

The

Original



Fighter

Geek's

Songbook

Warning: Contents may not be suitable
for the rest of the human race!

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Theme Song.....			

A fighter jock is magic, a master imposter, Houdini with the top of his blouse unbuttoned. Sometimes he's old, sometimes young. Immature, yet sage. He is instant fear and lasting bravery. The original metamorphosis. He hovers between play and business and can make your date vanish right before your eyes. He is present, past and future rolled into one. But most of all he's got wings with a throttle in his left hand and the stick in his right – shackled to a million dollar blow torch and always ready to get the maximum out of every minute of every hour of every day.

compiled by
Master Bates and Weak Dicks

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small Fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small Fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small and I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all – so Fuck 'em all

They say I've killed a man Fuck 'em all
They say I've killed a man Fuck 'em all
I hit him in the head with a piece of Fucking lead
Now the silly Fucker's dead Fuck 'em all

They say I've got to swing Fuck 'em all
They say I've got to swing Fuck 'em all
They I've got to swing from a Fucking piece of string
What a silly Fucking thing Fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope with a Fucking piece of soap
What a silly Fucking joke Fuck 'em all

The parson he will come Fuck 'em all
The parson he will come Fuck 'em all
The parson he will come with his tales of Kingdom Come
He can shove them up his Bung Fuck 'em all

The hangman wears a mask Fuck 'em all
The hangman wears a mask Fuck 'em all
The hangman wears a mask for this silly Fucking task
What a silly Fucking Ass Fuck 'em all

The Sherrif will be there too Fuck 'em all
The Sherrif will be there too Fuck 'em all
The Sherrif will be there too with his silly Fucking crew
They have Fuck all else to do Fuck 'em all

I saw Molly in the crowd Fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd Fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so Fucking proud
That I hollered right out load – FUCK 'EM ALL

ADELINE SCHMIDT

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

CHORUS

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

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

CHORUS

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

THE MOUSE

The liquor was spilled on the bar room floor
And the bar was closed for the night
When out of a hole came a little brown mouse
And sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him roar
"BRING ON THAT GODDAMNED CAT"

O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting at O'Reilley's Bar
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Reilley's daughter

CHORUS

Fiddley I E Fiddley I O
Fiddley I E for the one ball O'Reilley
Rubby Dub Jig balls and all
Rubby Dub shag 'on

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more
Shagged and shagged til the fun was over

CHORUS

There came a knock upon my door
Who should it be but her God damned father
Two horse pistols by his side
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter

CHORUS

Now as I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes that dirty son of a bitch
That shagged O'Reilley's daughter

TATTOOED LADY (MY INDIANA HOME)

I married me a tattooed lady
To roam around her body was a treat
And Every night before retiring
I'd pull the covers back and take a peek
Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee
And tattooed on her back was Hackensack
From the State of New Jersey
Now on her chest was West Virginia
Through those hills I loved to roam
But when I saw the moonlight shining on the Wabash
Then I recognized my Indiana home

THEME SONG
TO THE TUNE OF THE GREEN BERETS

Painted wings against the sky
Oh, good lord I've got to fly
Up at dawn and heading North
On the tgt, my turn is forth

Up to the Black and cross the Red
Big orange BALLS goin by my head
The night is gone its broad daylight
Oh, sweet Jesus I'm filled with fright

In I roll the tgts in sight
You better believe my asshole's tight
There it is upon the flat
Oh, please tell me will I make it back

Down the chute right there I am
Fresh raw meat for a wayward SAM
Telephone poles up in the blue
I'll pull this mother til she bends in two

Trailing smoke she smokes by
Let off a little and breathe a sigh
Fraid to laugh and Fraid to cry
I'm just glad I didn't die

The glass is filled, it's time to dump
Bombs come off and the bird she jump
Pullin six I looked up high
Seeking safety in the sky

The sky had changed from blue to black
Just ahead the deadly flack
Ten long years I spent in TAC
Kiss my ass if I ever get back

Lead 2, 4 check in 3
Oh, my God nearer to thee
Look for a chute, go down deeper
By thud ridge, was that a beeper?

(cont)

Up near Hanoi many men indeed
Have looked for wingmen in the weeds
They've looked on low, we heard their cry
Sandy ships against the sky

Do you hear me, hear me "Crown"
I gotta wingman and he's down
Hangin' ass across the ridge
The only home the Jolly green Bridge

Flight of three heading on East
Short on fuel to say the least
Running rough and holes galore
Will she run to the Eastern Shore

Alpha Golf and foxtrot three
Ethan Alpha, where art thee
You done me dirt, you done me wrong
Here come the Migs across the klong

From Phuc Yen, Kep and Hanoi too
There's not just one there's 22
They pull it tight and stick like glue

It's H Chi Minh and his fucking crew

Send the word to Washington
How do you Bob, save your favorite son
Forget the Migs turn off you gun
Strike JCS #51

It's Haiphong now and the ocean blue
Who's navy's that that's shootin who
Jinkin up into the goo
Clouds all around, Lead I've lost you

A DF please, Brown Anchor do
Get me quick from here to you
Have no gas, gotta plug in
High above the Gulf of Tonkin

In the chocks, a young jock reels
Staggers down the ladder and whizzes on the wheels
Up to the club "Yes have no gin"
Han and Eggs "Yes no have them"

So there he sit and there he are
All alone in an empty bar
One thing he knows and this is it
The whole fucking world has turned to shit

NELLY DARLING

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly Darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
And there's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
You are the ugliest bitch I've ever seen

There's a yard of Lib protruding from your navel
And when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass

PARTIES BANQUETS AND BALLS

Parties, Banquets and Balls Boys
Parties, Banquets and Balls
As President Nixon has said before
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with parties, banquets and balls boys
We'll have parties and banquets
and Banquets and parties and
BALLS, BALLS BALLS

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

"Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar, When he turned and said to the Lady in Red
"Get out you can't stay where you are.
She shed a sad tear in a bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead

Then a gentleman dapper, stepped out of the crapper,
And these were the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways to fly, Fly Boys and how they come and go.
She's lost her youth and her beauty, and sin has left its sad scar
So remember your mothers and sisters, Boys, and let her sleep under the bar.

SILVER THREADS AROUND THE GOLD

Darling, let me fix your garter
Just an inch above the knee
And if I should wander farther
Please don't blame it all on me

The hair around your pussy's turning silver
The hair around my cock is turning gold
So let's put our two things together
Silver threads among the gold

So she let me fix her garter
Just an inch below her knee
And my hand did wander farther
And she pissed all over me

The hair around your pussy's turning silver
The hair around my cock is turning gold
So let's put our two things together
Silver threads among the gold

OH THEY SAY THAT THIS KORAT'S A WONDERFUL PLACE

Oh they say that this Korat's a wonderful place
But the organization's a fucking disgrace
There's Captains and Majors and Light Colonels too
With their hands in their pockets and Fuck all to do
They stand on the ramp and they rave and they shout
For all of their good they might just as well be
A 'Shoveling shit on the Isle of Capri

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT (MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY)

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextant, maps and such
You can tell a Fighter Jocky but YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS
TUNE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

Don't give me a one double "o"
The bastard is ready to blow
The AB is there but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one double "o"

CHORUS

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

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

CHORUS

Don't give me an F 104
With compressor stalls galore
The wing is so small You can't turn at all
Don't give me an F 104

Don't give me an F 105
With no room to pull out of a Dive
It manuevers quite well (straight ahead) goes like hell
Don't give me an F 105

CHORUS

(This next section is devoted especially to our friends who
Have "SLUFFED" off)

Don't give me an A 7D
If you do you'll be screwing me
It has no reheat and it's not hard to beat
Don't give me an A 7D

Don't give me an A 7D
Its takeoff is something to see
If it gets in the air I don't want to be there
Don't give me an A 7D

Don't give me an A 7D
Its system's a mystery to me
Without their black box, you'd have piss poor jocks
Don't give me an A 7D

Don't give me an A 7D
Their formation is something to see
If their wingman's in sight, they're flying to tight
Don't give me an A 7D

Don't give me an A 7D
Its pattern is something to see
When three miles on final, they pull it to idle
Don't give me an A 7D

KOTEX SONG CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG

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

For its Hi Hi Hee in the Kotex industry
Super! Junior! Bandaid!
For ere you go
The blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around.
Keep 'em bleeding when the end of the month rolls around

UNCLE JOHN AND AUNTIE MABLE
HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Uncle Jogn and Auntie Mable fainted at the breakfast table
This should sufficient warning, never do it in the morning

Ovaltine has set them right Now they do it every night
Uncle John is hoping soon to do it in the afternoon
A.....MEN

BESIDE A V.C. WATERFALL

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

I'm going to a better land where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles, There's poker every night
There's not a fucking thing to do but sit around and sing
Where girls are really women Oh, death where fs thy sting

Oh, death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling
Oh, death where is thy sting
The bell of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for meeeeeeee...so-

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye

PUFF THE TRAGIC WAGON
TUNE OF PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON

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

The VC shook in terror Whenever they appeared
The mini ones with mini guns a sticking out their rear

Puff the tragic wagon at Danang by the sea
Though Rinkelman is number one his waist is 63

The FC-47flies all afternoon
Half a day of boredom in that sill fucking goon

NORTHWARD HO
I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking northward to Haiphong Harbor
While SAMS on the ground look at me
Seventh says Go-Go
But I'd rather not
It's right in the asshole that I'll sure get shot

I'm not complaining, I'm just explaining
So two stay with me through the pass
Jink through the jungle, make the AB rumble
And we'll fly up our own ass

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same
Oh, we'll always call you asshole
Isn't it a bloody shame

To the days at old Korat
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick 'em up your flue

RTU
WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you flew an F-4 and I flew an F-4
In the old RTU
Other pilots went to briefings
We stayed in the sack a-sleeping
Hotter stones you'll never see
We were hotter than tobacco, when wing pulled each fiasco
Artists all screwing you
When you flew an F-4 and I flew an F-4
In the old RTU

DINGBAT

You are my dingbat, my only dingbat
You flare my targets when skins are grey
I chase your trucks from Ron to Dong Hoi
Just to find they have all slipped away

The other night as I was flying
I heard the old dingbat say
I've got a convoy down by phat ban
Won't you head that way if you can

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope
I flew to Phat Ban and still no convoy
He had chased St. Elmo across his nose

You were my dingbat, my only dingbat
How could you let me down this way
My chute was swinging they heard me singing
Won't you take my dingbat away

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR A F MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

In peacetime the regulars are happy
In peacetime they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the Goddamned Reserves

Chorus

Call out, call out
Call out the Goddamned Reserves
Call out, call out
Call out the Goddamned Reserves

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

Chorus

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservist they got to Korat
The regulars they stay in Japan

Chorus

???? to the regular Air Force
?? medal and badges galore
If it weren't for the Goddamned reservists
Their asses would be dragging the floor

Chorus 2

Fight on, Fight on
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on, Fight on
Fight on regular Air Force
FIGHTON!!!!!!!

SPRINGTIME ON THE RED RIVER SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

When it's springtime on the Red River and the MIGS come u[p to play
And the contrails run in circles and fighter pilots earn their pay
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroes in
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin

When it's springtime in the Red River and the napalm is in bloom
And your AIM-9's do the talking and it's just a MIG and you
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low
When it's springtime on the Red River then it's time for us to go

NIGHT OWLS BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Here we stand on the ground
We won't fly till the sun goes down
We fly night owl
Go in low and come out fast
Keep these fighters off our ass
We fly night owls

No one here can ever understand us
You should hear all the shit they hand us
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right
Because we're standing down tonight
We fly nightowl

THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS
THROW A NICKLE ON THE DRUM

It was midnight in old Korat
All the pilots were in bed
Then stepped up Col. _____
And this is what he said:
“Phantoms, Gentle Phantoms, Phantoms one and all
Pilots gentle pilots and all the pilot’s balls”
When stepped up a young lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
“You can take those Goddam Phantoms jets and shove them up your ass”

CHORUS

Oh, halleluia, sing halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot’s ass
Oh, halleluia, oh, halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass and you’ll be saved

Cruising down the Mekong, doing six twenty per
There came a call from the Major, “Oh won’t you save me sir?”
Got three big flack holes in my wing, my tanks ain’t got no gas
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY Got six MIGS on my ass

CHORUS

Shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
The airspeed read 130, my God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY Spin instructions please

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Splits into my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, let all my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut and hit a high speed stall
Now I won’t see my mother when the work’s all done this fall

CHORUS

They sent me up to Hanoi, the brief said skoshe ack ack
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'm too young to die

CHORUS

I bailed out from my Phantom, my landing was topline
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened up my ration, time to see what was in it
My God, the Quartermaster filled the thing with shit

CHORUS

Now in the Commie prison camp I'm oblidge to sit
For one cannot go far on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have the Quartermaster's balls for breakfast till I die

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

The balls of O'Leary
Are wrinkled and weary
They are stately and shapely like the dome of St. Paul's
The women all muster to see that great cluster
They stand and the stare at that bloody great pair
Of O'Leary's balls

FORESKIN FUGITIVES

Eyes right, Assholes tight, Foreskins to the front
We're the boys who make no noise, we're always chasing cunt
We are the fliers of the night and we'd rather fuck than fight
We are the foreskin fugitives

WE SOLD OUR COW

We sold our cow
We sold our cow
We've got no use
For your Bull now

RED RIVER VALLEY

To the Red River Valley We're going
For to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Red River Valley We're going
And I'm flying four in flight Blue

We went for our check on the weather
And they said it was clear as could be
I lost my wingman round the field
And the rest augered in out at sea

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
And many strange sights we will see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the SAM that they threw up at me

To the valley he said he was flying
And he never saw the medal 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 going to the Red River Valley
And today you are flying my wing

Oh the flak is so thick in the valley
That the MIGS and the SAMS 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 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
T'was the last AAR for TEAK one

When he came to a bridge in the valley
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun
For the first to roll in on the target
Was my leader, old TEAK number one

Oh he flew through the flak toward the target
With his bombs and rockets drew a bead
But he never pulled out of his bomb run
T'was fatal for another TEAK lead

So come sit by my side at the briefing
We sit there and tickle the beads
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my call sign today is TEAK lead

MARY ANNE BURNS

Mary Anne Burns is the Queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that will give a man the shits
She can spit green peas from her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits
She's a great big son of a bitch, twice as big as me
Hair around her ass like branches on a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me

THE CUCKOO SONG SWEET VIOLETS

Now the cuckoo is a strange bird, it sits on the frass
With its wings neatly folded and its beak up its ass
From this strange position, Seldom does it flit
For its hard to say Cuckoo with a beak full of.. Sweet Violets

BLESS THEM ALL

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

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

ON TOP OF OLD HANOI ON TOPOF OLD SMOKEY

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

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

Now when the weather keeps the ships down
Always we can hear this terrible sound
Attention all pilots Now listen to this
There'll be short meeting you Dare not miss

They'll give you some lectures, and give you some more
But we have all heard them twenty five time before
Now listen you trainees, You can't fight the Group
Whatever they tell you is superfluous poop

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around Picadilly underground
Living off the earnings of a high born lady

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
And Wednesday after mess, I lifted up her dress
Thursday I saw you know what
Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday she gave my balls a Tweek, TWEEK TWEEK
And Sunday after supper, I crammed my bugger up her
Now she's making forty bob a week, blimey
I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around Picadilly underground
Living off the earnings of a high born lady
I don't want a bullet me arse hole
I don't want me buttocks shot away
I'd rather stay in England,
And fornicate my life away

I LOVE MY _____

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her tits tiddly-its tiddly-its
And her little brown asshole
I'd eat her shit
With a rusty spoon GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE

I love my girl, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her ruby red lips
Her lilly white tits
The hair around her asshole
I'd eat her shit CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP
With a wooden spoon

THE DUCHESS

Oh, the Duchess, she was dressing
Dressing for the ball
Then out the window she did spy him
Pissing on the wall

CHURUS

With his lily white kidney wipers
And balls the size of these
And half a yard of foreskin

Oh, hang on down
Oh, hang on down
With a half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees

So she sent to him a letter
And in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you than by my husband
Any day

CHORUS

So he mounted on his charger
And through the streets did ride
With his balls slung over his shoulder
And his cock lashed to his side

CHORUS

Oh, he rode into the courtyard
He rode into the hall
"My god" cried the butler
He's come to fuck us all

CHORUS

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen
He fucked the maid in the hall
But when he fucked the butler
'Twas the dirtiest trick of all

CHORUS

Then he mounted on his charger
And rode into the street
With little drops of seamen
Pitter-patting at his feet

CHORUS

Oh, they say he's gone to Hades
They say he's gone to Hell
They say he fucks the Devil
And I know he fucks him well

CHORUS

OLD GREY BUSTLE OLD GREY BONNET

Put on your old grey bustle and get one and hustle
For tomorrow the rent's coming due
Put your ass in the clover, Let the boys look it over
If you can't get five, take two

Put on those old pink panties that used to be on your aunties
And we'll go for a tussel in the hay
Now there's no use ducking, cause you're going to get a fucking
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment, the Crabs disappointment
And we'll kill those little bastards where they lay
Though it scratches and it itches it will kill those sons of bitches
In the good old fashioned way.

OUR BABY

Our baby died last night
She died of suicide
I think she died to spite us
Of spinal meningitis
She was a nasty baby anyhow
We ate her -- -- YUM YUM

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

CHORUSES

(1) I – YI – YIYI

Your brother beats off in confession
So sing me another that's worse than the other
And waltz me home by my willie

(2) I – YI – YIYI

Your grandmother swims after troop ships
So sing me another that's worse than the other
And waltz me home by my willie

LIMERICS

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass
And a gallon of gas
But his ball hung out and he lost them

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid
All ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee

There was young man from Kildare
Who buggered his girl on the star
The bannister broke
He doubled his stroke
And finished her off in midair

There was a queer from Kartoom
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night
As to who had the right
To do what, to which and with whom

There was a professor quite tall
Who pissed cylindrical balls
The cube root of his weight, plus his penis plus eight
Was one half of two thirds of fuck all

There was a young girl from St Paul
Who wore a paper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, Sport section and All

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

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

There was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
T save himself trouble
He bent in double
And instead of coming he went

There once was a man of class
Whose two balls were made of brass
When they swung together
The played "Stormy Weather"
And lightning shot out of his ass

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the worlds champion farter
On the strength of one beam
He played "God Save the Queen"
And Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck
To be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Barclaridge
And he was his parent's disparage
He sucked off his brother
Went down on his mother
And ate up his sister's miscarriage

There once was man from the zoo
Who buggered a girl from Tagu
He said the Doc
As he handed him his cock
Wil I lose both my testicles too?

The once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls
He sucked out her bowels
And deposited the mess ion her breast

In the garden of Eden say Adam
With a hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth
For he knows on this Earth
There were only two balls and he had 'em

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said "I'll admit,
I'm a bit of shit"
But think of the money he'd save

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a Phallus
They found her vagina
In South Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of is prick
Turned the clay into a brick
And it rubbed his foreskin away

There once was girl named Gail
'Tween her tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind
For the sake of the blind
Was the same information in Braille.

THE CAMEL

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain he rides in the gig
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

CHORUS

Singing traly toraly a
Toraly toraly a
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

The sexual life of a camel
Is greater than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He often makes love to the Sphinx

Chorus

Now the Sphinx's posterior organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile

Chorus

Exhaustive experimentation
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all

Oh why don't the boys at Harvard
Do like the boys at Yale
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog
So it's easy to grab by its tail

Here's to the girls of North Adams
And here's to the streets that they roam
And here's to the dirty faced bastards
God bless 'em they may be our own

Here's to old Fort Massettchusetts
And here's to the old Mohawk Trail
And here's to the Indian maidens who
Gave us our first piece of tail

WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY

I love old wing ops and Flying Safety
They're nothing but hot air
But if you bust one, and hit the barrier
You know damn well they'll be there

I read my Dash one from dawn till sunset
But it didn't go so well
For when the board meets and I go up there
I know they're going to give me hell

I feel so helpless each time I try to fly
For I know they'll watch each move I make
And so its Wing Ops and Flying Safety
Watching every rule I break

SPOT PROMOTION

I've tried so hard my friend, to think
That rank was worth a lot
But now you've gone and got yourself promoted top a spot
Promoted to a spot
Your job is one that could be done
By any a one C
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get that spot for me?

You'll be a full bird soon my friend
Of that I have no doubt
The T/O's being changed right now
They ripped it inside out
Lieutenant General Wing CO
The Staff all gets one star
At least we'll have some rank around
To help us fight the war

Another week or two in grade
We'll put you in again
You needn't wait to learn your job
That's for enlisted men
The only thing I envy is
The talent that you got
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get your open spot

POOR BUT HONEST

Oh, she was poor but honest
The victim of a rich man's whim
When she met that southern gentleman big Jim Folsom
And she had a child by him

Now he sits in the legislature
Making laws for all mankind
While she walks the streets of Dothan, Alabama
Selling chunks of her behind

\It's the rich what gets the glory
It's the poor that gets the blame
It's the same the whole world over – over
Now ain't that a god damned shame

KATHUSELEM

In ancient days there lived a man
Who used to ply a filthy trade
A prostitute of ill repute
The harlot of Jeruselem

CHORUS

Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem
Hi Ho Kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare
Upon her gash there grew no hair
For hair won't grow on a throughfare
The old snatch if Kathuselem

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red
For forty years it had nor bled
It smelled as if it had been dead
Since the founding if Jeruselem

Now Kathuselem was a wily witch
A God damned fucking son of a bitch
And every pecker that had the itch
Had dangled in Kathuselem

Next door there lived a giant tall
His prick of steel could smash a wall
His balls hung down like basketballs
The giant of old Jeruselem

One night returning from a spree
A quite constant jubilee
His balls hung well below his knees
He chances across Kathuselem

And so he challenged her to a fuck
And wishing her the best of luck
He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook

He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook
For forty yards it throbbed and shook
The walls of old Jeruselem

The giant of old was underslung
He missed her cunt and hit her bung
And with his giant pecker stung
The pride of all Jeruselem

Kathuselem knew all of her art
She cocked her ass and blew a fart
She blew his like a bloody dart
Through the walls of old Jeruselem

And there he lay a broken mass
His cock all bent with shit and gas
And Kathuselem got up and wiped her ass
All over the walls of Jeruselem

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 and a big prick of steel
The 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 steel

Until at the last the 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

THE SCOTCH WEEDING

Oh the king was in the counting house
A-counting out his wealth
The queen was in her bedroom
A-playing with herself

CHORUS
Singing I did it last night
I did it now
The man that had you last night
Can no have you now

Oh the bride was in the bedroom
Explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb

CHORUS

Oh the parson's wife Oh she was there
A-seated down in front
A wreath of roses round her neck
And a carrot up her cunt

CHORUS

Oh the parson's daughter Oh she was there
She had them all in fits
Diving from the mantle piece
And landing on her tits

CHORUS

On the village idiot he was there
A-seated by the fire
Amusing himself by abusing himself
With an India rubber tire

CHORUS

There was fucking in the hayloft
Fucking in the Ricks
You could no hear the music
For the sloshing of the pricks

CHORUS

Oh the village blacksmith Oh he was there
His hammer and his awls
Talking to the Duchess
And showing off his balls

CHORUS

Oh the village parson he was there
And very surprised was he
For and twenty
Maidenheads
A-hanging in a tree

CHORUS

There was fucking in the hallways
Fucking on the stairs
You couldn't see the carpet for
Cum and curly hairs

CHORUS

There was fucking in the barley
Fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep
And some were fucking goats

CHORUS

Singing balls to your partner
Your ass against the wall
If you don't get laid on Saturday night
You'll never get laid at all

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT
SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

When this base opened and all things were new
The jocks had a need for somebody for somebody to screw
When up jumped this girl and said “five for Baht”
“I’m chim chim the whore and shit hot for Korat”

CHORUS

It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chim Chum the jocks screwed a lot
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that’s shit hot

Standing or sitting she’s good anyway
That’s what the jocks from Korat always say
They can’t understand why her crotch doesn’t rot
Chum Chim the whore and Shit Hot from Korat

CHORUS

The very young jock that first opened her box
Became her pimp and later got shot
But still couldn’t tie the marital knot
To Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat

CHORUS

She’s good in a hammock but better in bed
That’s what the jock from Kadena have said
Some left their wives believe it or not for
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot From Korat

CHORUS

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC
Then they had the honor to lay in her rack
They never forgot that dirty old twat
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot From Korat

CHORUS

With F-4 E crews she never had trouble
Once she learned to take them on double
Though it was daylight it bothered her not
Chum Chin the whore and shit hot from Korat

CHORUS

When she met the Weasel she sure had the knack
One in the front the other in back
She liked this arrangement as it doubled her Baht
Chum Chin the whore and shit hot from Korat

She's sweeter than candy and nicer than spice
All jocks agree she's especially nice
They all idolize this girl they adore
This hard fucking Cocksucking Lesbian whore.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley siftin' cinders
Raised up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers blow six winders
Cheeks of her ass went bam bam bam

FIGHTER PILOTS

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

CHORUS

Singin' glorious, glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Glory be to God that there are no more of us
"Cause one of us could drink it all alone
More beer
Over here
To the rear
Of the Squadron

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are all on foreign shores Makin' mothers out of whores
But there are no fighter pilots in the states

CHORUS

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay getting shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

CHORUS

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons fancy clothes
But there are no bomber pilots in the fray

CHORUS

Oh the bomber pilots life is but a farce
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
While the auto pilot's on he's reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilots life is but a farce

CHORUS

Oh the bomber pilots never take a dare
Oh the bomber pilots never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged and his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilots never takes a dare

CHORUS

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The plane is full of brass sitting 'round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing

CHORUS

Oh look a fucking sluff pukes in the club
Oh look a fucking sluff pukes in the club
They don't party they don't sing 54th does everything
Oh look a fucking Sluff puke in the club

CHORUS

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
It'll wreck your reputation and increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice

TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS THIS OLD HOUSE

This ole team gonna need revision
This ole team gonna need a crew
This ole team had thrives on gimmicks
Have you seen our pink and blue
This ole team has frosty tailpipes
This ole team has lost its charm
And the captain said the other day
My boys, You've bought the farm

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to learn the diamond
Ain't got time to learn the score
Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst
Or a plane to do the roll
And we're looking for the pio
Who got us in this hole

This ole team can't fly in weather
This ole team can't fly in rain
This ole team is out of pints of blue
We're called old yellow stain
This ole team's getting lonesome
This ole team has gone astray
And we're just five angel puddy cats
Awaiting judgement day

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to be a tiger
Ain't got time to give a roar
Ain't got planes that hold together
Or that G suit underwear
But we've got our pretty flying suits
So we really don't care

“G” SUITS AND PARACHUTES
BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

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

CHORUS

Singing G sits 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 weary head
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhood
And She like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

CHORUS

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 dome
For you may have a daughter, and you 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”

CHORUS

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 sits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do.

MY WILD EYED CADET
MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild eyed cadet, he ain't learned nothing yet
He noses her down, when close to the ground
My wild eyed cadet.
He slips in his banks, if he lives we'll all give thanks
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow
Behind my wild eyed cadet

OUR LEADERS
MANANA

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 at 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 s every day

Today we had a hot one
And the jocks were scared as hell
They ran to meet us with a beer
And said that we were well
But Recce gave the BDA
And said we missed a hair
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell
From wheels at Seventh Air

CHORUS

The send us out in bunches
To bomb a bridge and die
These tactics are for bombers
Our leaders used to fly
The "Big Picture" evades us
And that is why I guess
We have to leave our thinking
To the wheels at JCS

CHORUS

The JCS 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 judgement
To that money saver 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's OK
 He has to get permission
 From flight lead LBJ

TITANIC

Oh they built the ship Titanic
 And when they had it through
 They thought they had a ship
 That the water would never come through.
 But the Good Lord raised his hand
 Said, "That ship would never land."
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS

It was sad, It was sad
 It was sad when that great ship went down
 Husbands and wives, little bitty children lost their lives
 It was sad when that great ship went down

They were off for Eng-a-land
 And were headed for the shore
 And the rich refused to associate with the poor
 So they put them down below
 And they were the first to go
 It was sad when the great ship went down

CHORUS

Oh they put the lifeboats out
 In the raging burbling sea
 And the band struck up "Nearer My God to Thee"
 Oh the captain tried to wire
 But the wire was on fire.
 It was sad when the great ship went down

CHORUS

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB

We're the boys from the 34th you've heard so much about
Mothers lock their daughters in whenever we go out
We're always full of whiskey, we're always full of booze
We're the boys from the 34th, now who the hell are youse???

As we go marching and band begins to play
You can hear the people shoutin'
The raggity ass, the raggity ass 34th is on parade

CHORUS

Who owns this club oo wah wah
Who owns this club oo wah wah
Who owns this club the people cry
We own this club oo wah wah
We own this club oo wah wah

And we'll own it till the day we die

CHORUS

And we'll own it till the day we die

CHORUS

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW MARCH OF THE TOY SOLDIERS

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro
Can you tie them in a knot, can you tie them in a bow
Can throw them over your shoulder like a European soldier
Do your balls hang low

In days of old when knights were bold
The shit right in their britches
They wiped their ass with broken glass
Those tough old sons of bitches

In days of old when knights were bold
And women wore mere trifles
They hung their balls upon the walls
And shot them down with rifles

In days of old when knights were bold
And women weren't particular
They bound them up against the wall
And fucked them perpendicular

In days of old when knights were bold
They all wore leather britches
They beat their dicks with hickory sticks
And yelled like sons of bitches.

SKOSHI PUSSY COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Oh they call them Skoshi Tiger when they come
And they come in Freedom Fighters when they come
If an F-5 flies on Sunday
They must change the engines Monday
But they'll all get airborne someday when they come

Oh they will bring along a camera when they come
And they'll be on Cinerama when if come
And we all have a suspicion
They might use real ammunition
Making color wartime movies with their gun

Oh their planes go supersonic when they go
They're transistor electronic if they go
The F-5's sophisticated
But it's also overrated
For it will not fly in slush or sleet or snow

By themselves the GE engines will not start
The F-5 can't go without a power cart
When it goes, it goes I think
Far as any kitchen sink
Though it may go farther if the crews will fart

Oh their bomb load may consist of only four
But their teenie weenie wing will hold no more
If they had a bigger wing on that silly fucking thing
They could find a better use for that old whore

Oh they lumber down the runway when they roll
And the pilot feeds it just a little coal
If they took off from the grass
They would surely bust their ass
MacNamera's Paper Tigers in a hole

But we're glad to have the F-5 here at war
Though the pilots may be rotten to the core
They may drink and they may swear
But they don't do their share
They'll be here aborting aircraft by the score

Now we call them Skoshi Pussy when they fly
For they can't quite get their ass up in the sky
They may huff and puff their back up
There'll be bloody Skoshi Pussy where they lie

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the bombs will come
Let's 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 through the goo, in a Tiger Phantom Two
Flying through the flak, never looking back
Through the hills we dodge for SAMS are called away
What fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRV today

Jingle Bells, Jungle Bells jingle all the way
Oh what fun it is to bomb the DRV each day
CBU's, Mark 82's 750's too
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Oh little town of ho Chi Minh
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA-2's
You think the guys won't fly
Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs
Too late for fear, the end is near
So fuck off Ho Chi Minh

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN MY BONNY LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My father makes rum in a bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in

CHORUS

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

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God how the money rolls in

CHORUS

My uncle paints real Frenchy postcards
My auntie she posed for him
Her costume cost nary a penny
My God how the money rolls in

CHORUS

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God the condition I'm in

CHORUS

My auntie manufactures French ticklers
My cousin pricks holes with a pin
My uncle performs the abortions
My God how the money rolls in

CHORUS

RING DANG DOO

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

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

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

Now six months 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 maiden 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
The pickled her ass in alcohol
Now all you bums and hobos 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

PISS ON THE (354)

Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Let's piss on the _____, piss on the _____
Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Till they all float away
Till they all float away
Till they all float away

Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Let's piss on the _____, piss on the _____
Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Till they all float away

IT DON'T HURT ANYMORE

It don't hurt anymore
'Cause she's had it before
Her cherry feels no pain
'Cause you're searching in vain
Three of four, maybe more
Have all made her before
So if you hear her squeal
Please don't think that it's for real

The first time who tried
She moaned and she sighed
The pain hurt her so much
But she won't flinch
It's really a cinch
She hardly feels the touch

That's the way it all goes
Something you ought to know
You know she is really a whore
And it don't hurt anymore

THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW

The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw
The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw

And now and then the straw would slip
And I'd sip bourbon through her lips
And now and then the straw would slip
And I'd sip bourbon through her lips
The moral of this story is clear
Don't sip a bourbon, chug a beer

WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY DEAR HEARTS AND GENTLE PEOPLE

I love old wing ops and Flying Safety
They're nothing but hot air
But if you bust one, and hit the barrier
You know damn well they'll be there

I read my Dash one from dawn till sunset
But it didn't go so well
For when the board meets and I go up there
I know they're going to give me hell

I feel so helpless each time I try to fly
For I know they'll watch each move I make
And so its Wing Ops and Flying Safety
Watching every rule I break

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Where ever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing his song
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning the melody
Indicate the way to my abode

LEE'S HOOCHIE
ON TOP OG OLD SMOKEY

Went down to Patpong and met a Miss Lee
She said for a short time, come sleep with me
We went to Lee's Hoochie, a room with wood floors
I left my shoes outside and slid the door shut

She took off her panties and rolled out the pad
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had
Her breath smelled of dog shit, her bosoms were flat
No hair on her pussy, how about that

I asked to go piss, she led me outside
I reached for old Smokey, he crawled back inside
I rushed to the medics cried, "What shall I do?"
The Doc was dumbfounded, Old Smokey was blue

Now when you're in Bangkok, on your next CTO
Don't go down to Patpong, sit flat on your ass
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you
But better a red ass, THAN OLD SMOKEY BLUE

BATTLE HYMN
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

We fly our fucking Phantoms at ten thousand fucking feet
We fly our fucking Phantoms through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying South
We're really flying North
And we make out fucking landfall and the Firth of fucking Forth

Chorus
Glory, Glory Halleluia, Glory, Glory Halleluia, Glory, Glory Halleluia
(Insert last line of the verse)

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

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

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

The maid of the mountain
She pisses like a little fountain
Cause the hairs on her DICKIE DI DOO
Hang down to her knees

One black one, one white one
And one with a little shit on
Cause the hairs on her DICKIE DI DOO
Hang down to her knees

There's a red one, There's a cherry one
There's one with a dingle berry on
Cause the hairs on her DICKIE DI DOO
Hang down to her knees

I've been there, I've seen it
I've been right between it
Cause the hairs on her DICKIE DI DOO
Hang down to her knees

I've smelt it, I've felt it
And it feels just like velvet
Cause the hairs on her DICKIE DI DOO
Hang down to her knees

I've tangled, I've jangled
I've fucking near got strangled
Cause the hairs on her DICKIE DI DOO
Hang down to her knees

DON'T SEND US TO HANOI WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

Please 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 Bai
I don't like that much flack
It takes too damn much 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

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

There was a man, he was no good
He took a girlie in to the wood
He flies Phantoms
Then he took off all her clothes
And her shoes, and her hose
He flies Phantoms
He took her where nobody else would find her
Took a rope and tied her hands behind her
Walked away and began to sing
Began to sing, ting-a-ling
Phantoms I fly

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCING HOME (SUNG AS A DIRGE)

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 (substitute pres. of your choice) gives the word

From one till one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha,
From one till one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha,
From one till one hundred we did count,
But now one half or more don't count,
But you can't return till () 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 the bastards took it away,
But you can't return till () gives the word

We're Phantoms from old Korat Aha, Aha,
We're Phantoms from old Korat Aha, Aha,
We're Phantoms from old Korat,
We drink and fight and Fuck a lot,
But you can't return till () gives the word

Cont.

The Tiger Facs VR the roads Aha, Aha,
The Tiger Facs VR the roads Aha, Aha,
The Tiger Facs VR the roads Aha,
Just guessin' where to dump our loads
But you can't return till () gives the word

The Thud drivers all have tried Aha, Aha
The Thud drivers all have tried Aha, Aha
The Thud drivers all have tried,
But all they get is training rides,
But you can't return till () gives the word

MOTHER HUMPERS BALL

Oh there's going to be a ball at the Mother Humpers Hall,
The witches and the bitches gonna be there all,
Now honey don't be late, Cause they're passing out pussy 'bout half past eight,
I've been humping on the coast of Maine
But the best place I ever saw was when I humped my mother-in-law,
Last Saturday night at the Mother Humpers Ball.

WIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's,
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well,
Sit the Wiffenpoof assembled,
With their glasses on high,
And the magic of their singing,
Of the songs we loved so well,
"Shall I wasting" and "Mavouree" and the rest,
We will serenade our ladies till life and death shall pass
And we'll all be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs, who have lost their way,
BAA, BAA, BAA
We are poor little sheep, who have lost their way,
BAA, BAA, BAA,
Gentleman songsters off on a spree,
Doomed from here to eternity,
God have mercy on such as we,
BAA, BAA, BAA.

WIFFENPOOF SONG (SEA) VERSION)

From a hooch in South East Asia,
To the place where aces dwell,
To the bars in old Korat,
We know so well,
See the fighter jocks assemble,
With their glasses raised on high
In a toast to a comrade who just fell,
We will throw our glasses wildly,
And we throw our bombs as well,
Till the finks at 7th Air Force go to hell,

We're poor fighter jocks who have lost our way,
HELP, HELP, HELP,
We flew to the town of Hanoi today,
HELP, HELP, HELP,
Steely eyed killers up in the blue,
Lead got zapped by an SA-2,
Let's haul ass or he'll get us too,
AB now!!!!

LAST NIGHT FINICULE FINICULA

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

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

Shake it, Break it, Beat it on the floor,
Smash it, Bash it, thrust it through the door,
Some people seem to think that Fucking's grand,
But for all around enjoyment, I prefer my hand.

IT'S TRAGIC

Your smile, your teeth fall out, your hair smells like sauerkraut,
It's tragic,
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair,
It's tragic,
It takes one look to know you have no charms,
You're just a a bag of bones with long surrounding arms,
Your eyes are big and round,
There's one that's blue and one's that brown,
It's tragic,
You part your hair in place,
And it keeps sliding down your face,
It's tragic,
As I tell myself these things that happen are not really true,

Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you.

LITTLE RED LIGHT MY BLUE HEAVEN

A turn to the right, a little red light, will lead you to my red heaven,
You'll see a smiling face, on a pillow case, 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 my red heaven.

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

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

BANG IT INTO LULU

Some girls work in factories,
Some girls work in stores,
Lulu works behind a bar,
With fifty other whores.

CHORUS

Bang it into Lulu,
Bang it good and strong
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's dead and gone

Wish I was a finger,
On Lulu's little hand,
Every time she'd wipe her ass,
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby,
She named it sonny Jim,
She threw it in the pisspot,
To teach him how to swim.

Wish I was a pisspot
Under Lulu's bed,
Every time she stooped to pee,
I'd see her maiden head.

CHORUS

Bang it into Lulu
Bang it good and strong
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's dead and gone

Lulu had a baby,
She had it on a rock,
She couldn't call it Lulu,
"Cause the bastard had a cock.

Last time I saw Lulu,
I haven't seen her since,
She was sucking off a tiger,
Through a barbed wire fence.

COOL

Cool as the hair 'round a Polar Bear's ass,
Cool as the frost on a champagne glass,
Cool as a nipple on a witches tit,
Cool as a bucket of kangaroo shit.

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHOREHOUSE

I want to play piano in a whorehouse,
That is my one desire,
Some may be bankers or ranchers out in butte,
I just want to play piano in a whorehouse,
You may laugh at this, my humble vacation,
But carnal copulation is here to stay,
I don't want fame or riches,
I just want to play piano for those old bitches,
I want to play piano in a whorehouse.

HUMORESQUE

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 pushin'
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you never came to town.

I'm the guy that did the pushin'
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'd never seen this Goddamned town.

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT BATTLE HYMN OF THE RPUBLIC

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky.
With hearts that laughed at death who lived for nothing but to fly,
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
The Force has gone to hell!!!

CHORUS

Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks them, the Force has gone to hell!!!!!!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion set to right the deadly wrong,
But it's only memory, it only lives in song,
The Force has gone to Hell!!!!!!!!!!

CHORUS

Once they flew B-26's through a living hell of flak,
And bloody dying pilots gave their all to bring them back,
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack,
Their technique's gone to hell!!!!!!!!!!

CHORUS

The Lordly flying Fortress and the Liberator 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 has gone to hell!!!!!!!

CHORUS

You have heard the pounding Fifties blaze from wings of polished steel.
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-r charms you with its moaning groaning squeal,
The Force has gone to hell!!!!!!!

CHORUS

Have you ever climbed a Lightning up to where the air is thin,
Have you stuck her long nose downward just to hear the screaming din,
Have you tried to do it lately, better not you'll auger in,
And the you're sure to catch hell!!!!!!!

CHORUS

The Sabre's in Korea drove the Migs out of the sky,
The pilots then were fearless men and not afraid to die,
But now the regs are written, You can kiss your ass goodbye,
The Force has gone to hell!!!!!!!

CHORUS

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song,
About the Wild Blue Yonder in the days when men were strong,
But now we're closely Supervised for fear we may do wrong,
The Force has gone to hell!!!!!!!

CHORUS

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 verboten and we're all so Goddamned tame,
The Force has gone to hell!!!!!!!

My eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old,
When pilots took their choice and I will live to be quite old,
But now for regulations our heart and soul have been sold,
The Force is shot to Hell!!!!!!!

CHORUS

But smile awhile my pilots though your eyes may still be wet,
Someday we'll all be in Heaven where the rules will not be set,
And God will show us how to buzz and really let ---
The Air Force fly like Hell!!!!!!

CHORUS #2:

Glory no more regulations, Rip them up at every station,
Ground the guy that tries to make one, and let us fly like Hell!

PADDY MURPHY

Have you ever been in an Irishman's shanty,
Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty,
A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch,
A string on the door instead of a latch,
Now there's icepicks and tooth picks,
And all kinds of lunatics, Ice cream and cold cream,
The girls were drinking kerosene.

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget,
The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet,
On the night that Paddy Murphy died,
They came from far and near
They took the ice right off the corpse and put it in their beer.

And that's how we showed respect for Paddy Murphy,
That's how we showed our honor and our pride,
That's how we showed respect for Paddy Murphy,
On the night that Paddy Murphy died.

REMEMBER

Remember the night when you were tight, My Darling remember,
When I was in heat and you said you might, My Darling remember,
Remember you found a tender spot, right in the middle of my twat,
You said you'd withdraw before you shot,
But you forgot to remember.

I WANTED WINGS

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 blue suit.

And tho I went to get upgraded and like a fool I made it,
And then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster
I wanted wings
Till I got the Goddamned things
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my bod alive, they taught me to survive,
At a place nestled in the hills,
The fed me porcupine,
And other goodies fine,
Pemican to cure all my ills.
CHORUS

And in three weeks I a made it, they said I graduated,
Well buddy if that's livin'
I think that I'll just give in.
CHORUS

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's Central park,
Not dressed in style I'm afraid.

Oh those little yellow mammas dress us all in black pajamas,
Spectators they just sit there,
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes just sit there
CHORUS

These lines are in jest, Phantom drivers are the best,
At flyin' and chasin' women too,
The goods that 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.

STREET CLEANER SONG CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

Nothing could be meaner than to be a street cleaner
In the morning,
Nothing could be bluer than to pick up Horse Manure
In the morning.

When the Horses unload
That's what I really hate,
Cleaning up Horse Manure from four till eight.
Strolling with my pushcart
When the breezes smell like cheeses,
In the morning.

There's nothing more I fear,
Than a Horse with Diarrhea
In the morning,
Why can't they drop those little balls,
That don't stick to my overalls
In the morning.

If I had alladin's lamp for only a day,
I would make a wish or two and here's what I'd say,
I wish they would put glasses
All around those horse asses
In the morning.

DRINKING RUM AND COCA COLA

Since the 34th came to Sidi Silimane
They've got the French girls going insane
The French girls say they treat them nice
And give them a better price

CHORUS

Drinkin Rum and Coca cola
Down in Port Lyautey
Both Mother and Daughter
Working for the Yankee dollar

In French Morocco it is mighty clear
The Frenchman gets one can of beer
While the 34th leads a life so fine
Just making whoopee all the time

The SAC boys came to Sidi this year
The girls all thought that they were queer
They don't dance, they just drink beer
They're so glad the 34th is here

The bomber jockeys came and left the girls so cold
They acted like a million years old
They don't spend money so they say
Their wives in the States get all their pay

Before we landed on this field
The Officer's Club showed little yield
But now we'll build a club deluxe
With the 34th on the books

NAUGHTY LITTLE DOG

Once I had a naughty little dog
A naughty little dog was he
I loaned him to a lady friend
To keep her company

Now all around the house that night
That naughty little dog did hunt
He'd stick his nose beneath her dress
And try to lick her _____

Shame on you you naughty dog
You make my temper rise
There's only one man in this world
Who breathes between her thighs

Forty dollars I will shoot
And for an Ace I will pass
Damn the man who won the dice
Can stick them up his ass.

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

There's an old hollow tree down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Then you go round the bend and when you come back again
Your jug's full of that good old mountain dew

CHORUS

They call it good old mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll hush up mu mug if you fill up my jug
With that good old mountain dew

My brother Bill has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The birds in the sky get so drunk they can't fly
Just from smellin' that good old mountain dew

Now my uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short
Only measures 'bout four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew

My old Aunt June bought some rand new perfume
And it had such a sweet smellin' phew
But to her surprise when she had it analyzed
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

The flak gets so thick that it makes you sick
When you've been on a counter or two
But you'll never abort if they give you snort
Of that good old mountain dew

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 Blue Yonder.....CRASH!!!!!!!!!!!!

LET OLE MOTHER NATURE HAVE HER WAY

Boy san wipe away them tears
We're going down to the house of mirrors
To let ole mother nature have her way
Goin' to look into them mirrors of glass
And watch myself get a piece of ass
Letting old mother nature have her way

CHORUS

Closer, come a skoshi closer
Oh there ain't no use to dick around this way
Put your belly close to mine
We're gonna do pom pom four or five times
To let old mother nature have her way

Moshi moshi boy san make a skoshi trip
Down to the officers club at the strip
To let old mother nature have her way
We're going down to that glorified pub
Known as the allied officer's club
To let old mother nature have her way

Shrimp cocktails and a great big steak
Will finally put us on the make
To let old mother nature have her way
But before we go down to that palace of sin
We better load up with a few thousand yen
To let old mother nature have her way

Hooray, now we're here at last
Mama san parade them jo sans past
There that 'un is cute as a pup with specks
Them chi chi's didn't come from no p.x.
Just let old mother nature have her way

Mama san I'll take that one over there
With the great big chi chi's and the sukoshire hair
To let old mother nature have her way
Oh, it surely seems an awful sin
To pay this jo san a thousand yen
To let old mother nature have her way

Jo san taihen kawaii ha
Pom pom o mae ni snki des' ha
To let ole mother nature have her way
Hai, hai, so desu, suki desho
Keredomo shakuhachi suki nai yo
To let old mother nature have her way

Oh, you wake up in the morning feeling like shit
And nine days later it starts to drip
To let old mother nature have her way
Down to the Beetlebaum's office again
To get your ass full of aureomycin
To let ole mother nature have her way

Then one fine morning you jump out of the sack
To find the little son of a bitch has turned coal black
To let ole mother nature have her way
The doc says stand on your toes and cough
Imagine his surprise when your balls fall off
To let ole mother nature have her way

Don't worry doc beetlebaum tells you the score
They'll never be missed on your next 60-4
To let ole mother nature have her way
But you'll sound a little funny transmitting for a fix
(HIGH VOICE) Hello df homer one, two, three, four, five, six
To let ole mother nature have her way

DRINKING SONG

What's the use of drinking tea
Indulging in sobriety
Teatotalled perversity
It's healthier to booze

What's the use of milk and water
These are drinks that never alter
Be aloud in any quarter
Come on lose your blues

Mix yourself a shandy
Brown yourself in brandy
Sherry sweet or whisky neat
Or any other liquor that is handy

What's the blinking sense of drinking
Anything that doesn't make you stinking
There is nothing quite like sinking
Blotto to the floor

Abberations metabolic
Ceilings that are hyperbolic
These are for alcoholics
Lying on the floor

Vodka for your auntie
Gin to make you hearty
Lemonade was only made
For drinking when your mother's at the party

Steer clear of homemade beer
Or anything that isn't labeled clear
There is nothing else to fear
Bottoms up, my boys

UP THE DUFF

My girlfriend's up the duff in Canberra City
She's only got another month to go
I took her out to Luna Park, and went aboard the dipper
Then coming down the stairs I tried my very best to trip her
It looks as if it's going to be a very stubborn nipper
For she's only got another month to grow
She's gone about as far as she can go

She told me many months ago that it was getting late
According to the calendar I've only got one to wait
Four weeks and a day or two should be the opening date

I took her to the doctor, I took her to a quack
I took her on a motor bike over bumpy tracks
But I expect a rebate on my next year's income tax

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK

My grandfather's cock was too long for his slacks
So it drug ninety years on the floor
It was longer by half than the old man himself
Though it weighted not a pennyweight more
It was found on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his pleasure and pride
But it frooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died

Ninety years without limbering
What a cock, what a cock!
His pieces of ass numbering
What a cock, what a cock!
But it frooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died

MY FAMILY

Have you met my uncle hector
He's the cock and ball inspector
At a celebrated English Public School
And my brother sells French letters
And a patent sure for wetters
We're not the best of families, ain't it cruel?
My little sister Lily, is a whore on piccadilly
My mother is another on the strand
So father hawks his arse hole
Round the elephant and the castle
We're the finest fucking family in the land
There's a gentleman's convenience
A short way down the strand
And the ladies in a little further on
For a penny on deposit, you can sit upon the slot
But a season's ticket costs you half a crown

ROLL ME OVER

Now this is number one, and the song has just begun

CHORUS

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again
Roll me over in the clover
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew (CHORUS FOLLOWS)
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh
Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix
Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven
Now this is number eight, and the Doctor's at the gate
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again

CHORUS

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again
Roll me over in the clover
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again

OH JOHNNY

Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, look what you've got
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, I'll tell my mum
You've put me in the family way
Whatever will my daddy say
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, I'm six months gone
Three more months to go
If you value your life you will make me your wife
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh!

THE DAMN DUMMY

You can take the leg from some old table
You can take the arm from some old chair
You can take the neck from some old bottle
And from a horse you can take some hair

Now you put them all together
With the air of string and glue
And I'll get more lovin from that Goddamned dummy
Than I ever get from you

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE SOME SEX

We get beer in nine ounce glasses
We get cigarettes in tins
We get drunk each Friday evening
We get headaches for our sins
We get CB from the OC
When he gets back all our checks
What we don't get
We don't get sex

Pilots need some recreation
When hard flying has been done
And what better recreation
Than a spot of harmless fun
We forsake our bullshit castle
For a spot that's marked XX
What do we want
We all want sex

CHORUS

There is nothing like some sex
Nothing in the world
Though it's perfectly complex
There is nothing like some sex

Some girls like to cling and say, oh brother
Unfortunately, most girls scream for mother

Now we've studied Dr. Kinsey
And we've read his latest book
And we think that his conclusions
Are a little bit mistook
For he seems to think that passion
Is a secondary reflex
Why don't they teach the poor man sex

Just when the learned Doctor
Appears to have left some important
But unmentionable things unsaid
Once again it rears its ugly head

MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY My Home in Indiana

When the SAMS start rising from old Haiphong Harbor
And 85's start puffing round Kep Hay
You will know your target's just beyond 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 as you start to roll in
You wonder if the MIGS will come to play

You've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running
Jinking hard you're on your way
As you reach the jagged limestone ridges
You wonder if the MIGS will come to play

You've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly
The fuel is low but not too bad you say
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy
If only the MIGS don't come to play

You're climbing now and starting to rest 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 finally come to play

Your burner's in, you're diving down, you're running
But his overtake is far too much today
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin
You wish the MIGS just hadn't come to play

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on 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 hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind

Chorus:

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

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're in an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you will never mind

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, but you will never mind

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine quit
You see your prop come to a stop, the Goddamned engine quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

I fly up to the Red, in my F-4
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX
I've only got two engines Jack, and if those bastards quit
It will be up there all by myself, cause I will shit and get

Oh, someday you'll meet a MIG-21, he'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, but you will never mind

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn
About those paper shuffling types with heads just like a ham
We want a hundred planes or so all ready on the line
And they can pad those swivel chairs and we will never mind

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're in the admin mire
The ones and four have room for more, or so they always find
With noses in place, we don't mean on the face, you will never mind

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Three jolly pilots, sat in an English tavern
Three jolly pilots, sat in an English tavern
And they decided that, and they decided that
And they decided that: They'd have another flagon.

Oh, landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth runneth over
Landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth runneth over
For tonight we'll merry be
For tonight we'll merry be
For tonight we'll merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober.....PITY!!!!!!!

Here's to the jock that drinks light ale
and goes to bed quite sober
Here's to the jock that drinks light ale
and goes to bed quite sober
He fades as the lily fades
He fades as the lily fades
He fades as the lily fades
He'll die before October

Here's to the jock who drinks stout ale
and goes to bed quite mellow
Here's to the jock who drinks stout ale
and goes to bed quite mellow
He lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
He'll die a jolly good fellow

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and runs to tell her mother
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and runs to tell her mother
She's a foolish, foolish thing
She's a foolish, foolish thing
She's a foolish, foolish thing
For she'll not get another.....PITY!!!!!!

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and stays to steal another
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and stays to steal another
She's a boon to all mankind
She's a boon to all mankind
She's a boon to all mankind
For she'll soon be a mother

Oh, landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth runneth over
Landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth runneth over
For tonight we'll merry be
For tonight we'll merry be
For tonight we'll merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober.....PITY!!!!!!!

BALL OF YARN

Tw'as a sunny day in June all the flowers were in bloom
The birds were singing gaily on the farm
When I spied a maiden fair and I said unto her there
Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

She said Sir can't you see you're a stranger to me
But follow me out behind the barn
There's a shady little nook beside the babbling brook
Where you can wind up my little ball of yarn

Now young man take my advice, never stay out late at night
And you'll never lose your cherry or your charm
Be like the Bluebird and the robin, keep your little P from bobbin'
And you'll never wind up that little ball of yarn

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Oh, if all little girls are like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion

Chorus: Oh, roll your leg over, Oh, roll your leg over
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox I'd surely fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I'd chase them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers
And I were a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens
And I were a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little old turtles
And I were a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G-string oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

WOODPECKERS SONG

Oh I stuck my finger in a woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take it out take it out, take it out, remove it

So I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
The woodpecker said God bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, replace it

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Turn it around, turn it around, revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
In and out, in and out, reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Pull it out, pull it out, retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take a smell, take a smell, revolting

THE CANDLE SONG

All the nice girls love a candle
Cause a candle has a wick
And there's something about a candle
That reminds them of a prick
Nice and greasy, slips in easy
It's the maidens pride and joy
You can hear them sing and shout
As they pop it in and out
Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

TIE MY ROOT AROUND A TREE
Chisolm Trail

Reached in my pocked, 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 nickel
She said for that you don't even get a tickle

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter
She said young man I'm a preachers daughter

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

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits
All she did was jiggle 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 how her pussy did stink

Fucked her sittin', 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

THE LITTLE BIRD

Ther once was a little bird, no bigger than a turd
A sittin' on a telegraph pole
He stuck out his neck and shit out a peck
As he puckered up his little asshole
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little asshole

FALSIES IN BRASSIERES

Coffee in Brazil

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater
Though she may not be as big as she appears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

Her pulmonary muscles may resemble Jane Russell's
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

So round----so firm----and so fully packed
You'll find it's really just an act
Give a girl a Bali bra and she will grow, grow, grow

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy
And a hundred thousand women volunteers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

So fellas 'fore you wed her, please investigate her sweater
You'll find your honeymoon will end in tears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

HORSE SHIT

There was a pilot of great renown
There was a pilot of great renown
There was a pilot of great renown
Until he fucked a girl from our town—
Fucked a girl from our town
Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho, Horse Shit

He laid her in a feather bed
He laid her in a feather bed
He laid her in a feather bed
And the he twisted out her maidenhead
Twisted out her maidenhead
Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho, Horse Shit

He laid her on a winding stair
He laid her on a winding stair
He laid her on a winding stair
And—then—he shoved it in clear up to there—
Shoved it in clear up to there—
Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho, Horse Shit

He laid her down beside a stump
He laid her down beside a stump
He laid her down beside a stump
And—then—he missed her cunt and split the stump
Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho, Horseshit

He laid her down beside a pond
He laid her down beside a pond
He laid her down beside a pond
And—then—he fucked her with his magic wand
Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho, Horseshit

He laid her on the dewey grass
He laid her on the dewey grass
He laid her on the dewey grass
And—then—he shoved the old boy up her ass
Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho, Horseshit

He took her to the countryside
He took her to the countryside
He took her to the countryside
And—then—he fucked her till she died
Ha ha ha, Ho ho ho, Horseshit

He took her to the burial ground
He took her to the burial ground
He took her to the burial ground
And—then—he thought he'd have another round
Ha ha ha Ho ho ho ---- Horseshit Horseshit

SAMMY SEA SMALL

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
Oh we fly the Goddamn plane
Through the flak and through the rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again
So Fuck 'em all

Oh they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think, Just to dive and Fuck and jink
LBJ's a Goddamn fink
So Fuck 'em all

Oh, we bombed Mugia Pass, Fuck 'em all,
Oh, we bombed Mugia Pass, Fuck 'em all,
Oh, we bombed Mugia Pass, though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So Fuck 'em all

Oh, we're on a JCS, Fuck 'em all,
Oh, we're on a JCS, Fuck 'em all,
Oh, they sent the whole damned wing, only half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing
So Fuck 'em all

Oh, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
Oh, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
Oh we straffed God Damn Hanoi, Killed every Fucking Girl and Boy
What a God Damned Fucking joy!
Fuck 'em all

Oh, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all,
Oh, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all,
Oh my bird it did get shot, I'll probably bitch a lot,
But I think that it's shit hot,
Fuck 'em all

While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck 'em all,
While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck 'em all,
While I'm swinging in my chute, Comes this silly fucking toot,
And hangs a medal on my root
So Fuck 'em all

STAY WITH GOD DASHING THROUGH THE SNOW

The game was played on Sunday in Heaven's own backyard,
With Jesus playing quarterback and Moses playing guard,
The angels in the bleachers, My God how they did yell,
When Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from hell

CHORUS (OH, I THEM GOLDEN SLIPPER)
Stay with God, Oh Lordy, Stay with God, Oh Lordy

Jesus on the one yard line, Moses blocking very fine,
Stay with God, Oh Lordy, Stay with God, Oh Lordy,
Rock 'em, sock 'em, Jesus knock 'em Stay with God

SIXTEEN TMES
SIXTEEN TONS

Some people say a man is made out of fear,
But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer,
Whiskey and beer and Rum and Gin
If you fly the vector, you're sure to spin in,

CHORUS

You fly sixteen times and what do you get,
Another day older and your weapon is bent,
Col. _____ don't you call me 'cause I'm weak and lame,
Lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine,
Got my shit and went down to the line,
Down to the line to fly the "E",
But it was raining so hard that I couldn't see.

CHORUS

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye,
I'd had my fill of Overholdt Rye,
Shot sixteen holes in my F4E,
They're going to hang my ass from a coconut tree.

CHORUS

When you see me coming, better break to the right,
'Cause the 34th Fighters had a party last night,
My eyeballs are red and I'm as mean as a bear
Believe me bandits, better clear the air

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassiere,
An old used condom and a glass of beer,
A twat that twitches like a mooses ear,
These are the things I love.

A dirty whore strolling down the street
A bloody kotex in the rumble seat
I love my poontang but I beat my meat
These are the things I love.

FRIGGING THE RIGGING

Twass the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us
The figure head was a whore in bed and the mast a rampart penis

CHORUS

Frigging in the rigging, Frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging, there's fuck all else to do!

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit from one place to another.

CHORUS

The first mate's name was Norgan, my God he was a gorgan,
Ten times a day he used to play with his sexual organ,

CHORUS

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so very randy,
He boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy.

CHORUS

The midshipman's name was nipper, he was a dirty ripper,
He filled his ass with broken glass and circumsized the skipper.

CHORUS

The Captain's wife was Mabel, whenever she was able,
She's fornicate with the second mate upon the galley table.

CHORUS

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water,
Delighted squeals revealed the eels had found her sexual quarter,.

CHORUS

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces,
They took the frigging in the rigging for want of better places.

CHORUS

So drunk with exultation we reached our China station
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masturbation.

DO YOU KNOW MY SISTER TILLY

Do you know my sister Tilly, She's a wore in Picadilly
And my mother is the same upon the strand,
And my father sells his asshole ant the Elephant and Castle,
We're the finest whoring family in the land.

Do you wake up in the morning with your hands upon your knees,
And the shadow of your penis on the wall.
And the hair a growin' thick 'tween your asshole and your prick,
And the rats a playing' snooker with your balls??

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction,
Full of brandy and wine,
The topic of conversation was
"Your cunt's no bigger than mine."

CHORUS

The first old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the air
The birds fly in the birds fly out
And never touch a hair

The second old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the moon
A man went in in January
And didn't come out till June

The third old whore got up and said
Man you're all talking galls
Cause when I have my periods
I beats Niagra Falls

OH MY GOD

Oh my God we've all done wrong
We've all been drunk for so Goddamned long
And we don't give a shit if it rains, hails or freezes
Let the old man say what he God Damn pleases
We're just a bunch of shisters, a bunch of booze heisters
FIGHTER PILOTS ALL.

VIOLATE US

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way you know
To the best things in life
I am utterly oblivious
Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way you know
Ravage me, savage me
Utterly damage me
On me no mercy bestow
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way you know

WHY DO THE DRUMS GO BOOM

I had a little girl down in Baltimore
But the funk from her drawers knocked me flat on the floor

CHORUS

She's a rotten motherfucker and I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
Why do the drums go boom?

Well I took her to church just to meet all the people
But the funk from her drawers knocked the cross off the steeple

CHORUS

Well I took her to the store just to buy some peas
But the funk from her drawers knocked clerk to his knees

CHORUS

Well I took her to the farm just to get a job
But the funk from her drawers knocked the corn from the cob

CHORUS

Well I took her to the movie but the crowd got mean
When the funk from her drawers knocked the flick off the screen

CHORUS

Well I took her to the beach and she was a dish
But the funk from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish

CHORUS

Well I took her to the club for a bite to eat
But the funk from her drawers smelled as bad as the meat

CHORUS

Well I took her to Korat just to meet the Thais
But the funk from her drawers brought tears to their eyes

CHORUS

Well I took her down to VEEEna's but they started bitchin'
When the funk from her drawers killed all the flies in the kitchen

CHORUS

Well I took her to my hooch 'cause I thought I'd score
But the funk from her drawers burner the paint off the door

CHORUS

Well I took her to the park just to roll in the grass
But the funk from her drawers singed the hair on my ass

CHORUS

Well I took her to my room and started to hunch
But the funk from her drawers made me blow my lunch

CHORUS

Well I slipped it up her tubes and I tried to coat 'em
But the funk from her drawers peeled the skin off my scrotum

CHORUS

Well I took my little girl to the Police station
'Cause the funk from her drawers was a threat to the nation

CHORUS