragging behind; it sure ain't no fun.
I said, "Leader, leader, oh please, give me
one. "
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from
home.

Flying above us were several F-4's
They're 'bout as useful as tits on a boar.
They brief in the air and they pull other
pranks,
Like bombarding Fives with their empty drop
tanks.
I'm a lousy.....

We hit Cho Moi and then turned on our run.
The gunners below uncovered their guns.
I tell you the weather up there can change
fast
From clear and fifteen to a black overcast.
I'm a lousy.....

Lead passed the target before he rolled in
With 300 knots: a capital sin.
And try though I did, and I tried as I
pleased,
I had 400 knots and 20 degrees,
I'm a lousy.....

I rolled in and lit a fresh cigarett.
A few puffs of flak were nothing to sweat.
A damned golden BB met up with my plane.
Hey coach, I think I will drop out of the
game.
I'm a lousy.....

P-1 and P-2 fall down through the red.
I begin to fear my Thunderchief's dead.
The slab and the stick, they soon separated.
By the finger of fate, I have been mated.
I'm a lousy.....

The living at Hilton ain't very good.
I find the quarters as bad as the food.
The waiters, they give us a whole lot of
lip.
But we don't have to pay, we don't have
to tip.
I'm a lousy.....

So listen my friends, if you're flying
today,
Keep it high, keep it fast, is what I
say.
Keep up with your leader, but still,
just the same,
You bet your own ass, is the name of
the game.
I'm a lousy.....

I AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN

I ain't got no use for the women;
A true one can never be found
They'll use a man for his money
When It's gone, they'll turn him down
They're all alike at the bottom
Selfish and grasping for all
They'll stick by a man when he's winning
And laugh in his face at his fall.

I once knew a young cow puncher
Honest and upright and square
But he turned to a hard shooting gunman
And a woman put him there
He fallin with evil companions
The kind that are better off dead
When a gambler insulted her picture
He filled him ful of lead.

All thru that long night they cahsed him
Thru mesquite and tall chaparral
And I couldn't help think of her picture
When I saw him pitch and fall
If she'd been the pal she should have
He might have been raising a son
Instead of out on the prairie
To die by a rangers gun.

Death's sharp sting did not trouble
His chances for life were to slim
But where they were putting his body
Was all that worried him
He lifted his head on his elbow
The blood from his wound ran red
He looked at his pals grouped around him
And this is what he said.

Bury me out on the prairie
Where the coyotes howl over my grave
Bury me out on the prairie
But from them my bones please save
Wrap me up in my blanket
And bury me deep in the ground
Cover me over with boulders of granit, huge
and round.

So we buried him out on the prairie
Where the coyotes they howl o'er his grave
And his soul is now a resting from the
unkind cut she gave
And many another young puncher,
As he rides past that pile of stones
Recalls, of similar woman
And thinks of his coulderin bones.

RING DANG DOO

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that
It's round and soft like pussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me down into the cellar
She said I was a very fine feller
She gave me wine and whiskey too
and she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed a pillow beneath my head
And then she took my hickey-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled till she looked
like hell
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maidens lore
Pack up your bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And then one day a son of a bitch
He had the crabs and the jockey itch
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
And they pickled her ass in alcohol
Now all you bums and hobo's too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo

CALL OUT THE RESERVES

In peacetime the regulars are happy
In peacetime they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
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 Reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

They call up every young man
They call up every old jock
The reservists are sent to Korat
The regulars Stay in Bangkok

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

B-52 TAKE OFF

Hand on the throttles, all eight of them
Release the brakes all sixteen of them
Off we go into the wild blew yonder... Crash!!

B-52

The B-52 flies at 50,000 feet
The B-52 flies at 50,000 feet
The B-52 flies at 50,000 feet
But it only drops one little eensy, weensy
bomb... BOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!

Chorus:

Miles and miles of concrete runway
Miles and miles of concrete runway
Miles and miles of concrete runway
And it only drops one little eensy,
weensy, bomb... BOOOOOOM!!!!!!

The B-52 carries lots of seven-fifties
The B-52 carries lots of seven-fifties
The B-52 carries lots of seven-fifties
If they don't run together, they might
be pretty NIFTY!

Did you go Boom today
I went Boom yesterday
If they don't run together
They might be here to stay!

LITTLE RED LIGHT

Tune: My Blue Heaven

A turn to the right, a little redlight,
will lead you to my red haven
You'll see a smiling face on a pillowcase,
a form devine.
Just a little old whore who's been screwed
before, a thousand times.
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three
We're careful in our red haven

METHUSELAH WITH WINGS

In '51 they tried to ground the noble DC -3
And so some lawyers brought the case before the CAB.
Well the board examined all the facts behind that great old portal
And then pronounced these civil words, "The Goony Bird's immortal!"

Chorus:

They patched her up with masking tape, paper clips and strings
And still she flies, she never dies, Methuselah with wings!

The Army took their Skytrain out in lousy Scotch and soda
The Tommies raise their tankards high to cheer their old Dakota.
Some claim the C-47 best or yel ' The R-4D'
Forget that plane, they're all the same---the Noble DC-3!

Douglas built this ship to last but nobody expected
This crazy heap would fly and fly no matter how they wrecked it.
Foundations fall and men retire and jets get obsolete.
The goony Bird flies on and on at eleven thousand feet!

She had her faults but, after all, who's perfect in this sphere?
Her heating system was a gem and we loved her for her gear.
Of course her windows leaded a bit when the rain came pouring down,
She'd keep you warm but in a storm it's possible you'd drown!

Well now she flies the feeder routs and carries mail and freight.
She's just an airborne office or a flying twelve ton crate.
They patched her up with masking tape, paper clips and strings,
And still she flies, she never dies, Methuselah with wings!

AS WE CAME AROUND AND TRIED TO GET SOME MORE

Number One was having fun, Number Two had quite a few,
Number Four got some more so they said.
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead as we came around
And tried to get some more.

Oh, it seemed an awful crime as we shot them in their prime,
But they all carried guns for the foe.
There were those who turned around when they heard that awful
Sound as we came around and tried to get some more.

(As We Came Around and Tried to Get some More contd)

Oh, the road was full of ruts and the ruts were full guts,
There was blood, there was gore everywhere
Little children sucking tits got them shot right from their lips
As we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried out loud,
but they shot at Number Three don't you see?
Oh, they shot him down with flak and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more.

ASHAU

Hello Ashau tower, this is Hobo 51
I'd like to use your runway, although it's over run
A friend of mine is down there, he's hiding in a ditch
I'd like to make a passenger stop and save that son-of-a-bitch.

Chorus

Now listen to the small arms, here the 20 mike mike roar
Those A-1E's are bouncing off the Ashau valley floor
Hear the mighty roar of engines, hear the lonesome hobo call
We'll get you home to mother when the works all done this fall.

Now he scrambled out of Qui Nhon to try to save that camp
They got him in their gunsights and now his shorts are damp
The engine was on fire, it gave a final wheeze
He's hiding in the bushes now, altimeter setting please.

The VC are descending upon his hiding place
Have him meet the aircraft I'm turning on my base
I see him over yonder, he's running awfully fast
with a VC right behind with a rifle up his ass.

Our wingman sees a VC, oh strafe him if you can
You'll have to get him quickly to save that dear old man
I've got him in the cockpit, he's standing on his head
Better let us take off or soon we'll both be dead.

Now the take off it was frightful, they shot him full of holes
It looks just like a seive, but still that A-1 rolls
Johnny looks at Bernie and Bernie breathes a sigh
Goodby dear old Ashau, Oh Lord I thought we'd die!

GRUNTS

Well I came to old Da Nang in the year of 69 to stay and
fight the war about 12 months They told me bout the flak and
sams and those 80's too, But they forgot to warn me about
the Grunts.

Chorus

I say 'where in the hell they all come from?
That's something I'd like to know
They mill around the base, they take up all the space
I'd like to tell them all just where to go.

They beat you to the dining hall, they beat you to the bar
You have to stand in line at the latrine
I don't know if they plan it or leave it all to chance
But it makes a fellow think it's kind of mean.

It's eating in the morning and bragging all day long
And a lot of other things that I forget
I think the devil hired them and sent them every one
To really make it hellin old Phu Cat.

They'll gamble you in poker and they'll gamble you in dice
I tell you boys I think it's getting worse
I asked them for the change of a 20 dollar bill
And the bastard almost hit me with his purse.

A MAN NAMED LOUIE

Let me tell you the story of a man named Louie,
In a tragic and fateful year. He kissed his wife
and family, packed his bag and baggage. Went
to fight for his country, dear.

Well ol' Louis came in-country at a place called Phu Cat,
With no women but lots of grog. Well he took things in
hand with his magic twanger, and turned himself into a frog.

Well ol' Spooky came on target with his guns a blazin'
And the ground controller near. But they had to pull off
target as the ground controller shouted "Ribit is all I hear!"

Mommasan's a worker, but she won't hit Lou's room
Only as a last resort. The last one we had tried to steal
a coke Louie turned her into a wart.

(A Man Named Louie contd)

Well Louie got on that big bird for home and his spirits began to rise - But they really peaked, when the stewardess squeaked "Coffee, tea or flies!"

Well the tragedy of the story, the awful part about it, A sad tale I must repeat. How do tell your wife you are now a frog, From something on a toilet seat?

Well if you're ever in Little Rock, there's a sight one can see - If one really tries. He's a frog in a uniform, in a missile silo, Quietly suckin' up flies.

DEAR MAMAM YOUR SON IS DEAD

Dear Mamam your son is Dead, He bought the farm today, He put his O-2 in on 96 highway, he made a rocket pass then he busted his ass, hm-hmmmm-hmmmm

He got right on the horn and gave old George a call, he said send me some Air Man, I got a truck that's stalled and George, he said All right I'll send you Litter Flight, For I am the Power!!

Litter flight arrived, one hundreds two by two, low on fuel their tanker over due They asked the FAC to mark where the truck was parked.

The covey rolled in with the smoke to mark, exactly where that truck was parked, the rest is in doubt for he never pulled out.

Chorus

I FLY THE LINE

I keep a close watch on these lands of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
Directing air strikes is a specialty of mine,
This sector's mine, I fly the line

Dawn patrol around An Khê is really great
It's those out country missions that I hate
I'll fly and find it anywhere and any time
Because their mine, I fly the line

I fly the Line contd

Small arms and 37's I don't sweat,
50 Cal and CPU is what I fret
White puffs far away are eager signs
This sector's mine, I fly the line

Armed with rockets and binoculars I go
Out to see what I can see and hope to know
Where old Charlie runs and hides and spends
his time, This sector's mine I fly the line

When I find Charlie on the ground I call for Air
Then I roll into mark when they get there
Hit my smoke and run in on the East West line
This Sector's mine I fly the line

The plane I fly is as old as Ho himself
Sometimes I wished they'd never took it
off the shelf, Two hundred foot per minute
rate of climb so fine, This sector's mine
I fly the line

Chorus

OSCAR DUCE

The Oscar Duce, Oscar Duce, Lord the nuts
and bolts they all come loose, From my little
old Oscar Duce.

Flying the Oscar Duce at Elmet was fun, cause I
didn't have to go against the guns in my Little
Old Oscar Duce

The Oscar Duce is a mighty mean plane, making
those touch and goes up at Chivane in my little
old Oscar Duce

Chorus

Do you think the Oscar Duce an all weather plane,
it eats thunder and lightning Lord bays in the rain,
my little Old Oscar Duce

(Oscar Duce contd)

Two Tacans for breakfast two invertors for lunch,
maintenance feels the awful punch of the little old
Oscar Duce

Chorus

Forty five hundred per a tank of pro, too much weight
and not enough pull, that's the little Old Oscar Duce

Seven Willy Petes to launch and a flare those nocturnal
trail movers better beware of the little Old Oscar Duce

Chorus

BUFFALO FAC WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT

Buffalo FAC won't you come out tonight, come out tonight,
Come out tonight, Buffalo FAC won't you come out tonight
and love by the light of the moon.

Buffalo FAC to Thailand go, Thailand go, Thailand go
Buffalo FAC to Thailand go, make love till his money
gets low

Buffalo FAC drinks fire water, fire water, fire water
Buffalo FAC drinks fire water then he goes and loves
papasan's daughter

Buffalo FAC goes TDY, TDY, TDY, Buffalo Goes TDY to
the Buffalo Bungalow

Chorus

SYCAMORE TREE

Vietnam, Vietnam, A friendly little country where the
gooks come from, A thorn in the side of the sycamore
tree and we're both here, you and me

Up at dawn and then cover your head, Look around you'll
fine five men dead, They were lying in the shade of the
sycamore tree waitin' there for you and me

(Sycamore Tree contd)

The sycamore tree grows straight and tall, It's branches
overshadow them all, It's bark is tough and it's limbs are
free Just like you and me

Chorus

MIGHTY DUST OFF

Well - - - I was a lyin' in my bunk, logs I was sawin'
when they called me to the Con Tum Pass, We need you
mighty Dust off, can't wait no longer, a grunts got a
bullet up his ass

Well I untied the rotors kicked the skids and lit the fires
and pulled me an arm full of pitch, I started down the road
and the clouds were hanging low, I'm a low flying son-of-a-bitch

About one zero out the clouds got lower so I called old spooky
for a line, Spooky got there and he popped that mighty flare
I've got that LV in sight

Flying around in circles doing ninety miles an hour when
that rotor froze solid to the mass, They found me in the wreck
with a cyclic around my neck, and the tail rotor beatin' on my ass

All you fixed wing pilots take a lesson from old dust off,
if you want to by the first class, Throw away your guns and
get yourself a stretcher loose your balls to save someones ass

ATAPO TOWN

Atapo town, Atapo town, the Spads bombed the bridges and
they all fell down, "See Senior, "

Boxer two four and Boxer two five came in one day for to
strafe and die, A box four died o're Atapo town two five hit
the silk and he came on down, "See Senior, Right into the
middle of Atapo Square"

Two five ran away from the scene to hide and wait for the
jolly greens, The only cover he could find anywhere was
the tree in the middle of Atapo square, "He was really hurting"

Spads 01 and Spad 02 launched off out of Pleiku into the blue
by the time they got to Atapo Square, Covey 539 was already
there, "See Senior, that is the fox, He was having a good time
helping Willy Pete's the hutches, yelling at crown on guard and

(Atapo Town contd)

trying to herd in the Jolly Greens at the same time"

Spad said Covey where is two five, is he on the ground
is he still alive, Covey said Spad in the middle of the
square and the gooks they are running around everywhere
All over Atapo town, "See then the Spads took over the Show"

Push em up set em off going through and saving the large
hutch for the Colonel, His eyes are not what they used to be
when he misses it will belong to me

There were four hutches in Atapo Square and they stood
straight and tall till the Spads got there, they strafed and
dive bombed from the sky, when the smoke cleared away
ten gooks had died, In Atapo Town.

Zero one made passes down below, Zero two stayed
up to watch the showin', The enemy was spent or so it
seemed, Zero two called in the Jolly Greens, The giant
hovered low over Atapo Square, Two five climbed upon
the penetrator there, They hauled him up and away they
went for the enemy forces had all been spent, All over Atapo Town

Atapo town, Atapo town, The Spads bombed the bridges and
they all fell down

COVEY BILL

Covey Bill, Covey Bill, he never took a hittin', he
never will, Fly on Covey Bill, Ten thousand feet in his
photo machine flying top cover for a prairie fire team
Fly on Covey Bill,

I timed pilot and the class that he FAC'd, He's got the
know how, he's got the knack, Crafty old Covey Bill,
Running operations with a KB-18, 10:00 chock time,
two hours late, Fly on Covey Bill

Can't work troops so he waits his while, cuts low time
pilots and gives them a smile that ding-a-ling Covey Bill
Gonna get his medals before he leaves, thinks it's worth
all the shit he receives, Dream on Covey Bill

(Covey Bill contd)

Covey operations is cancelled this week, cause dirty
old Bill jammed a fox mike three, babble on Covey Bill,
THUOC briefs each day in the morn, Look for Covey
Bill and he's always gone, Oh, Covey Bill

Find a Lieutenant to give him relief and send him in
the mornin' to the THUOC brief, sleepin' covey Bill
On Fox Mike before the wheels leave the chocks,
and eatin' his heart up on top of fast, dream on Covey Bill

He's got the rank and he's got the plane without a
father he's got no name, That Bastard Covey Bill

SILVER WINGS

Silver Wings that are no more, camouflaged because
of war, men will die but don't forget, they're all a
part of our freedom threat

The F-4C, striking from the air he does a job beyond
compare, A funny bird to those who see, Looks funny
to everyone but me

There's hardly a thing the Thud can't do, All day long
they're never through solving problems of this wars toil
like helping Hanoi with there excess soil

Chorus

The super Spad in history lies, His pilots are courageous
guys, making flight flying low and mean Flying cover
for our Jolly Greens

The Jolly Greens and the Pony Express, have rescued
some of America's Best, Taking flak as in they go When
they pull out with a O-Ho Ho

Chorus

The 135 carried the aircraft fuel some say this bird is
just a tool, The fighter bombers are really the stars but
without fuel they can't go far

(Silver Wings contd)

The B-52 is a mighty Bird, It's joined the war or so we've
heard, dropping bombs on the jungle green with casualties we
have never seen

Chorus

The RF 4 and the 101, They don't come home till the job is
done, taking film throughout the day, Film that shows our
strike force the way

The 104 looks like a toy weapons she does deploy You know
the migs don't get a thrill Out of seein' that toy when it plays
for real

Chorus

The gooney bird, that son-of-a-gun, I think they flew it in
World War One, A cargo bird that should be through, Now
the dang old thing is a Fighter Bomber too.

Sirens Blow and the pilots dash, Seconds pass and the AB's flash
They hit the air, what a job they do, Flying interceptance,
our 102's

Chorus

TCHEPONE

I's hangin' round Ops - just spendin' me time,
Off of the schedule, Not earnin' a dime.
When a Colonel comes up and he says, "I suppose
you fly a fighter by the cut of your clothes."
He figures me right "I'm a good one, "Isay.
"do ya happen to have me a target today? "
Say's "Yes I do, a real easy one"
"No sweat my boy it's an old time "Milk-Run".

I get all excited and ask where it's at,
He gives me a wink and a tip of his hat,
It's three-fifty miles to the northwest of home,
A small peaceful hamlet that's known as Tchepone.

Oh, you'll sure love Tchepone!

(Tchepone contd)

I go get my G-suit and strap on M' gun,
Helmet and gloves, out the door on the run.
Fire up my Phantom and take to the air
"Two's" tucked in tight and we haven't a care.
In forty-five minutes, we're over the town
From twenty-eight thousand, we're screamin' on down,
Arm up the switches and dail in the mills,
Rack up the wings and roll in for the kill.

We feel a bit sorry for folks down below
Of destruction that's comin', they surely don't know,
But the thought passes quickly, we know a war's on,
On down we scream to-wards peaceful Tchepone.

Unsuspecting, Peaceful, Tchepone!

Release altitude and the pippers not right,
I'll press just a little and lay 'em in tight.
I pickle those beauties at two point five grand,
Startin' my pull-up when it all hit the fan.

A black puff in front and then two off to the right,
Then six or eight more and I suck it in tight.
There's small arms and tracers and heavy "Ack Ack"
It's scattered to broken with all kinds of flack.

I jink hard to the left and head out for the blue.
My wingman says, "Lead! They are shooting at You!"
"No Bull!", I cried as I pointed towards home
Still comes the fire from the town of Tchepone.

Dirty, Deadly Tchepone!

I made it back home with the six holes in my bird,
With the Colonel who sent me I'd sure like a word,
But, He's nowhere around though I look near and far,
He's gone back to "Seventh" to help run the war.
I've been round this country for many a day
I've seen all the things they've been throwing my way,
I know that there's places I don't like to go,
Down in the "Delta" and in "Tally-Ho".
But I'll bet all my flight pay and the "jock" ain't been born
Who can keep all his cool when he's over Tchepone.

Oh, Don't go to Tchepone

ODE TO THE OPERATIONS OFFICER

You ought to be dead you old bastard,
You ought to be damned well shot.
You ought to be tied to the door of a shit house,
And left there to damned well rot.

I've sat in this damned cockpit for hours and hours
I've stuck it as long as I could.
I've stuck it and stuck it, so now I say FUCK IT,
My asshole's not made of wood.

WHIFFEN POOF

To a table down at Mowry's
To the place where Louie dwells
To that dear old Temple Bar
We love so well
Where the Whiffen Poofs assemble
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing
Cast a spell
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well
How my Bonnie Lies awastin
And the rest
Oh we'll serenade Old Louie
For as long as life shall last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest

Chorus

We are little lost sheep
Who have lost their way
BAA! BAA! BAA!
Just little black sheep
who have gone astray
BAA! BAA! BAA!
Gentlemen songsters out on a spree
Damned from here to eternity
God have mercy on such as we
BAA! BAA! BAA!

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props
that counter rotate
They'll loop, roll and spin,
but they'll auger you in
Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS

Just give me operations
way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39 with an
engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig
a deep hole

Don't give me a P-39

(CHORUS)

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk,
about the pilots all squawk
It flew like a sparrow, but it's
gear was too narrow

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk!

(CHORUS)

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,
it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a dog and flies
like a tug

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

(CHORUS)

Don't give me an F-shooting Star,
it'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but soon
will flame out

Don't give me an F-Shooting Star!

(CHORUS)

Don't give me an F-84, their
pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in that crate, but
they all pulled out late

Don't give me an F-84!

(CHORUS)

(Just Give Me Operations contd)

**Don't give me an 86-D with rockets,
radar and TV**

**It looks true and fair, but
explodes in mid-air**

Don't give me an 86-D!

(CHORUS)

**Don't give me an F-89, though
"Time" says they really will
climb**

**They're all in the States, all
boxed up in crates**

Don't give me an F-89!

(CHORUS)

**Don't give me an F-94, it's
never established a score**

**It may fly in weather, but
won't hold together**

Don't give me an F-94!

(CHORUS)

**Don't give me an F-105, that
bird is really alive**

**But in NAM, It's shot down
over hill, road and town**

Don't give me an F-105

**Just give me a Phantom F-4
That fighting old camouflaged
Whore**

**You light those ABs and in orbit
you'll be**

Just give me a Phantom F-4!

SYDNEY LEAVE

**There once was a pilot to Sydney did stroll
He'd just gotten back from a raid on Ashau
When an old MP Sgt. said pardon me please
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your sleeve.**

**Why Sgt, you bastard, you bloody damn fool
I've just gotten back from a place called Ashau
Where the Ack Ack is flying and comforts are few
And brave men are dying for bastards like you.**

(Sydney Leave contd)

Then the old MP Sgt, said pardon me Sir
On you Lt. I intended no slur
But the girls here in Sydney are damned hard to please
With blood on your tunic and mud on your sleeve.

Now listen here Sgt, you bloody damned fool
The girls will all know I've just come from Ashau
I'll wine them and dine them and then we will go
Out to my flat where I'll tell them my woes.

And so the Lt. found him a girl
He wine her and dine her and gave her a twirl
Then out to his flat where he told her his woes
And she flet sorry so she couldn't say no.

Twass nine months later she had a son
She wrote to her pilot - - - Oh? Whats to be done
With this fair baby that you gave to me
Who sits around and wets upon my knee?

The pilot wrote back with this sad advice
The baby's not mine but it wure would be nice
If he'd be a pilot but He'd be a fool
If the bloody young bastard e'er went o'er Ashau.

SAIGON CITY

Here's to 'ole Saigon
What a hell of a place
The way that it's run
Is a friggin disgrace
There's Captains and Majors
And Light Colonels, too
With their thumbs up their asses
And nothing to do.

They stand on the flight line
They yell and they shout
Yelling of things
They know nothing about
For all the good they do
They might as well be
Shoveling shit on
The Isle of Capri

(Saigon City contd)

It's up in the morning
And to the latrine
It hurts when I (he) pea (s)
Cause I've (hes) been with the Queen
Oh I've (hes) got it bad, boy
And I'm telling you
If you don't quit short-timin
You'll have it too!

When this war is over
We'll all go back home
Back to our Round-eyes
And never more roam
To Hell with 'ole Saigon
And her misery
To Hell with 'ole Saigon
and all her V.D!!!

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

By the ring around his eyeball
You cann tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by
 The spread across his rear
You can tell a navigator by his
 sextants, maps and such
You can tell a Fighter Pilot,
 but you cannot tell him much!

By the stormy look about him,
 you cann tell a weather nut
You can tell a chopper pilot
 by the quiver of his butt
You can tell the local nurses
 by their bedrooms eyes and
 such
You can tell a Fighter Pilot,
 but you cannot tell him much!!

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

Cruising down the Mekong doing five-
twenty per
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh
won't you save me sir!
My camera ain't got no ammo, my
tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - got six
MIGs on my ass."

CHORUS:

Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja
Throw a nickle on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja
Throw a nickle on the grass
And you'll be saved!

Made my traffic pattern, to me it
looked all right
My airspeed read 130, My God, I racked
it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, The
engine gave a wheeze
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - spin
instructions pleas!

(CHORUS)

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too
God Damn low
I pressed the pickle button, let both
my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut,
I hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the
work's all done this fall!

(CHOURS)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and
headed for the hill
I looked down at my Tach, my God, it's
in full mil
I pulled back on the stick and rose
into the air
Glory, Glory, Halleluja, how did I
get there?

(CHORUS)

VNAF WATERFALL

Beside a VNAF waterfall, on bright
and sunny day
Beside his shattered Phantom, a
young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby
tree; he was not yet quite dead
So, listen to the very last words
that young pursuiter said
"I'm going to a better land there
everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from tele-
graph poles and there's poker
every night
There's not a single thing to
do but sit around and sing
Where all crew chiefs are
womennnnnnnnnn.
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.

Ting-a-ling, a ling ling
Blow it out your pilot tube
Ting a ling a ling ling
Blow it out your pilot tube
Better days are coming bye
and bye.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

CHORUS:

Call out, call out, call out
the God D_a mn reserves, reserves
Call out, call out, call out
The God Damn Reserves.

(Here's to the Regular Air Force contd)

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

(CHORUS)

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God Damn
reservist

Their ass would be dragging the
floor.

(CHORUS)

Some mothers have sons in the service
Some mothers have sons on the sea
But don't fret for your son my
mother
For he's in the ROTC.

Last CHORUS:

R - O - T - C

It sounds like bull shit to me,
to me

R - O - T - C

And bull shit it turned out to be.

THE STOOGES

I am the Co-pilot, I sit on the right.
I'm not important, just part of the flight

I never talk back or I'll have regrets.
But I have to remember what the pilot etc.

I fill out the forms and check on the weather.
Pull up the wheels and stand by to feather.

Check the mags and call the tower.
Milk up the flaps and adjust the power.

I call for my pilot and buy him cokes.
And always laugh at his corny jokes.

I'm the guy that does the reporting.
And flies the old crate when he's been out courting.

(The Stooge contd)

And on days when his landings are rusty.
I come through with- "Gawd but its gusty. "

As you can see I'm only a stooge,
For the guy I always call scrooge.

Now maybe you think this is past understanding,
But maybe someday he'll give me a landing

THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS

Down a lonely road, on a cold black night
A miserable begger trudges into sight.
And the people whisper over their beers,
Here comes the last of the Bombadiers.

What is a Bombadier? No reply.
But the men grow silent, and the women sigh,
As a death-like silence fills the place,
Like the guant, grey ghost of a long-lost race.

Furtive glances from ceiling to floor,
Till someone - or something, opens the door.
And the bravest of hearts grow cold with fear
For the thing in the door is a Bombardier.

His hands are bony and his hair is thin;
His back is curved like an old bent pin;
His eyes are two empty rings of black;
And he vaguely mumbles, "Shack, Shack, Shack. "

This ancient relic of the Second World War,
Creeps across the floor and slouches at the bar.
And, in hollow tones from his sunken chest,
He demands a drink - and only the best.

The people say nothing but watch in the glass
As the begger produces his bombsight pass.
With glass to his lips, they hear him say,
"Bomb bays open Bombs Away"!

(The Last of The Bombardiers contd)

And, speaking no word he staggers through the door,
And the last of the Bombardiers is seen no more.
But all through the years this phrase has stuck,
When you say "Bombardier", you add "Hardluck".

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

When flying in fighters they make quite a thing
Of helmet and "G" suit and parachute ring
How high they did fly, the G's they did pull
But mostly consisting of bull

He used to fly fighters but now he does not
He once was a jockey both daring and hot
He looped 'em and spun'em and fired William Tell
But his daring has now gone to hell

The general decided that He'd had enough
Commanding those fighters was really quite rough
He sent him to Otis, the tourists delight
With the hope that he'd make things alright

Throttles on the right not the left as before
Instead of just one, he will find there are four
Without after burner it hasn't much climb
And it flies for an awfull long time

Oh while learning to fly it he'll try it boost out
And of the gages he'll learn all about
But the mysteries of radar will have him in doubt
As he flies in the one-twenty-one.

Old nine sixty zero and old nine six one
Can silently tip toe off into the sun
While the Colonel checks out in the 121
with the nine sixty second to none.

DON'T FENCE ME IN

Oh take my hand, don't be dense,
Let me show you my new fence, please
fence me in.

(Dont' Fence Me in contd)

We've got a fence made of log while you're
walking in the fog, Please fence me in

Lead the troops to the battle like a herd of cattle
Drive us down the chute while our dogtags rattle
A brand new boss in the same old saddle, Keep
us fenced in

While you are flying we are hiding and are lying
underneath our sheets at home, We could do more
for the corps I am sure but our wives won't let us
roam

We really feel for you but - we can't quite reach you
A lot about alerts, that we'd like to teach ya. It's
really not too hard to let the others beat ya don't let
us win.

Oh give me crowds, lots of crowds, packed in Ops
just like sardines, Please can us in.

Need less room, don't you know, cause we like each
other so Please pack us in

We don't know for sure just what - has caused it
A great stroke of genius or - really was it the
pilots are all smiling cause they're in the closet
please don't look in

While you are working we are lurking, and are
shirking, and this indicates good sense
Instead of riding high or gliding, we are hiding
which is why we have - de-fence.

Oh when the horns go off you are all - stampeding
What the hell's the use of us all - competing
We'd like to go to battle but we can't stand bleeding
Please fence us in.

COOL WATER

All day and night in this old kite
And the only sight is water, Cold Water

Loran and I with hopes held high
But traces die oe'r water, Cold Salt Water

(Cool Water contd)

We're flying' mighty high, When we
hear the A/C sigh, That the engines'
going to die And we'll see you by
and by in the water.

Oh Nav can't you see that big C-B
Where the lightening's flashing free
And its waiting there for you and me
To crash - in water, Cold Salt Water

All day we track both up and back
without a lack of water, Cold Water

We're late to shad and things look bad
I think we're had - Damn Water, Cold Salt Water

Keep a turning fans, Till at least we're
close to land, We're part of the damned But
We'd rather ditch in sand than Water

Oh Nav can't you see that big C-B
Where the lightening's flashing free
And it's waitin' there for you and me
To splash - in Water, Cold Salt Water

EOD'S ANSWER TO THE GREEN BERETS

Silver bombs upon our chest, EOD the Army's best
Drawing Pro and Demo Pay, We don't wear no damn Beret

Trained in school, both hard and tough. One mistake
is more than enough, We drink our Beer and draw
our pay, We don't wear no Damn Beret.

Our proving ground was World War Two, Korea
showed what we could do, In Vietnam we're here to
stay, We don't wear No Damn Beret

I know that someday I shall die, My son will collect
my SGLI, They'll bury me in the clay, But
I'll not wear no damn Beret.

(EOD's Answer to the Green Berets contd)

My tale is done, my story's told, I'm neither brave,
nor very bold, I'll do my job come what may, But
I'll not wear no Damn Beret.

C-124 Song

Here is a story of an aliminum cloud
It flies awfully slow and it sounds might loud
It shakes and it rattles while it bounces and roars
This monster is known as a one twenty four.

The sync levers touchy and the throttles all stick
It's an oil leaking, backfiring sone of a bitch.
Don't Get me wrong, one thing is for sure
You'll get back alive on this faithfull old whore.

The ground crews they cussed it the whole world around
And the navigator prayed it would get off the ground,
But a sleepy old pilot and a drunk engineer
Put her up in the blue and without any fear.

The mag drop is excessive, and the torque's way to low
But at thirty-five inches, the engineer hollered "GO"
The fuel leaking engines were all belching flame
And at eighty-five knots he said, "Power OK".

At six thousand feet then he set up his cruise
The cargo six jeeps and ten cases of booze.
The loadmaster said that his hair had turned grey
And if he had a parachute he'd be on his way.

Now we're headed for home and sweet mama we'll see
After flying this mission that took us three weeks
Our ulcers are burning and we spent all our dough
But with three days of crew rest we'll be ready to go.

Believe me, this story did not end to well
For that engineer is now burning in hell
He flirted with satan and had lots of fun
and ended up flying those one forty one's.

They say when he got it he was back in the rear
Convincing the loadmaster he had nothing to fear.
His eyes were all blood shot, and his head filled with pain
And could tell by his ear drums they were climbing again.

(C-124 Song contd)

Sweat streamed from his brow and his face turned pale
When they hit clear air turbulence and the pressure door failed
The cabin filled with fog and no one could see
The old timer crumble and fall to his knees.

His heart pumped pure whiskey and labored with the task
As he wondered what happened to his oxygen mask.
His whole life flew past him from beginning to end,
In those perilous seconds while trying to descend.

When the fog finally cleared and his body was found
All of his buddies had bathed around
One of them said softly, as he wiped at a tear,
"Old sarge has gone to hell as their chief engineer".

Learn from this story and obey all the rules
Make use of your head as well as your tools
Perform all your duties and do them with pride
Or old sarge might give you your last check ride.

THE PLEIKU AIR BASE BLUES

Well, I hear that plane a-leavin', It just flew around
the bend, I ain't seen the world since I don't know when
Well, I'm stuck at Pleiku Air Base, And time keeps draggin
on, I see that plane a-leavin', Headed down to Cam-e-ron

Well, When I was eighteen, my mama said, Hey Son don't
go into the service and you won't wind up in Nam, Well,
I went on and enlisted, Guess where I am today, Now I
wish that lonely 130 would carry my blues away.

Well, if they freed me from this Air Base, if that 130
was mine, You can bet I'd fly it on a whole lot further
down the line, Well, As far from Pleiku Air Base That's
where I want to stay and let that big ole 130 take me to the USA

Well, I'll bet my brothers drivin' a brand new shinney vette
While I'm stuck here at Pleiku getting my ass soakin wet
Well, I'm stuck at Pleiku Air Base and that's where I'll
stay till that big 707 takes me to the USA

SOP FOR THE AIR FORCE WIFE

Who said "variety is the spice of life?"
Twas said, no doubt, by an Air Force Wife.
Poor girl never knows just where she's at,
"Home" is where he hangs his hat.

Home is a hut with no room for expansion,
A 4th floor apt, or maybe a mansion.
One year she has servants, lives just like a queen,
Next - does her own work, tries to forget how it had been.

She follows her husband thru mad TDY's,
entertains kids thru those hours in the sky,
The movers arrive in sleet or in rain,
While he's in the air, "He Still Has to Train!"

And during the move, now isn't it strange,
The kids get the mumps, the dog gets the mange,
And then on the phone, a sad tale of woe,
Mom just recalls, you had neither of those!

She's not really settled but must dress up pretty,
Go out to a party be charming and witty,
She'll drink all concoctions, Gin, Whiskey and Beer,
Moderately, of course, remember Hubbys career,

She knows all bridge rules, canasta and scrabble,
She stands and keeps smiling thru all cocktail babbly,
She knows the music and words of each song,
To send all the Air Force Flying along.

He insists on economy, questions each new buy,
(Less its something like a new clip for his tie).
First of the month theres plenty of cash,
She serves fillet or chicken-last week its hash.

There will be a bank balance, whe has an assurance,
Less it goes for uniforms or some damned insurance,
Then just when she has all the parts arranged
"Sorry uniforms are obsolete, Regulations have changed!"

At Hunter or Travis or Dover She'll bake,
For this cause or that cause, communities sake!
She suffers her sinus and sweats out the time,
When she can get out of this terrible climate.

(SOP For the Air Force Wife contd)

She tries foreign language and sells the UN,
Does her part in the wives club now and then,
Oh well, even so, when alls' said and done,
she still will admit that this Air Force lifes fun.

LITTLE BROWN OUT-HOUSE

They passed an ordinance in the Town
They said we'd have to tear it down,
That little brown shack out back so dear
to me, Though the health department said
it's days were done and dead it will live
forever in my memory.

It wasn't very long ago that I went trippin'
through the snow, Out to that shack behind my
old hound dog, and I'd sit me down to rest like
a snowbird on it's nest, Just reading Sears
and Roebucks Catalogue

Oh I would hum a happy tune while peeping through
The quarter moon, Just as my father's kin had done
Before It was in that quiet spot that daily cares
could be forgot, Cause it brought the same relief
to Rich and Poor.

Oh it was not a castle fair, but I could dream
my future there, While listening to the yellow
jackets drone I could circle round the sun or
fight with General Washington, Or be a King
upon his golden Throne.

It wasn't fancy built at all, it had newspapers on the
wall, It's air conditioned in the wintertime, Oh it's just
a humble hut, but it's doors are never shut, And a
man can get inside without a dime.

Chorus:

Oh Please don't tear that little brown building down
Oh Please don't tear that little brown building down
Oh Please don't tear that little brown building down
There's not another like it in the country or the town.

A REAL AC

Someday he'll come along - A real AC
He won't be big an strong, He'll be like me
And when I get him lost, He won't be cross
That's my AC.

And on the radar sit, I'll say one run, With
Him that's quite all right, and then we're done
Tho ten thousand feets my score He won't be
sore, That's my AC

He is not the type to grieve me over where the
ship might be, and when I say we're home, He'll
believe me, That's my AC

Tho we're seven-hundred miles at sea, and
when we finally ditch, we'll float awhile, He's
not the type to bitch, that's not his style, and
then he'll sink into the sea, Glub, Glub, Glub
There goes my AC

BALLAD OF BULL DURHAM

Well, gather around folks and let me bend your ear,
about how to build yourself an Air Force career.
Just buy you a guitar and put it in tune and
folks around the squadron will notice you soon.

Well I bought a guitar ten years ago and I
learned to play in a day or so and;
All around the wing it was well understood that
when it came to pickin' I was pretty darn good! (Adlib)

I practiced on alert both day and night and my
AC's hair was turning white.
And I'll never forget my esteemed CO, he said
"You can stay Bull, but that guitarys got to go!"

Well, the Major's list came out and it was plain
to see that we were going a long way - this guitar and me
Why! I was wing guitar picker - but not for long
because soon all of SAC was going to hear my songs!

(Ballad of Bull Durham contd)

So, I packed my bags and lit out from home - I
headed straight for Offit where the "Big Boys" roam.
I played for Geners and all the rest and I don't
like to brag but I was instand success!

Well the General said, "Sing again Bull - if you would;
sing my all time favorite, SAC is Good.
So I played till my fingers was raw to the bone,
and then my CO asked the general if I could please come home!

Now, in every BX my albums are sold and that leaf on my
shoulder is no longer gold; I fly and sing and
make up rymes. It's the Air Force Today - Tomorrow
The world May be Mine!!

TERMS AND DEFINITIONS

Have you ever looked over your ER and asked yourself,
"I wonder just what he means by this phrase? " Well perhaps
the following list will help.

<u>Term</u>	<u>Definition</u>
Exceptionally well qualified	Has committed no major blunders to date.
Active Socially.....	Drinks heavily.
Character and integrity above reproach.....	Still one step ahead of the law.
Wife is active socially.....	She drinks too.
Zealous attitude.....	Opinionated.
Unlimited potential.....	Will retire or be kicked out shortly.
Quick thinking.....	Offers plausible excuses for errors.
Exceptional flying ability.....	Has an equal number of takeoffs and landings.
Takes pride in his work.....	Conceited.
Takes advantage of every opportunity to progress.....	Buys drinks for OIC and NCOIC's

(Terms and Definitions contd)

<u>Term</u>	<u>Definition</u>
Forceful and aggressive.....	Argumentive.
Outstanding.....	Frequently in the rain.
Indifferent to instructions	Knows more than superiors .
Tactful in dealings with superiors.	Knows when to keep his mouth shut.
Approaches difficult problems with enthusiasn.....	Finds someone else to do the job.
A keen analyst.....	Thoroughly confused.
Expresses himself well.....	Speaks English fluently.
Definitely not a desk man.....	Did not go to college.
Often spends extra hours on the job	Has a miserable home life.
A true southern gentlemen.....	A hillbilly.
Meticulous in attention to detail...	A nit picker.
Demonstrates qualities of leadership.....	Has a loud voice.
Judgement is usually sound	Lucky .
Maintains a professional attitude...	A snob.
Keen sense of humor	Has a vast repertoire of jokes.
Strong adherence to principles	Stubborn.
Career minded	Hates reservists.
Gets along extremely well with superiors and subordinates alike..	A coward.
Average Officer of NCO	Not too bright.
Slightly below average.....	Stupid.

((Terms and Definitions contd)

<u>Term</u>	<u>Definition</u>
A very fine officer of great value to the service	Usually gets to work on time.
Develops a good "Team feeling " ..	Has everybody mad at him.
Outstanding ability to get the maximum out of his men and all available resources	A slavedriver.
Exceptionally effective in the utilization of resources	Stingy.
Outstanding ability to communicate ideas to others	Next assignment - Instructor Duty at Indian Head.
Actively seeks out added responsibilities	Bucking for promotion or just plain nosy.
Correctly interprets rather difficult instructions	Spell it out for him.
Has mastered all duties with knowledge or related positions	Jack of all trades.
Hesitates to ask for clarification	Doesn't speak English too well.
One of the few outstanding Airman I know	In this two man Detachment?