



THE HOOTER SONGBOOK

Of Favorite Fighter Ballads, Love Songs, Bar Room Hymns
and Other Indispensable Memorabilia.

WARNING:

These songs are sung by those who fly and fight.
They belong to the warriors that strap metal, flame and guns
to their butts to fight for the things only free men can know.
So if you don't care for them, you do have the right to ...
FUCK OFF. But, remember, even the simplest of our rights
exist only because greater men than the candy--assed likes of
paper pushing, pencil--necked geeks have fought for them with
sweat, blood and great personal sacrifice.

"ANYTHING ELSE IS RUBBISH"

As we stand near the ringing ra
The walls around us are bare
As we echo our peals of laughter
It seems as though the dead are still there
Let not tears fill your eye
Here's to the dead already
And Hurrah for the next man to die

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U.S. FIGHTING MAN'S CODE OF CONDUCT

Dedicated to All Our American POW's

I am an American fighting man.

I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way of life.

I am prepared to give my life in its defense.

I will never surrender of my own free will.

If in command, I will never surrender my men while they still have the means to resist.

If I am captured, I will continue to resist by all means available. I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape.

I will accept neither parole or special favors from the enemy.

If I become a POW, I will give no information nor take part in any action which might be harmful to my comrades.

If I am senior, I will take command. If not, I will obey the lawful orders of those appointed over me.

When questioned, should I become a POW, I am required to give name, rank, serial number and date of birth.

I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of my ability.

I will make no oral or written statements disloyal to my country and its allies or harmful to their cause.

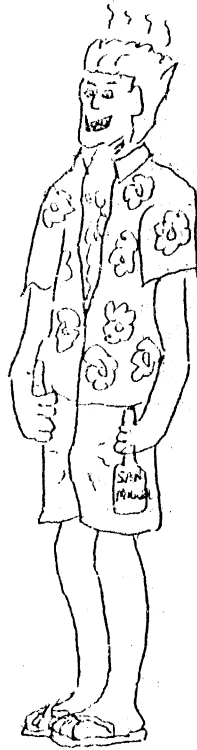
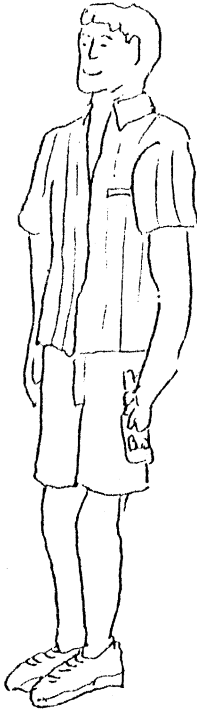
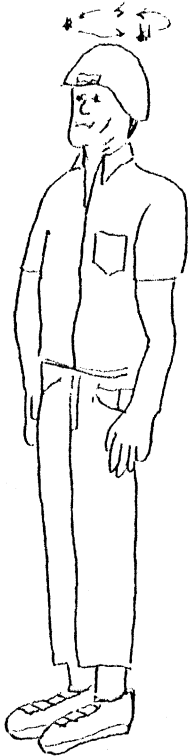
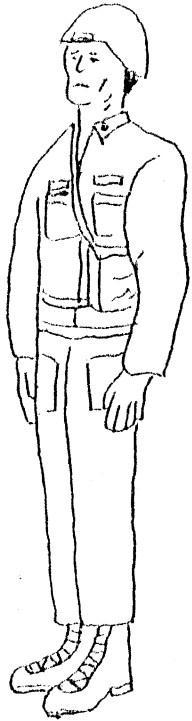
I will never forget that I am an American fighting man, responsible for my actions, and dedicated to the principles which made my country free.

I will trust in my God and the United States of America.

HOOTER SOCIAL ROE

1. Weather will not be a factor.
2. Fighters will attack rear quadrants whenever possible.
3. Visual set-ups may be orchestrated without regard to tally-ho.
4. Front quarter face shots are not allowed outside 12" to insure minimum dispersion.
5. Begin pure pursuit above Muscle attacks "inside" to prevent premature firing (ie. air bursts).
6. Attackers converging on virgins will not maneuver to lose sight.
7. ~~Min. Safe Separation~~ is the responsibility of the attacker and defender, and will be minimized. (In the PI, the one condom rule is in effect.)
8. Negative waves are prohibited.
9. Approaching HEAD-ON: Hold your course, Ho High - Go High!
10. Fun Rule: An attacker losing sight must maneuver immediately so as to pure pursuit the defender's strongest heat source. (Usually a player when the lights go out.)
11. Terminate attacks/engagements when:
 - a. SA is lost.
 - b. Dangerous situation is developing (faulty condoms, irate mamasans, early briefs).
 - c. Min or Max ranges are approached (establish your own personal parameters).
 - d. Communication failure (check for drunkenness).
 - e. Bingo is reached (semen, condoms, Won/Pesos, Dirt/San Miguel).
 - f. Unbriefed or undiagnosed strains that enter the area are a factor.
 - g. Desired ejaculation is achieved or becomes unobtainable.
12. Single Ship Ops are not authorized. Formation integrity is paramount, always strive to maintain a line on her breast.

HOOTER OPS CODES



MOPP LEVEL 0

MOPP LEVEL 1

MOPP LEVEL 2

MOPP LEVEL 3

MOPP LEVEL 4

Pre-GU &
Green Bean

Post-
Green Bean &
Name Ceremony

Repeated
Ville Run
Training

Fire Empire,
Cope Thunder
& PI Training

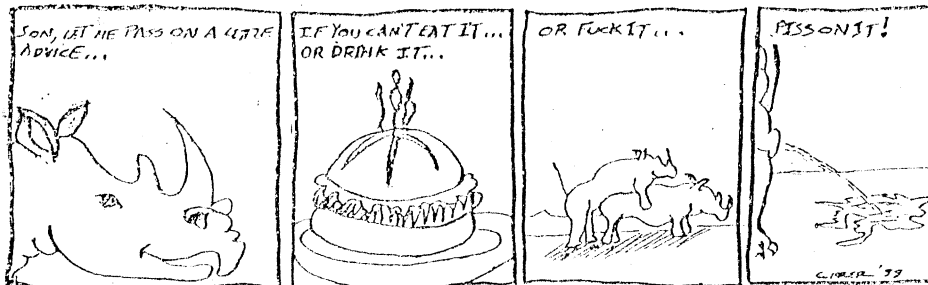
No HO, Ready
for Round-eye
Brown Bean

1. GREEN Unrestricted Ops. Cleared Hot! (Night of Badness part __.)
2. YELLOW Restricted Ops. Apply during duty hours.
Hooter standard partying at the hooch and downtown.
3. RED Under repercussions from Code Green Ops.
Haircuts mandatory. Patch batteries will be fully charged.
4. BLUE Like Red, only its just testing the water.

The average Fighter Pilot/Gator is one part lover and two parts tiger, with a dash of Sangfroid, a dollop of Joise de Vivre and a hunk of Weltschmerz thrown in for good measure. He lives with a perpetually irritated bump on the bridge of his nose where his oxygen mask rubs, is slightly deaf from listening to loud engines and radios all his life, has low blood pressure and an even lower pulse rate, is uncomfortable on the ground in anything but a tight fitting phone booth or sports car, has trigger reflexes, eyeballs on the back of his hard hat, broad peripheral vision, a rock like bottom, and extremely articulate hands (with which he demonstrates innumerable combat maneuvers each day -- between cigars). He also has the habit of looking at his fingernails often to see if they are turning blue (the basis of high-altitude oxygen management).

He belives passionately that the only degree worth having is a Ph.D. in flyology, and is just as firmly convinced that the world is three drinks behind and that there would be no more wars if people would only catch up. Many think that he is to be replaced by some sort of flying UNIVAC, but to this he replies: "Where else can you find another non-linear servomechanism weighing only 160 pounds and having such unusual adaptability that can be produced so cheaply by unskilled labor?"

When he eventually spins in and 'Buys the Farm', he wants to do it with his boots on (Wellingtons, modified with zippers and a Buck survival knife strapped on the side) and live forevermore in a land populated by blonds . . . "Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, and there's poker every night."



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FARSE
497th Tactical Fighter Wing (PACAF)
APO San Francisco 96213

RTAO: 497 TFS/Squadron Apology Officer (SAO)

SUBJ: Blanket Apology Letter

TO: _____
_____ IN TURN

1. The members of the 497th Tactical Fighter Squadron apologize for the following reasons:

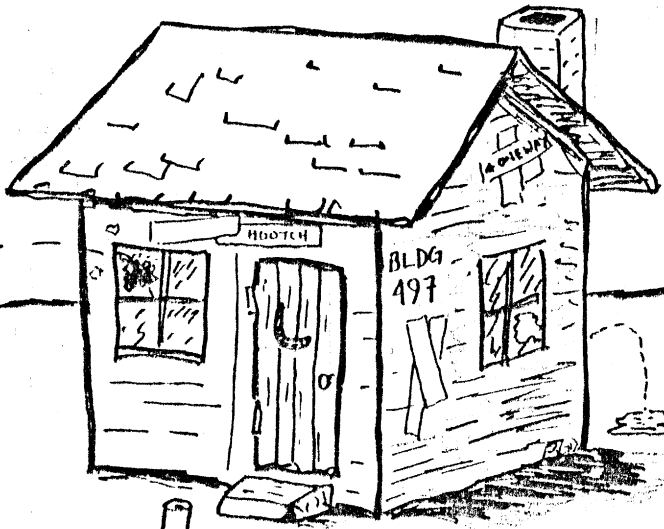
- () Missing CWD Refresher Training.
- () Missing CBPO Records Review.
- () Missed Dental/Medical/Shots Appointment.
- () Missed Social Disease Clinic Appointment.
- () For providing Social Actions with reason to have a job.
- () Not giving up the softball field to shoeclerks.
- () Not wearing flight cap while walking from car to mailroom.
- () Scuffing up the new shiny paint job on the jets
- () For burning Top Ramen in building 901.
- () For putting a hole in the roof of the _____ club.
- () For pissing off the Mamasan at the _____ club.
- () For throwing 10 Won pieces at busses and taxis.
- () For driving my car into the side of the Hooch.
- () For waking up certain Colonels with loud stereo music.
- () For pissing off the Security Police for _____ again.
- () For giving Colonel _____ shit, just cause he's a dick.
- () For derailing kiddie trains in Pusan.
- () For starting a fight at the _____, just for fun.
- () For zapping the Wing Commanders _____.
- () For breaking Dirt glasses after drinking our toast.
- () For being loud and obnoxious at the Base Theater.
- () For singing our songs and stealing your women.

2. Please accept this letter not as an admission of guilt, but rather as another fucking piece of paper for your filing empire.

Signed,

HOOTER, 497th TFS

HOOTCH FAVORITES



AMERICAN PIE

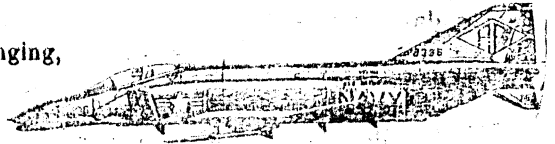
(To the tune of: American Pie by Don McLean)

A long long time ago,
I can still remember how that music used to make me smile.
I knew if I had a chance,
I could make those people dance and they'd be happy for a while.
But February made me shiver, with every paper I'd deliver.
Bad news on the doorstep. I couldn't take one more step.
I can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride.
Something touched me deep inside, the day the music died.

CHORUS: So bye bye Miss American Pie
Drove my Phantom to the FEBA but the FEBA was dry.
And good ol' Hooters were drinking Soju and Dirt, singing,
"This will be the day that I die." (BULL SHIT!)
"This will be the day that I die!" (FUCKIN'- AI)

Did ya write the mode II on your glove
And do you have faith in God above, if Command Post tells you so?
Do you believe in rock and roll,
Can music save your mortaled soul,
And can you teach me how to drink real slow? (HELL NO!)
Well I know that you're in love with him,
Cause I saw you fighting in the gym.
You both kicked off your shoes,
and I dig those rythmic blues
I was a lonely carnage broncin' buck
With a pink carnation and an ol' SOF truck
But I knew I was out of luck
The day the music died, I started singing,

CHORUS:



Now for ten years, we've been on our own,
Hooters at our own home drone.
But, that's not how it used to be.
When the CC sang for Colonel and Queen,
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean,
In a voice that came from you and me.
Oh, and while Colonel was looking down,
The CC stole his thorny crown,
The courtroom was adjourned, Nobody quite returned.
And while Lenin read a book on Marx,
The Base Rep practiced in the park
And we sang dirges in the dark,
The Day the music died. We were singing,

(Cont'd)

CHORUS:

Helter skelter, endless summer swelter,
The birds flew off with the Papa shelter,
Eight miles high and falling fast....
As it landed foul on the grass
the Hooters tried for a forward pass
put the jester's on the sidelines in a cast.
Now the halftime air was sweet perfume
While the sergeants played a marching tune
We all got up to dance, Oh, but we never quite got the chance.
Cause Base CE tried to take the field,
But the marching band refused to yield.
Do you recall what was revealed
The day the music died. We started singing,

CHORUS:

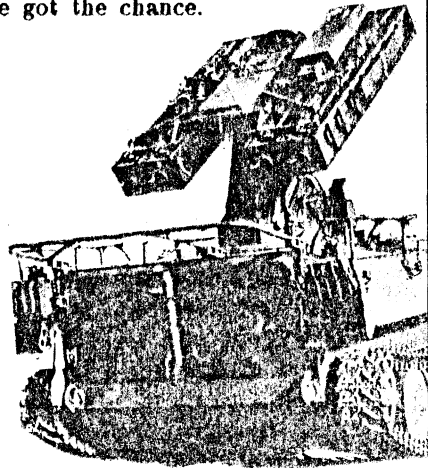
Oh, in there we were all in one base,
A squadron shut down in place,
With no time left to start again.
So come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack flash sat on a candle stick,
Cause, fire is the devils only friend.
And as I watched him on the stage,
My hands were clenched in fists of rage,
No angel born in hell, Could break that satan's spell.
As the flames climbed high into the night
To light the sacrificial rite, I saw satan laughing with delight,
The day the music died. He was singing,

CHORUS:

I met a girl who sang the blues,
And I asked her for some happy news,
She just smiled and turned away. (YOU BITCH!!)
I went down to the sacred store,
Where I'd heard the music years before
But the man there said the music wouldn't play.
In the streets the children screamed,
The lovers cried and the poets dreamed.
Not a word was spoken, The church bells all were broken.
And the three men I admire most,
The father, son and the holy ghost,
They caught the last train for the coast,
The day the music died. And they we're singing,

CHORUS: (Repeat twice)

HOOTERS !!!



AUSSIE LOVE BALLAD

Blown too much of me time buyin' dinner and wine
And me money on flowers and lollies
Only to find what's on my mind isn't on hers and she's sorry
So I've made up some lines to save wasted time
And keep me from blowin' me brass
Uh I'm ever so cool
I just plop on the stool right next to her and I ask

CHORUS: 1. Do you fuck on first dates?
2. Does your dad own a brewery?
3. Could I feel your tits?
4. Or would you show 'em to me?

Gaz, you got a nice skull
And you look pretty honest
So my face'll be leaving in a quarter of an hour
I'd like you to be on it

You know how it feels when you first meet a sheila
And the bullshit ya gotta go through
Like callin' her up and tellin' her ya love her
When all that you'd love is just ta screw
But she wants ta hold hands and you ta meet her old man
And sit around for hours and talk
But me new method is you just cut through the shit
And get down to the goodie straight off

CHORUS: 1-4 plus
Do you sleep in the nick?
Do you give skull very often?
If we can decide your place or mine --- We can fuck often

So the next time ya see a good look'n sheila
And you'd give a week's pay ta hold her
Don't sit actin' dumb
Just run her full on
And drop a few lines that I taught ya
This new method of mine might not work every time
But then again no method will
I've been spat at and slapped and kneed in the nackers
But then I got a fox as well

CHORUS: 1-4 plus
If the answer is no
To me questions above
Then be a good sport and give me the name of a girlfriend who does



AS I SAW HER KNEELING THERE

(To the tune: As I Saw Her Standing There)

Well she was just fourteen or thirteen
And you know what I mean
And the way she looked
Was way beyond her age

Well I'll never be sucked by another
(Wooo) as I saw her kneeling there

Well, she looked at me
And I, I could see
That before too long
I'd have her on her knees

Well I'll never be sucked by another
(Wooo) since I saw her kneeling there

Well my balls went boom
When she crossed that room
And she pressed her lips to my Yee-ee

Well she sucked me all night
And she held my balls so tight
And before too long I came into her hair

Well, I'll never be sucked by another
As I saw her kneeling there
Oh, as I felt her kneeding hands
Well, as I saw her kneeling there

Words by: T. K. Woods

BLOW JOB
(To the tune of: Blue Moon)

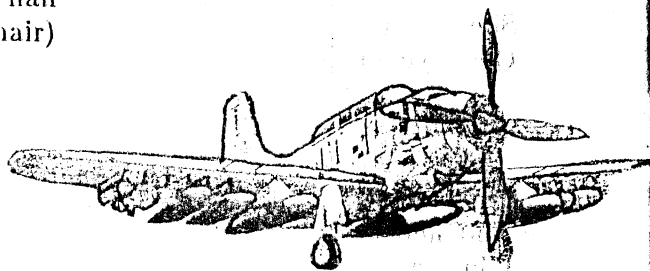
CHORUS:

Bop di Bop Bop a
Dang de Dang Dang
Ding a Dong Ding
Blow Job

You leave me gasping for air
(gasping for air)
I'd like to cum in mid air
(cum in mid air)
And rub it into your hair
(rub it into your hair)

CHORUS:

Bop di Bop Bop a
Dang de Dang Dang
Ding a Dong Ding
Cunnilingus.....



I'd like to give you repast
(give you repast)
You'd suck a fart from my ass
(fart from my ass)
- You've got so God damned much class
(Got so much class)

When you put your lips to my sweet penis,
I'd like to get something stiff between us,
You make me dream of passionate Venus,
And the way you grease up your anus....

CHORUS:

Bop di Bop Bop a
Dang de Dang Dang
Ding a Dong Ding
Bloow Job

Words by: Rocky Farry

BYE BYE YOBO

(To the Tune: Bye Bye Love)

CHORUS: Bye, Bye Love
Bye, Bye kimchi breath
Hello harry palms
I think I'm gonna puke, I think I'm gonna puke

There goes my yobo, with someone new
She sure looks happy, my balls are blue
She was my yobo, till he stepped in
Goodbye to blow jobs that might have been

CHORUS:

I'm free from yobos, I'm through with you
And here's my reason, Crown and Soju
I just will sit here pounding my pud
I try to jerk off, but it's a dud

CHORUS:



CREAM CREAM CREAM

(To the tune of : Dream Dream Dream)

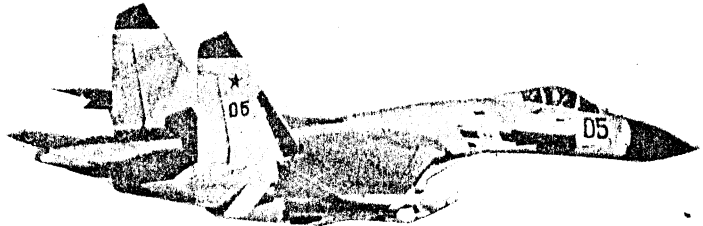
Creeeem, Cream, Cream, Cream. Creeeem, Cream, Cream, Cream

When I want you, in the night
When I want you, to hold me tight
Whenever I have you all I want to do
Is Creeeem, Cream, Cream, Cream. Creeeem, Cream, Cream, Cream

When I want you in the night
My balls are blue
Cause you're so tight
When ever I have you, all I want to do
Is Creeeem, Cream

I can make you mine
In a sixty-nine
Anytime, night or day
The only trouble is, Gee Wiz
I'm throwing my paycheck away

I need you so, or I could die
I want you so, and that is why
Whenever I have you all I want to do
Is Creeeem, Cream, Cream, Cream. Creeeem, Cream, Cream, Cream



FIGHTING HOOTERS

(To the tune of: Mr. Bojangles)

I know a band of Hooters and they'll fight for you
In worn out jets.
Sparrows, and Heaters, we'll kill for you
Just place your bets.
We fly so high, fly so high,
Then we gently touch down.

_____ wake up, we're all signed out, how 'bout some jets?
"Standby Sir."
We got our jets, and pooppy suits, where's adashi?
Now Gunner's pissed.
The driver's here, driver's here
Let's step to our jets.

CHORUS: Fighting Hooters
Fighting Hooters
Fighting Hooters, Fly.....

Standby for time hack check, with three and four
But where is two?
His intercomm has something wrong, the red balls there
We'll give him a few.
We got our checks, got our checks.
Then we quickly (fuckin') take off.

Reno two, they're on the nose for twenty miles
At eighteen thou.
Tally-ho, and bandit call, Fox 1's away
That's two more down!
It's Miller time, Miller time,
Let's Skull for the Hootch.

CHORUS: Fighting Hooters
Fighting Hooters
Fighting Hooters, Fly.....

FUCK 'EM IN THE BUTT

Fuck 'em in the butt, Fuck 'em in the butt, Fuck 'em in the butt

We'd like to fuck the shit out of you
We'd like to fuck the shit out of you
We'd like to fuck the shit out of you
We'd like to fuck the shit out of you

Please put my gland in your hand
Please put my gland in your hand
Please put my gland in your hand
Please put my gland in your hand

Babe, won't you give me some head
Babe, won't you give me some head
Babe, won't you give me some head
Babe, won't you give me some head

We like to eat lunch down at the Y
We like to eat lunch down at the Y
We like to eat lunch down at the Y

... Why? Because we love you!

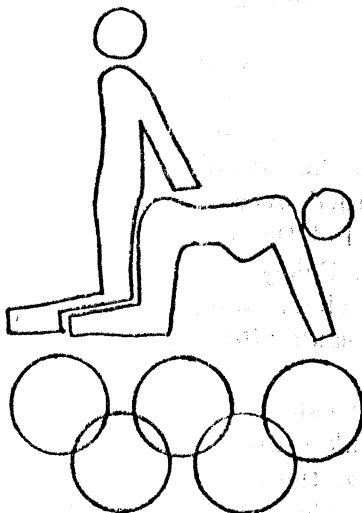
(Hi, I'm Bellmouth and these are the Intakes.
We've really enjoyed doing our show for you tonight.
We'd just like to say to all you Aggressor wives out there
who are looking for some real men; and especially to all you
Clark nurses...)

We'd like to fuck the shit out of you
We'd like to fuck the shit out of you
We'd like to fuck the shit out of you
We'd like to fuck the shit out of you

Fuck 'em in the butt, Fuck 'em in the butt, Fuck 'em in the butt

Hooters!

Written by: David Allen Coe
Adapted by: Bellmouth and the Intakes



GINSENG SUNRISE
(Tune: Tequila Sunrise)

Just another Ginseng sunrise
Moving Slowly 'cross the sky
A ho by my side
Landed my phantom last night
Went to the Hootch to feel all right
and it lasted all night
Every Friday when the sun goes down
Beer after beer the Hooters pound
Then they gather up to drink dirt downtown

By: T. K. Woods &
Garrett Lacy

Had a party at the hootch last night
A few of the Hooters got too Goddamned tied
And went outside
But they didn't get too far
Turned over Geezer's car and hid
Behind the bar
But Pokey chased the cops away
His silver tounge saved the day
He said: "Boys this Hootch is here to stay

The call came to hit the Ville
Drink walls of Dirt until you feel the chill
Now, there's a thrill
The Gomer it makes you firm
Makes a big hard cock from a tiny worm
Makes the young ho's all squirm
But that Dirt softens your brain
You drop your cash like you're goin' insane
You wanna fuck all night like a damn freight train

(Then it's...)

Just another Ginseng sunrise
Moving slowly 'cross the sky
A ho by your side
Just another Ginseng sunrise
You spent your cash and now you've got a rash
That's from her gash
... Just another Ginseng sunrise

GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH

The Gomers came to Taegu one cold and windy day
They brought their jets, their bag of clues, said boys to be here to play
The Hooters they just laughed at them, and spit into their eye
The Gomers they just turned away, said boys you're gonna die

CHORUS

They took off on the first day to fly a Four--Vs--Three
The Hooters boys they made some noise but not with VIDs
And when the dust had settled and they took the final score
The count was Rhinos zero -- the Gomers assholed four

CHORUS

On day two things were different, the Hooters had respect
They briefed a play -- It sounded grand -- They knew it was perfect
But what they didn't realize was Gomers always cheat
They looked at Boozer's line up card, and beat some hooter meat

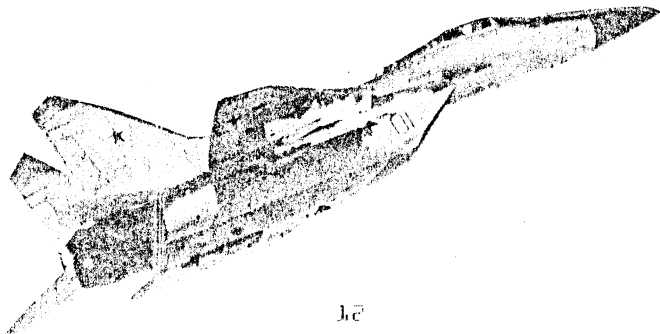
CHORUS

On day three the Hooters briefed today those commies die
We'll hit the merge, we wont get slow, we'll let those sparrows fly
But when those rhinos tried to lock, they started feeling sick
The V sub C turned to chaff and crickets turned to six

CHORUS

So listen to us hooters, and listen to us well
If you fight the commies on their terms they'll blow you all to hell
But if you make them come to you, and fight them Hooter style
Johnny Rotten will watch over you -- and the Rhino God will smile

CHORUS



HOOTER'S BOYS

(To the tune of: Poncho and Lefty, by M. Haggard & W. Nelson)

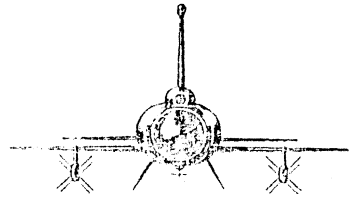
Live'n the air we said
Gonna make us free and lean
Now our eyes arr hard as iron
Wings upon our chest do gleam

Fighting hard and flying low
Anywhere we're sure to go
We don't think that we will die
They say it's our foolish pride

CHORUS: Yes, we are all Hooter's boys
Jets as fast as polished steel
War machines strapped to our backs
For all the fucking (commie) world to fear

Some have met their match you know
Bandits, flack and SA-2's
Nobody heard their dying words
Ahh but, that's the way it goes

Poets tell how the phantom flew
105'S . . . Linebacker 2
Jungles quiet, the wind is cold
Carries the names of fallen bold



They all need your prayers it's true
Save some for me and you
We will do what we have to do
Before we all grow too old

Originally written as Gunner's Boys, by Rocky Farry, Taegu
This song is officially retired as Hooter's Boys.

HOOTERS IN THE NIGHT

(To the tune: Stranger's in the Night)

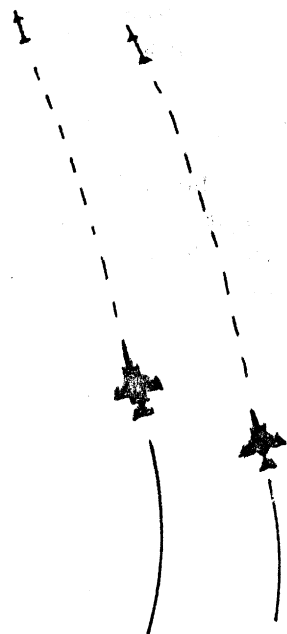
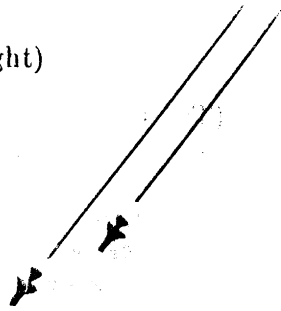
Fox-1 in the face, you never saw it
Fox-1 in the face, you really bought it
At the merge today
We blew your shit away

Then we came back 'round
You had no SA
GCI was down, we came back to play
Aim-9's and gun shots
We finished all the rest

Hooters from the GU
Heros for hire
Hooters from the GU
That's what we're paid to do

But when the sun goes down
We'll all be downtown
Drinking with your wives and girlfriends
While you mend your little egos

Next time that we meet
There'll be no question
Who'll you have to beat
In any action
No one FUCKS or FIGHTS
Like Hooters in the night!



HOOTERS IN THE SKY

(To the tune of: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

The Hooters came to Thunder, in Rhinos two by two
They're here to kick some Gomer ass, and beat them black and blue
We don't have Mikes or Limas, and our radars they are old
But when the dust all settles, the story will be told

CHORUS: Rhinos away, Rhinos away, Hooters in the sky

They took off in the morning calm, their engines pouring smoke
They met the gomers beak to beak, and said let's go for broke
They wrapped it up, they spit them out, they let their missiles fly
The Gomers only recourse, was to kill remove and die

The Gomers landed back at Clark, they bitched they meaned they cursed
They said that we had cheated, their egos had been burst
But when the debrief ended, and all was said and done
The Rhinos really kicked some ass and hadn't lost a one

CHORUS:

The moral of the story, you Gomers have to learn
When you mess with Rhinos, you're surely gonna burn
*And painting "GU" upon your tails, just gave your jets some class
And if you do not like it, then you can kiss our ass!

CHORUS

*And stealing Johnny Rotten, just makes us Hooters mean
And when you make a Rhino mad, he's one bad ass machine

HOUSE OF THE RISING HOOTER

(To the tune: House of the Rising Sun)

There is a ville in Taegu
We run it most every night
It's been the ruin of many a poor GIB
And God I know, I'm one

It happened on my green bean tour
They fed me dirt and soju
The guys all said the Tiger's clean
But now when I piss, I scream

Oh Please Doc, help your Hooters
Give them shots and pills and drugs
Cause those rubbers you give us, they all break
And we get the burning crud

So ol' Metz, tell your WSOs
Not to do what I have done
Don't spend the night with the brown eyed delight
In the land of the morning calm

There is a ville in Taegu
We run most every night
It's been the ruin of many a poor GIB
And God I know, I'm one



Lyrics by: Gopher, R-Min, and Chuckles

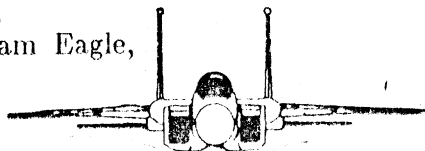
I AM EAGLE

(To the tune of: I Am Woman)

I am eagle, hear me roar,
I am too big to ignore.
Paint me little, paint me tiny, paint me small.
I can sort and pick and choose,
But somehow I always lose.
I guess it's cause I've got no clue at all.
But they said in UPT that the Eagle was for me;
But my radar just went tits,
Oh My God ain't this the shits.
I've got Phantoms and Aggressors on my tail.

CHORUS:

Yes, I am wise but it's feeling from the pain.
Yes, I've paid the price but look at what I've gained.
If I had to, I can do anything,
I am large, I am invincible, I am Eagle,
Watch me die.



As I fly the speed of light,
Blowing both ways thru the fight,
I know that auto-guns won't let me down.
But I've got no Tally-Ho,
And I don't know which way to go,
So I guess it's time to slow this mother down.
But you never really know,
Just which way the flames will go,
when both trottles are placed up against the wall.
So I lie here on my back,
With my engines rolling back,
When my GCI controller says - ATOLL!

CHORUS:

LEADER OF THE FOUR SHIP

(To the tune of: Leader of the Pack)

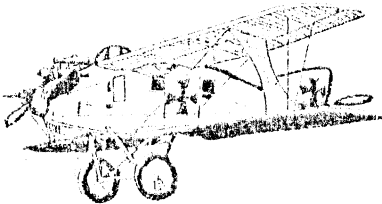
Is she really going out with him? There she is let's ask her.
Is that * _____'s bat you're holding? Mmmmmmm. Mmmmm
Gee it must be great flying with him.
Is he picking you up at the Friendship Club tonight?
By the way, where did you meet him?

I met him at the Hooter Hootch.
He turned around and smiled at me.
(You get the picture? Yes, we do.)
That's when I fell for the Leader of the Four Ship.

His wingmen are always getting shot DOWN, DOWN, DOWN.
Cause he came from the recce side of town, RECCE SIDE of TOWN.
They told me he liked real dogs,
Hanging around with all the Hogs.
That's why I fell for the Leader of the Four Ship.

I had to tell him that we were THROUGH, THROUGH, THROUGH.
Didn't like him eating me out with a CHEW, CHEW, CHEW.
He stood and asked me why,
Why we had to say goodbye.
I'M sorry I hurt you the Leader of the Four Ship.

His backseater walks around feeling BLUE, BLUE, BLUE.
Wondering why he's always getting FOX-2'D, 2'D, 2'D.
He doesn't have a shot at me,
He says as they call FOX-3.
That's when I fell for the Leader of the Four Ship.



* Originally written for 2-DOGS

LET IT BE

(To the tune: Let It Be)

When I find myself in times of trouble
The flight surgeon comforts me
Speaking words of wisdom
"Let it be."

Don't scratch it, it might spread around
Do not touch it, it might fall off
Just use this magic lotion and
"Let it be."

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

In our hours of darkness
You can find the Hooter's in the Ville
Drinking Dirt and Mekju
Let it be

If the Shoebox is empty
And we're not down at the Friendship Club
The party's at the Hootch, boys
Let it be

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

I wake up to Korean music
playing on the radio
And some ugly Ho laying next to me
Let her be

But I remind myself of the price I paid
And I tell myself to wake her up
Babe, lets get it on now
Let it be

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

Words by: T. K. Woods

LISTEN HOOTER'S

(To the tune of: One Tin Soldier)

Listen Hooter's to a story that was written long ago
'Bout the Night Owls up in Thailand
And the missions that they flew

Fragged to go up north to Hanoi
In the darkness they did fly
Drop their napalm on the convoys
Watch those commies scream and die

CHORUS: Go ahead and strafe a commie
Go ahead and waste a Red
Do it in the name of freedom
You can stack 'em up when their dead
There won't be any commies breathin'
Come the judgement day
On the bloody morning after . . .

One more Gomer died today

Now the Hooters fly from Taegu
Fighting in their F-4Es
Lead the Juvats to their targets, up above the DMZ
Armed with Sparrows, Heaters ready,
Kim Il Sung knows we're the best
And if you really doubt us asshole
Come on down and press to test!

CHORUS:

Words by Bellmouth and the Intakes,
Taegu, 31 Aug 84

LYING THIGHS

(To the tune: Lying Eyes)

Taegu girls just seem to find out early
How to open jeans with just a smile
A rich GI and she won't have to worry
She'll dress up all in silk and go in style

Late at night, the Taegu ville gets lonely
I guess every Ho in the Friendship has her price
It breaks her heart to think her love is only
Given to a man who wants some head with ice

So she tells him she must go out for another
To comfort an old Hooter who's feeling down
But he knows where she's going when she's leaving
She's headed for the Walker side of town

CHORUS: You can't hide those lying thighs
And those crabs are in disguise
I thought by now you'd realize
There ain't no way to hide those lying thighs

On the Walker side of town a GI's waiting
With a bad disease that even she can't see
She fucks him through the night anticipating
That he'll quickly cum so she can skull for home

She rushes back for quickies with all the Hooters
She whispers that it's only for a "short time"
She means she caught nothing from Camp Walker
She gives him head and leaves him with a smile

CHORUS:

Words by: Hedley LaMar

PHANTOM II CREWMEMBER

(As Sung in the Video)

SPOKEN: Yeah, I fly jets...

I fly the McDonnell Douglas F-4 Phantom II

Oh, I can do Maverick,
And out-Spike you.
I turn on my radar,
For my Sparrow II.
Just keep up your turn,
I'm closin' fer guns;
But on my way I think I'll stuff a heater up your butt;

CHORUS:

Cause I'm a, a Phantom II crewmember, a Phantom II crewmember --
McDonnell Douglas Phantom II All-Weather Supersonic Fighter Bomber;
Mostly Bomber . . .

I can drop CBU,
And shoot the gun.
I used to do napalm,
Boy was that fun . . .
With Mark-82, You know I'm the boss,
Cause I'm so serious about Dive Toss.

CHORUS:

Fly day and night,
Over land or sea.
I cross the atlantic,
In 9.3.
I gotta take a leak
But what'll I do?
I can't find my noodle down inside my poopy suit;

CHOURS:

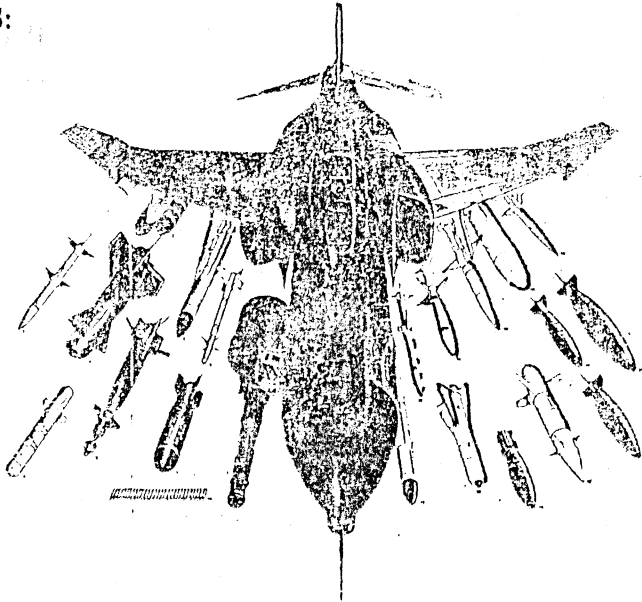


I walk in the squadron;
I seem really steamed.
I'm looking for trouble;
It's just what it seems.
Get away from that duty desk!
And hide all the girls.
In my vocabulary Mother's just a half a word.

CHORUS:

SPOKEN: Look at those Lieutenants tremble...
Look at the red faces on those Majors over there...
I like it best when the O-6's cross to the
OTHER side of the street.

CHORUS:



FOUNDER'S SONG

Walked into finance, wanna get paid
Gotta come back another day
Paragraph D, has to be signed
That's extension x4519

But don't get us wrong, they're not all bad
By the government system, you're bound to be had
Fill out the papers two or three times
The energy we waste is a goddamned crime

CHORUS: That's the way when you're on the ground
You work half a day, then you fuck around
It's happened at the GU, take a look around
That's the way the grounders pound

Walked into G-BO the other day
Fucked up my orders, it's the standard way
They would not listen to what I say
The sergeant was on the rag that day

Boo Boo please help, we need your aid
We know you work harder than you're paid
But some of the clerks, haven't a clue
And we talk until our balls turn blue

CHORUS

Walked in supply the other day
Needed a parka in the very worst way
Take a number, stand in line
Just pissin' away our government's time

Finally my turn, gave 'em my papers
Said we're all out maybe later
Put it on order, you'll get it in time
Probably in June of eighty-nine

CHORUS

RUN AROUND MISS LEE

(to the tune of: Run Around Sue)

Here's my story it's sad but true . . . Oooo . . . Oooo
About a whore that I once knew . . . Oooo . . . Oooo
Mamasan said she was clean
But now my hog is turning green

CHORUS: I said a hey hey, bomba de da de hey hey,
bomba de da de hey you Ho you,
bomba de da de hay you Ho you,
aahhh

This morning I saw Wild Bill the Doc
In my hand was my once mighty cock
Oh please, Doc say it's not too late
He smiled and said "We'll have to amputate!"

CHORUS:

I couldn't believe that it was true
I knew the Doc could make me good as new
The Doc took one look at me
"Does it hurt when you try to pee?"

CHORUS:

The moral of this story from a Hooter who knows
I should have found a whore who blows
But even that might leave some scars
And I could end up like fucking Lar's

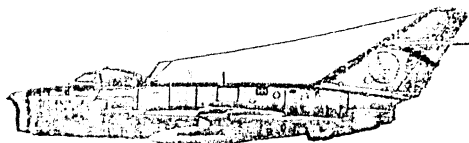
CHORUS: . . . HOOTERS!

Words by: Bellmouth and the Intakes

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

I was cruisin' o'er Sorak doin' six and twenty-four
When a call came from the Major, Oh won't you save me Sir,
Got three flak holes in my wingtips and my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I've got six MiGs on my ass!

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



I shot my traffic pattern and to me it looked alright
The airspeed read one-thirty, I really racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, Spin instructions please

Strafin' on the panel, I got too goddamned low
Squeezed that bloody trigger and watched those tracers go
Sucked the stick back and fast as blazes, she hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me down Pun-Yang, the brief said no ack-ack
By the time I arrived there my wings were mostly flak
My engine coughed and sputtered, it was too cut up to fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I'm too young to die!

I puched out from the Phantom, the landing came out fine
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened up my ration, to see what was in it
The goddamned supply sergeant had filled the tins with shit!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear
But when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near
I met the flying board, and they gave me the works
Glory Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground
Got a call from mobile, "Pull up and go around!"
I racked that Phantom in the air a dozen feet or so
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back, I'm feelin' mighty low

WILL YOU SUCK ME TOMMOROW

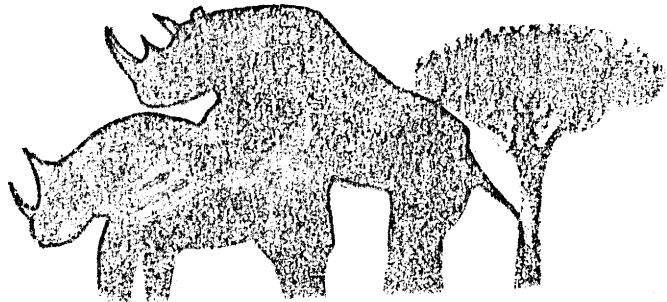
(To the Tune: Will You Love Me Tommorrow)

Tonight you're mine completely
I got you're love so cheaply
Tonight the light of twenty's in your eyes
But will you suck me tommorow

Is this my last road trip
Or just a moment's pleasure
Can I believe the magic of your thighs
Will you still suck me tommorow

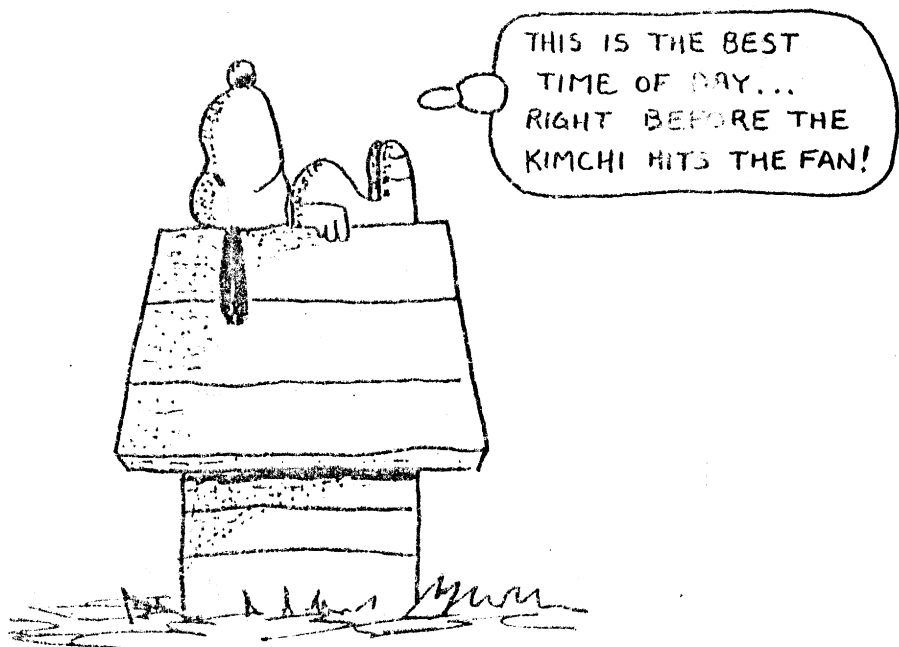
Tonight with words unspoken
You say that I'm the only one
But will my cock be broken
When the night meets the morning sun

I'd like to know that your lips
Are lips I can be sure of
So tell me now and I won't ask again
Will you still suck me tommorow
Will you still suck me tommorow



From the Land of

MORNING CALM



BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL
(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Beside a Korean Waterfall
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered sabre-jet
A young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the last words
The young pursuiter said:

I'm going to a better land
A better land, that's right
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
There's poker every night
There isn't anything to do
But sit around and sing
The crew chiefs will be women
Oh death, where is thy sting

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

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling-ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling-ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling-ling
Better days are coming by and by

ALTERNATE VERSION

Beside a Loation jungle trail
One Bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Thunderchief
A young thud driver lay
His parachute hung from a tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
This young Thud driver said:

I'm going toetc.

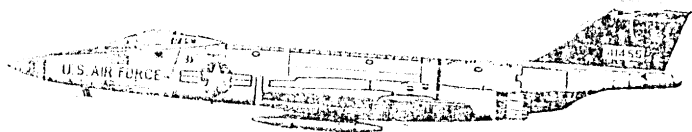
ROADS
(Tune: Country Roads by John Denver)

Almost hell, South Korea
Injin river, Uijonbu valley
Whores are old there
Older than the trees
Younger than the mountains
Loaded with disease

CHORUS: Bumpy roads, take me home
From a place I don't belong
South Korea, Gonorrhoea
Take me home bumpy roads

I hear her voice, from an alley way she calls me
Her face reminds me of a whore that I once laid
While riding in a Kimchee cab
I feel as though I should have DEROSed
Yesterday, Yesterday

CHORUS:



KIMPO BLUES

(Tune: A little bit of heaven fell...)

Oh, a little bit of shit fell down
Out of the sky one day
And it landed in the Chosin
Oh, so very far away

And when the Senate saw it
It looked so fucking bare
They said that's what we're looking for
We'll send our Air Force there

So they sent their 86's
Air Base Group and medics too
And they sent the dreaded 497th
They knew just what to do

And now you'll find them languished
In a place that's so remote
That all you'll hear those bastards shout is
"Where are those fuckin' boats?"

CHORUS:

I've got those Kimpo Blues
Kimchee Blues
I'm fed up and I'm fucked up and I'm blue

We tried to please old Sygman
But it was really a farce
The only thing 'twas left to do
Was shove it up his arse

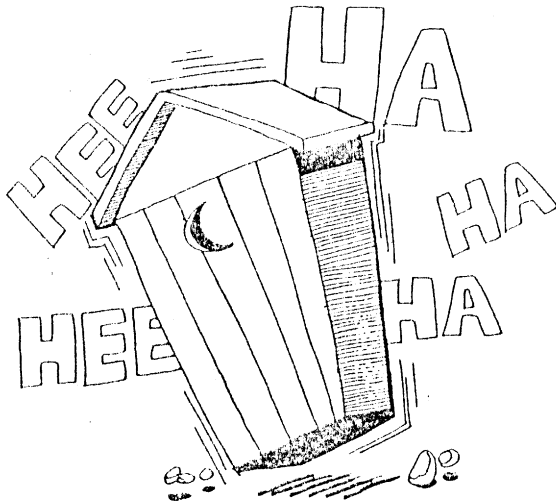
Oh, we found our Almamater
In a house in Yong Dong Po
The brass got there before us
They showed us where to go

KOREA

(Tune: I'm looking over a four leaf clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over
Korea that I abhor
One for the money
And two for the show
Ridgeway said stay
But he wanted to go

There's no use explaining
Why we're remaining
We got what we were fighting for
Korea, Korea, and diarrhea
To make the rice grow some more



MISS LEE'S HOOTCHIE

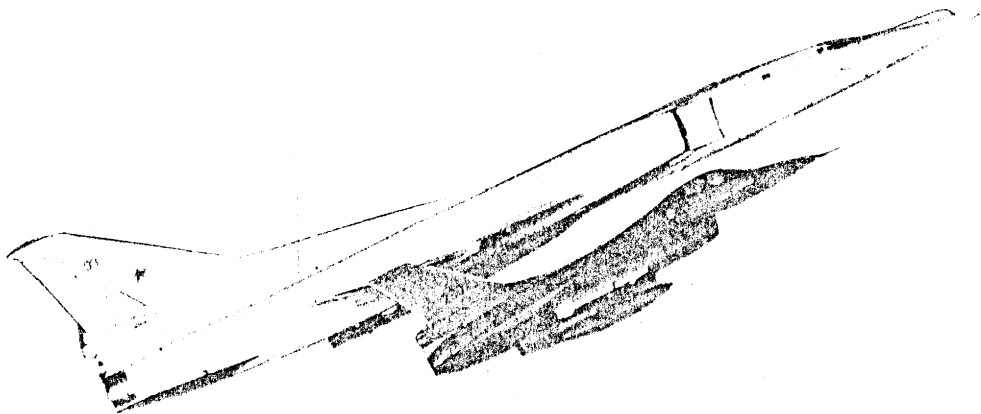
(Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey)

I went to Seoul City, and met Miss Lee
She said for a short time, oh come sleep with me
We went to Lee's hootchie, a room with hot floors
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door

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

I asked to go benjo, 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 Seoul City, on your next three day pass
Don't go to Lee's hootchie, sit flat on your ass
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you
But better the red ass, than old smokey blue.



ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

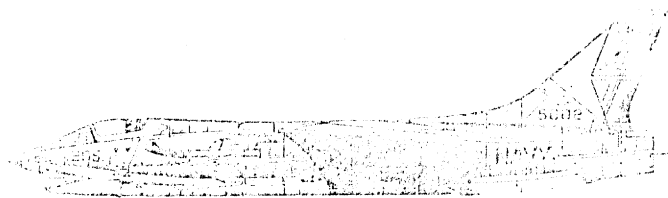
(Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang, 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 save
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 Sabre-Jet can trust

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

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you is superfluous poop



PUSAN U

(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

We were roaming around the countryside
'Twas down near Pusan Bay
We stepped into a local bar
To pass the time away
I met a gal from old Chin Ju
She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from
And she said: "Pusan U"

FIRST CHORUS:

Oh, Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the lane
The University that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my almamater
Oh Pusan, to you

I enrolled in that great college
Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honey buckets
So they called it Pusan U
The smell was terrific
But fortune saw me through
So now I lift this glass
To the school of Pusan U

SECOND CHORUS:

Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
Your course is good for engineers
A-frames, Ox carts pulled by steers
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my almamater
Oh Pusan, to you

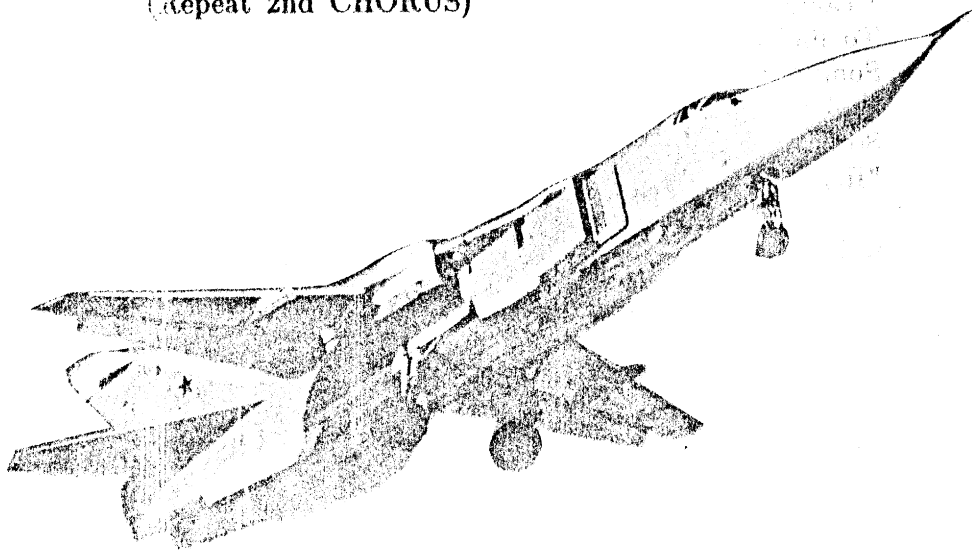
(Pusan U -- Cont.)

I saw a girl most beautiful
She was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest
She was crowned Miss Pusan U
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes her fame
She says: "Oh Pusan U"

(Repeat 1st CHORUS)

We have an A-1 baseball team
We win our games straight through
They ask us where we come from
And we say: "Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops
Our batters are good, too
And everytime we come to bat
The croud yells: "Pusan U"

(Repeat 2nd CHORUS)



SEOUL CITY SUE

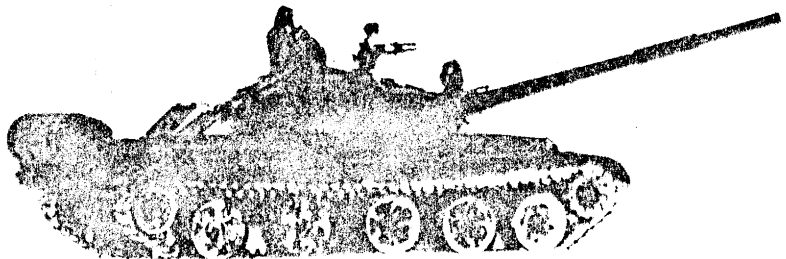
(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till I reached old Bong Chong way
And there I met a gook girl
Who said she'd like to play
Her clothes were of a dirty blue
Her hands and feet were too
I asked her what her name was
She said: "Seoul City Sue"

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
Your hair is black, your eyes are too
I'd swap my honey cart for you
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
No one smells of Kimchee
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue

Oh, Korea, I must admit
I owe a lot to you
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue
Someday, I'll take her back with me
And buy her perfumes too
So people can't be singing
"Here comes Seoul City Sue"

CHORUS:



SPRING TIME ON THE YALU

(Tune: When its Springtime in the Rockies)

When its springtime on the Yalu and the Migs come out to play
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in
We'll hold our glasses steady when they pass out rum and gin

When its springtime on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom
And your fifties do the talking and its just a Mig and you
Once again, you'll hear the whisper that my fuel is running low
When its springtime on the Yalu, then its time for us to go

STRAFING IN A MOUNTAIN PASS

Strafing in a mountain pass
Couldn't make the turn
Twelve tons of Thunderjet
Watch that bastard burn

We've fought the Migs at Kunure, We fought at Sinaflee
They nailed us down at Kyomipo, and we lost quite a few

We flew these birds from old K-2, six-thousand feet they said
Don't ask a forty-niner, boys, the bastards are all dead

STRAFIN ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

(Tune: She'll be Comin' 'Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In a crisp Korean air so blue and cold

It was dive bomb old Sinuiji, stop the Reds
Eight one-thousand pounders loaded, instant (SKULLS)
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy commies in their beds

Twenty-thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest
Gas mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at last the Yalu river
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast

Dusty clouds roll up from Antung cross the way
Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes
All lit up like christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off, we leapt into the fray

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privileged sanctuary
Synghman Rhee will soon be president of this place

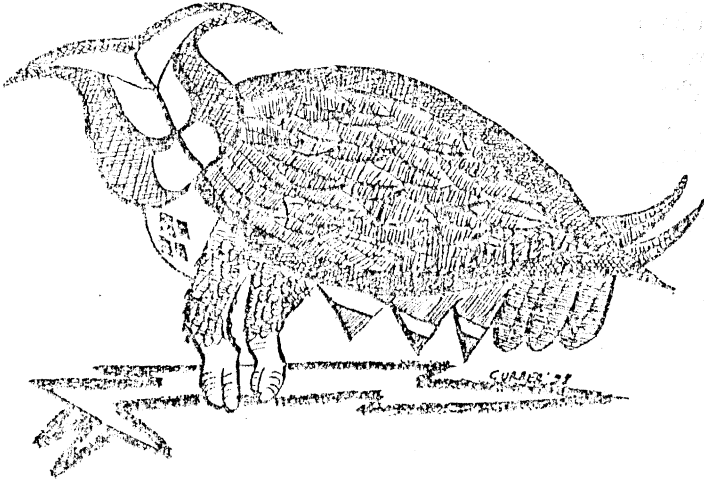
Kimpo Tower, this is Gas Mask Willie Four
I am home, I'm through with this damn war
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more

TAEGU GIRLS

We are from Taegu, Taegu are we
We don't believe in virginity — — — Oh Horse Shit
We don't use candles, we use broom handles
We are the Taegu girls

And every night at twelve on the clock
We watch while the white man pisses on the ROK
We like the way he handles his cock
We are the Taegu girls

And every year at our annual dance
We go around without any pants
We like to give those Hooters a chance
We are the Taegu, talk about your Taegu, We are the Taegu girls



TO THE REGULARS

(Tune: Mr and Mrs Mississippi)

I won't forget Korea
I can't forget Kunsan
For Sygman Rhee and Joe Stalin
Have made me feel at home
I flew across the bomblines
And got a hole or two
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you

CHORUS: Oh, I was called to risk my ass
And save the U.N. too
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you

The AA was terrific
The small arms were intense
While flyboys bombed the front lines
The division did the rest
While the regulars held their desk jobs
The reserves were called en masse
The U.N. knew the air reserve
Was the one to save their ass

CHORUS:

I love you dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damned reserves
We'd never've had to part
But we won't cry and we won't squawk
For we are not alone
For one of these days the regulars'll come
And we can all go home

CHORUS:

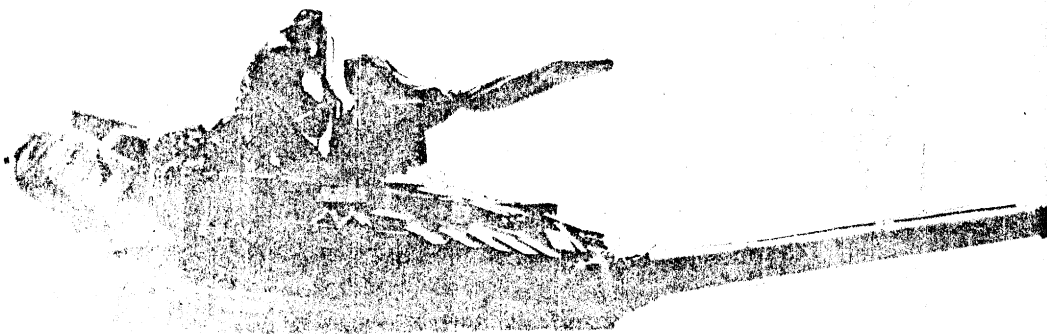
(To the Regulars - Cont.)

Now we don't mind the hardships
We've faced them in the past
But we wonder if our Congressmen
Have had forties up their ass
We have the right to save the peace
That's what the bastards said
But when you check the casualties
You'll find no Senators dead

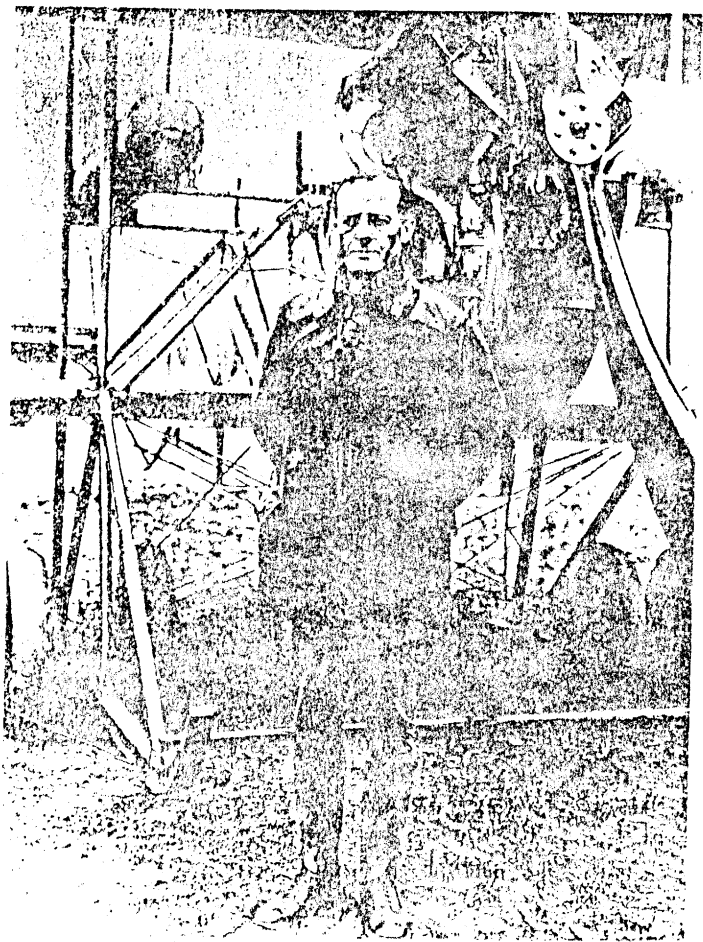
CHORUS:

I'm going to raise a family
When this war is through
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to
But someday when he grows up
If he joins the air reserve
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk
For that's what he'll deserve

CHORUS:



FIGHTER FAVORITES



ADELINE SCHMIDT

(To the tune of: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

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

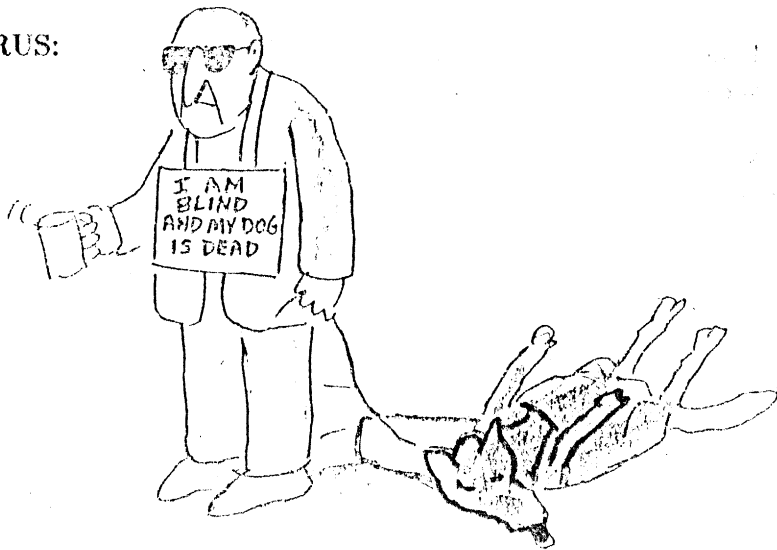
CHORUS: It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
Brown, brown, shit all around.
It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
The whole world was covered with Shit, Shit, Shit, Shit!

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

CHORUS:

That handsome young copper, cursed and he swore,
He called the young maiden a dirty old whore,
And on London Bridge you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying, "BLINDED BY SHIT!"

CHORUS:



ANITA

(We Need a Gang Bang)

Knock knock, Who's there? Anita, Anita who?

CHORUS: I need a gang bang, I always will, Cause a gang bang
gives me such a thrill. When I was younger
and in my prime, I used to gang bang all the ti--ime!
But now I'm older and turning grey, I only gang bang
once a da--ay!

Knock knock, Who's there? Karen, Karen who?
I need a fuck, I need a suck, I ain't carin' who!

Knock knock, Who's there? Wilma, Wilma who?
Will ma finger do, my zipper's stuck

Knock knock, Who's there? Eileen, Eileen who?
I lean her up against the wall for a . . .

Knock knock, Who's there? Wanda, Wanda who?
Hell! If she wanda fuck, then I wanda fuck!

Knock knock, Who's there? Emma, Emma who?
Emma some great tits on that lady and she needs a . . .

Knock knock, Who's there? Iris, Iris who?
I wish she'd drop her drawers for another . . .

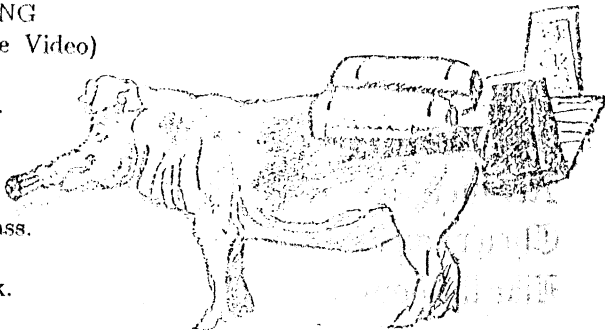
Knock knock, Who's there? Ben-Hur, Ben-Hur who?
Bend her over, we'll fuck her in the ass.

Knock knock, Who's there? Orange, Orange who!?!?
Orange you guys glad we all got together for another . . .

Knock knock, Who's there? Banana, Banana who?
Ba naa naa naaah naaah, na na na naaah (music to tune of chorus).

A-10 SONG
(As Sung in the Video)

Hello! My name is Joe.
I fly Warthogs...
Don't go too fast...
I ain't awed,
By yer burners as ya pass.
I'm a yank 'n bank,
Killin' commies in a tank.



I'm linin' up on a tank,
What a world of hurt he's in.
He'll be a crispy critter;
I hope he don't check right and extend.

CHORUS: Warthogs don't go fast.
I ain't awed,
by yer burners as ya pass.
I'm a yank in a bank,
Killin' commies in a tank.

High charts, high approaches,
And that high flight poetry,
I don't need for sendin' Ivan
to the infirmary.

I gotta tank in my six
And I'm shakin'; what'll I do?
Speed brakes, hard turn;
I'll kill him when he overshoots.

A no--notice check,
The SEFE sings the same old song.
So he finds a ground cord,
And plugs it in and runs along.

Don't need speed,
To make Ivan surrender.
Don't need an airspeed meter,
'Cause I got a calendar.

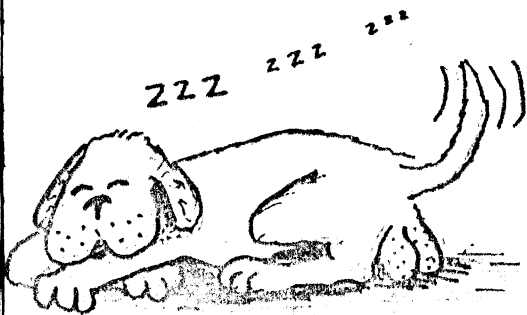
A warthog joined the Navy,
For a test a while ago.
They put a hook on the front,
And they snagged him from below.

Warthog...

Balls of O'Leary

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

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



DEAR MOM

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Kim Il Sung's highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
...Hm, Hm, Hm.

He went across the fence to see what he could see,
And there it was, as plain as it could be.
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.
...Hm, Hm, Hm.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send you Juvat Flight."
...FOR I AM THE POWER!

The Phantoms checked right in, Gunfighters two by two,
Low on gas and tanker overdue.
They ask the FAC to mark, just where that truck was parked.
...Hm, Hm, Hm.

The Bronc, he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,
Exactly where that truck was parked.
But the rest is in doubt, cause he never pulled out.
...Hm, Hm, Hm.

(This time with REVERENCE)

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Kim Il Sung's highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
...HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!

How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!
What was he doing? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE!
Hell of a deal. WHOEEE!

Cocksucker, Motherfucker, Eat a bag of shit,
Cunt hair, Douche bag, Bite your mother's tit.
We're the best fighter squadron, All the others suck,
HOOTERS, HOOTERS, Rah, Rah, Fuck!

BY THE LIGHT

By the light, SSH, SSH, SSSSH, ---- SSH, SSH, SSSSH
Of the flickering match, SSH, SSH, SSSSH, ---- SSH, SSH, SSSSH
I saw her snatch, SSH, SSH, SSSSH, ---- SSH, SSH, SSSSH
In a watermelon patch, Oh yeah!
By the light, SSH, SSH, SSSSH, ---- SSH, SSH, SSSSH
Of the flickering match, SSH, SSH, SSSSH, ---- SSH, SSH, SSSSH
I saw her gleam, I heard her scream,
You are burning my snatch, SSH, SSH, SSSSH, ---- SSH, SSH, SSSSH
With your GODDAMN match!

MASTURBATION

(To the Tune: Finicule, Finecula)

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

Oh, you should see me do it on the long strokes
It felt so neat -- I used my feet
Oh, you should see me do it on the short strokes
It felt so grand -- I used my hand

Beat it, smash it, throw it on the floor
Wrap it around the bedpost, slam it in the door
Some people seem to think it's great to fornicate
But I would rather stay at home at night and masturbate

HAIL BRITANIA

Hail, Britania, marmalade and jam
Three Chinese crackers up her asshole
BAM, BAM, BAM

Hail, Britania, marmalade and jam
Two Chinese crackers up her asshole
BAM, BAM

Hail, Britania, marmalade and jam
One Chinese cracker up her asshole
BAM

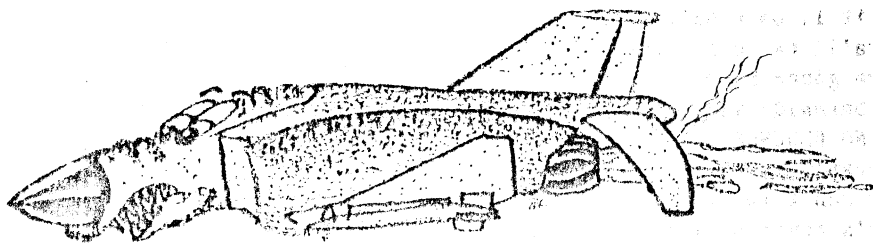
Hail, Britania, marmalade and jam
No Chinese cracker up her asshole

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

I fucked a dead whore by the road side,
I knew right away she was dead.
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down there beside her,
I knew right away that I had sinned.
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy,
And sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I shot in, shot in,
Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I shot in.



I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do,
I love her truly...
I love the hole that she pisses through.
(That she pisses thruuuuu...)

I love her ruby red lips, her lily white tits,
And the hair around her asshole,
I'd eat her shit, gobble gobble, chomp chomp,
With a rusty spoon.
(With a rusty spoooon...)

LET'S HAVE A PARTY!

Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
So let's have a party!

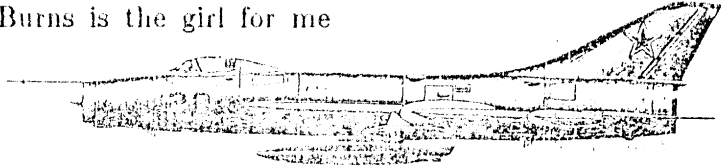
LEADER GROUP

We're gonna tear down the bar in our club. BOO
And then build a new bar RAY
It's only gonna be one foot wide BOO
But it'll be a MILE long RAY
There'll be no bartenders in our bar BOO
We're gonna have BARMAIDS. RAY
Our barmaids will wear long skirts BOO
And NO BLOUSES RAY
You can't sleep with our barmaids. BOO
They won't let you sleep RAY
Beer's gonna be \$ 1.00 a glass BOO
Whiskey free RAY
Only one drink per customer. BOO
Served in Buckets. RAY
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river. BOO
Then we'll all go swimming RAY
No girls will be allowed above the first floor BOO
With their clothes on. RAY
There'll be no loving on the dance floor BOO
And there'll be no dancing on the LOVIN' floor RAY

Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
So let's have a party!

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits
She's a great big son--of--a--bitch Oh, twice as big as me
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me



MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

Clang, Clang, . . . Bang, Bang
-- And the Goddamn fire went out!
Oh, for the life of a fireman,
To ride on a fire engine red.
To say to a team of white horses,
"Go Ahead, Go Ahead, Go Ahead . . ."

My father was a fireman,
He puts out fires . . .
My brother was a fireman,
He puts out fires . . .
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal,
She puts out too . . .
With--out--her--pants--on . . .

My uncle is a bus driver,
He goes downtown . . .
My cousin is a bus driver,
He goes downtown . . .
My sister Sal is a bus driver's gal
She goes down too . . .
With---out---her---pants---on . . .

PUBIC HAIRS

Pubic hairs, you've got the cutest little pubic hairs
There's not another that can compare, pubic hairs
Penis or vagina, nothing can be finer
Pubic hairs, I'm up in heaven when I'm in your under wear
I didn't need a shove to take a mouthful of your pretty pubic hairs

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Oh, if all little girls were 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 on the moon

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

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in a river
And I were a sandbar I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in a 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'd teach them bad habits

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

Oh, if all little girls were like Heddy Lamar
I'd try twice as fast to get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I would 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 old turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

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

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

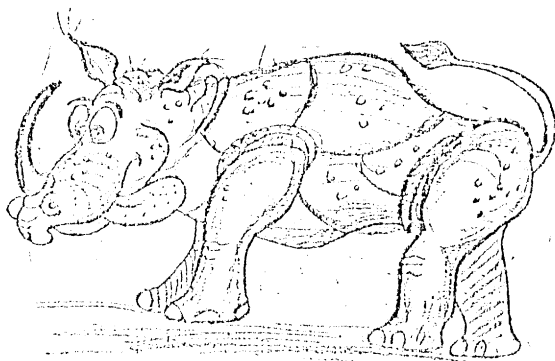
Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could

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

Oh, I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus
And I were a sculptor with a petrified penis

Oh, I wish all the girls were like bats in a steeple
If I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

Oh, I wish all the girls were like diamonds and rubies
If I were a jeweler I'd play with their boobies



SAMMY SMALL

(To the tune of: If You're Happy and You Know It.)

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

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

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

Oh, the parson he will come, so fuck 'em all,
Oh, the parson he will come, so fuck 'em all,
Oh, the parson he will come with his tales of Kingdom Cum,
He can shove 'em up his bun, so fuck 'em all.

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

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

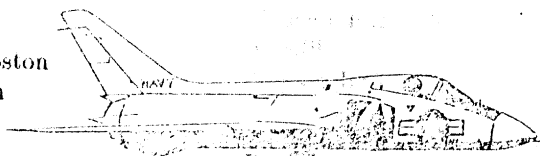
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all,
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all,
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so fucking proud,
That I shouted right out loud FUCK 'EM ALL!!!!

CHORUS: Oh, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye,

*
So let's have another verse,
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my WILLIE!

- * 1. Fighter Pilots eat PUSSY!
- 2. Your mother swims after troop ships (and catches them).
- 3. Your sister eats bat shit off cave walls.
- 4. Your grandmother douches with drano.
- 5. Your mother licks moose cum off pine cones.
- 6. Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs.
- 7. In China they do it for chili.
- 8. Etc... etc... etc....

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for him and a
gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em



There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the world's champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he played
God Save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

There was a young 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 by a spoon

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew
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 a shit,
But think of the money I'll save"

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are
Devine
But llamas are numero uno

There was a young man from Kildair
Who bugged his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled
the stroke
And finished her off in mid air

There was a young couple named Kelly
Who used vaseline petroleum jelly
But once in this haste, they used
library paste
And now they're stuck belly to belly

There once was a lady named Lil
Who swallowed an atomic pill
They found her vagina in
North Carolina
And one of her tits in Brazil

There once was a girl from St. Paul
Who went to a masquerade ball
She had the affront to go
as a Cunt
And got screwed by a dog in the hall

There was a young man from Dakota
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her
So with a great savoir faire, she climbed
on a chair
and pissed in his wiskey and soda

The bride of a farmer named Zaker
Was poked in her bed, by the baker
The baker said, "What you call
this a 'Twat!'"
Why the entrance is more than an acre

Cried an overhung fellow named Bowen
My pecker keeps growin' and growin'
It's got so tremendous, so long and
stupendous
It's no good for fuckin' just showin'



(Sing Us Another One Do -- Cont.)

A fighter pilot named Tucker
While instructing a novice cock sucker
Said, "Don't puff 'em out, like you're
blowin' your snout
Be gentle, and work with a pucker!

There was a lady from Gibraltar
Who accidentally fell into the water
by her howls and her squeals you could tell
that the eels
Had found her sexual quarter

There was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be
Wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her

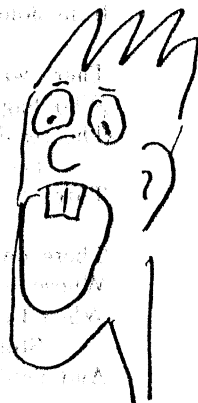
There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his
chiu
If me ear were a cunt I could fuck it

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in
Double
And instead of coming, he went

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the
Clay into brick
And rubbed all his fore skin away

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 girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also
A licker
And considerably thicker than you



(Sing Us Another One Do -- Cont.)

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs
and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play
a selection
from Johan Sebastian Bach

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

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down
on his mother
And ate up his sister's miscarriage

There was a man from St. James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match to his gradmother's
snatch
And laughed as she pissed through the flames

There once was a girl named Flo Varden
Who went down on a guy in the garden
He said, "Listen Flo, where does that
stuff go?"
And she said, (GULP) "Beg pardon?"

There once was a pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as he handed him
his cock
"Will I lose both my testicles too?"



(Sing Us Another One Do -- Cont.)

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said, "my dear you've a tight one"
She said, "Oh my soul, you have the
wrong hole
It's the one up front that's the right one"

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked her
bowels
And deposited the mess on her breast

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who diddled nuns while confirmin' 'em
He brought them indoors, slipped down
their drawers
And slipped his episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts
and the punks
And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckin' 'em

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

There was a young girl from St. Paul
Who wore a news paper dress to a ball
Her dress caught fire, and burned her
entire
Front page, sports section and all

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a hexahydrogenal ball
The square root of it's weight, plus his
pecker times eight
Was four/fifths of five eights of fuck all

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, and so'd
the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants



(Sing Us Another One Do -- Cont.)

There once was a whore named Gail
Between there tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind, for the sake
of the blind
Was the same information in braille

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden to pee
He said Pax Vo Biscum, why won't the
piss come
I guess I've got C - L - A - P

There was a young girl from Trass
Who had a magnificent ass
Twas not round and pink, as you
probably think
Twas gray, had four legs and ate grass

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street, would not eat
the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There was a young lady from Ransom
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from
the floor
Cried my name is Simpsons, not Sampson

There was a young lady from twilling
Who went to the dentist for a drilling
But because of depravity, he filled the
wrong cavity
And now she's nursing her filling

There was a young lass named Alice
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice
It was not from relief, as was the
belief
But purely from Protestant malice

There once was a girl from Cape Cod
Who thought all babies came from God
But it wasn't the Almighty who lifted
her nighty
It was Roger the lodger the sod



There once was a pirate named Bates
Who was learning to rhumba on skates
He fell on his cutlass, which rendered
him nutless
And practically useless on dates

There was a young lady from Decatur
Who was screwed by a big alligator
Nobody knew the results of the
screw
Cause after he laid her he ate her

There was a young lady named Esther
Who said to the man as he undressed her
"If you don't mind, use the hole
behind
The front one is beginning to fester

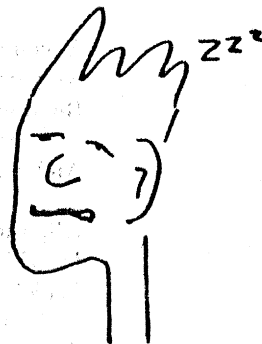
There was a young man named Clyde
Who fell in an outhouse and died
Likewise his brother, who fell in
another
And now they're interred side by side

There once was a pilot named Paul
Who's cock was the longest of all
This appendage of his got into
show biz
With a royal performance on call

Now Paul found trouble in fame
Every where in the ville knew his name
And their unhidden fear, of his
fantastic gear
Put a halt to old Paul's favorite game

Now in hopes of relief to Seoul he went
Our pilot Paul, with his dick bent
And though folded in half, the whores
still feared his shaft
And the bend in his tool made a dent

In Pusan, with a girl to his taste
Paul dropped his drawers and entered in haste
But he didn't unfold, when he entered
her hole
And spilled the whole wadd, "What a wastel"



(Sing Us Another One Do -- Cont.)

There once was a Captain named Tuck
Who went to the ville for a fuck
He spread open her legs, found ten
 cockroach eggs
Three boogers, some scabs and green muck

Now later when Tuck wiped his chin
He smiled, and said with a grin
"Didn't take her to heart till she
 sprayed out a fart
That tasted like bird shit and gin"

A young preacher, who was new to some
At persuasion was surely no bum
He preached fornication, to the whole
 congregation
And was washed down the isle in the cum

Oh, the Romans had great spacious halls
In which they held sexual brawls
Which would last so they say, for a
 week and a day
There's no doubt those bastards had balls

There once was a GIB from the sticks
Who didn't like cunts, only dicks
He told MPC find a place
 just for me
Now he's one of the boys who check six



SIR JASPER

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me!
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me!
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me!

CHORUS: As I lay between the lily white sheets,
With nothing on at all!

Continue to repeat the verse dropping the last word and adding
more and more emphasis to those words that are left.

SIT ON MY FACE

You can sit on my face if you love me
You can sit on my face if you care
Let my stare up your red river valley
Run my tongue through your soft pubic hair

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

1st Rendition - Sing with gestures
2nd Rendition - Hum with gestures
3rd Rendition - Gestures only

ing Wheel Cont.)

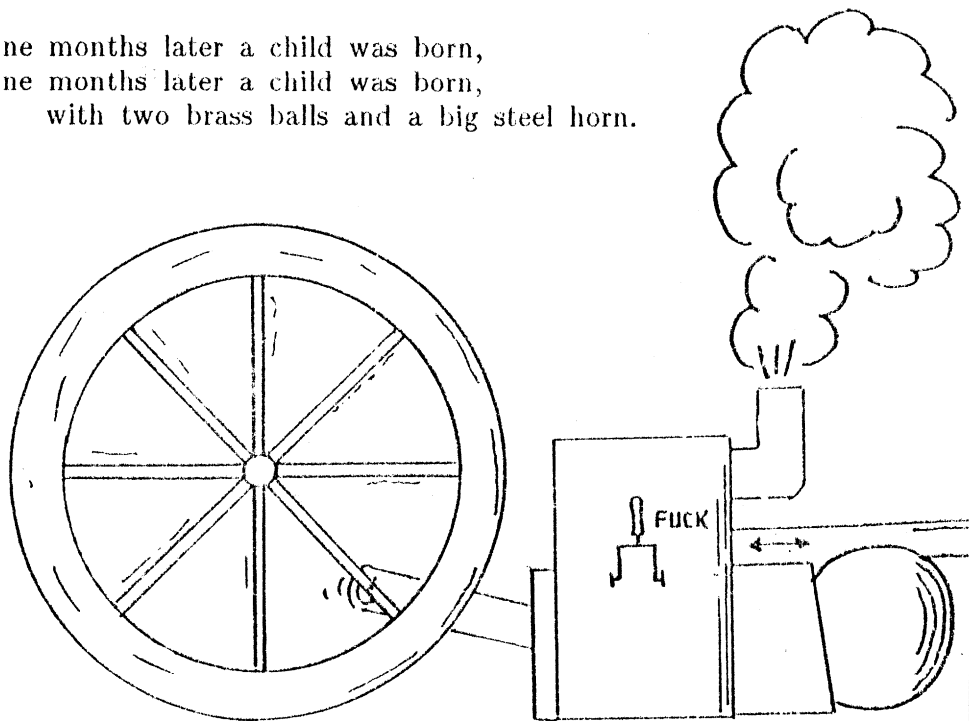
Until at last his wife she cried,
Until at last his wife she cried,
"ENOUGH, ENOUGH, I'm satisfied!"

And now we come to the tragic bit,
And now we come to the tragic bit,
there was no way of stopping it!

Split his wife from twat to tit,
Split his wife from twat to tit,
and the whole damn place was covered with shit.

And now we come to the part that's grim,
And now we come to the part that's grim,
it jumped off her and it JUMPED on him!

Nine months later a child was born,
Nine months later a child was born,
with two brass balls and a big steel horn.



THE GREAT FUCKING WHEEL

A friend once told me before he died,

CHORUS: Rump titty, rump titty, rump titty rump!

A friend once told me before he died,
and I don't think that the bastard lied.

CHORUS: Rump titty, rump titty, rump titty rump!
Rump titty, rump titty, rump titty rump!

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
that she could not be satisfied.

So he built a GREAT FUCKING WHEEL,
So he built a GREAT FUCKING WHEEL,
with two brass balls and a prick of steel.

The whole damn thing was run by steam,
The whole damn thing was run by steam,
the balls of brass were filled with cream.

He laid his wife upon the bed,
He laid his wife upon the bed,
and tied her feet behind her head.

He put the machine in the position of fuck,
He put the machine in the position of fuck,
and wished his wife the best of luck,

Round and round went the GREAT FUCKING WHEEL,
Round and round went the GREAT FUCKING WHEEL,
IN and OUT went the prick of steel.

Higher and higher went the level of steam,
Higher and higher went the level of steam,
down and down went the level of cream.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING
(Balls to Your Partner)

Prelude: There was a ball, a bloody great ball, of Kerrie Muir
Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin on the moor.

Oh, the King was in his counting house, counting out his wealth.
The Queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

(Old)

CHORUS: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll do it now.
The man that did it last night,
Could not do it now.

(New)

CHORUS: Balls to your partner, your ass against the wall.
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all.

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, was the entrance to the womb.

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

Oh, the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Oh, the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits,
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks,
You could not hear the music for the slushing of the pricks.

They were fucking in the barley, they were fucking in the oats,
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

Oh, the village craftsman he was there, his hammer and his awls,
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs,
You could not see the carpet for the cum and curly hairs.

Four and twenty virgins, came from Iverness,
And when the ball was over there were four and twenty less.

(The Scotch Wedding - Cont.)

Little Tommy he was there, but he was only eight,
He was too young to join the fun, so he had to masterbate.

The village prostitute was there, just lying on the floor,
And everytime she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

The village vicker he was there, wrapped up in a shroud,
hanging from a chandalier, and pissing on the crowd.

The village joker he was there, doin' this and that,
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.

The village blacksmith he was there, he had balls of brass,
Everytime he took a step, sparks shot up his ass.

The village School Marm she was there, she was up to quite a stunt,
Sliding down the bannister, and whistling through her cunt.

The village idiot he was there, making like a fool,
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool.

Oh, the village butcher he was there, cleaver in his hand,
And everytime he turned around, he circumcised a man.

Oh, the village cripple he was there, not doing very much,
He lined up on the little girls, and fucked them with his crutch.

Plowman Jock he was there, the bugger would not dance,
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

The firey Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the bores,
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores

The chimney sweep he was there, he had a dose of cot
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot.

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox,
He could not fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box.

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest,
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

THERE ARE NO 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
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states

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

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

Oh a bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh a bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on, he's reading novels in the john
Oh a bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

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

(Fighter Pilots Cont.)

Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap
Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap
They're all in BOQ's, reading Nav Air News
Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap

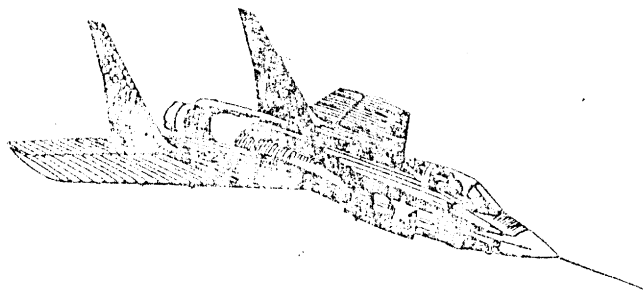
You can tell a navigator by his ass
You can tell a navigator by his ass
Oh, it's forty inches wide, getting wider every ride
You can tell a navigator by his ass

Oh look at the Broncos in the club
Oh look at the Broncos in the club
They don't party, they don't sing, Hooters do everything
Oh look at the Broncos in the club

An airline pilot's life is mighty fine
An airline pilot's life is mighty fine
Flying friendly skies, putting hands on friendly thighs
An airline pilot's life is mighty fine

Oh it's naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty but it's nice

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!



YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(To the Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

By the ring around his eyeballs, you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread accross his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, charts and such
And you can tell a Fighter Pilot, but you can't tell him much

CHORUS: It's a lie, It's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a lie, lie, lie
It's a lie, it's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a silly fucking lie

First lady forward and the second lady back
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack
Then you gather all together in the middle of the room
Will the lady who just farted kindly leave the room

CHORUS:

We fly our fucking fighters down to forty fucking feet
Through the fucking corn and through the fucking wheat
First you fly the fuckers up then you fly the fuckers down
And you'll be the first to know when you hit the fucking ground

CHORUS:

Rollin' in on target with your burner's all aglow
You put your pipper on them then you let your napalm go
First you jink out to the left and then you jink out to the right
And you hit the deck a--running and make it home another night.

CHORUS:

THE WILD WEST SHOW

"GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
...WELCOME TO THE WILD WEST SHOW!"

CHORUS: Oh, were off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephants and the kangaroos.
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

INTRO: Tonight for you we have the most fantastic, incredible, animal
act ever seen before the eyes of man on the face of this earth. Tonight
for you we have the famous.....

RESPONSE: "FANTASTIC, INCREDIBLE, tell us about the MOTHERFUCKER!"

Intro.... Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki, Bird

Response

The Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki, Bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies along
at 21,500' looking for targets. As he spies his prey, he folds his wings
and starts down a precise 75 degree dive. Down he goes gaining speed
18,000', 10,000' -- His vision begins to blur from the wind blast --
7,000' -- faster and faster -- 3,000' -- 1,500' -- 500' -- He starts his
pull out -- 100' -- 50' -- He puts out his wings, grabs his prey with his
mighty talons and says -- "Ki, Ki, Ki, Krist that was close!" CHORUS

Intro.... Fukawi Tribe

Response

The Fukawi Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed. They're a tribe of three
foot tall pygmies living in four foot tall elephant grass. They spend
their whole life going around saying, "Where the fuck are we, where the
fuck are we?" CHORUS

Intro.... Lulu the tatoood Lady

Response

Lulu the tatoood Lady is a very strange lady indeed. She has a "W"
tatoood on her left cheek and a "W" tatoood on her right cheek. When she
bends over she spells "WOW" and when she stands on her head she spells
"MOM". But when she does cartwheels, she spells "WOW MOM, WOW MOM."
CHORUS

Intro.... Mathnatical Impossibility

Response

The Mathnatical Impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the
only girl around who was eight (ate) before she was seven. CHORUS

(Wild West Show Cont.)

Intro.... Shoe Clerk

Response

The Shoe Clerk is a very strange human like animal. He's the only animal known that you can throw into a barrel of tits and he'll come up sucking his own thumb. CHORUS

Intro.... Lulu the tatoored lady's sister

Response

Lulu the tatoored lady's sister is a very strange lady indeed. She has "Merry Christmas" tatoored on one thigh and "Happy New Year" tatoored on the other thigh. Then she says, "Why don't all you Foxes come up and see me between the holidays." CHORUS

Intro.... PFFTT Bird

Response

The PFFTT Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird that has a three foot long right wing and a four foot long left wing. He flies around in ever decreasing circles until he flies up his own ass hole and goes PFFTT! CHORUS

Intro.... OOH-AH Bird

Response

The OOH-AH Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird with a four foot long scrotum and only three foot long legs. When he comes in for a landing, he goes, OOH, OOH ----- AHHHHHHHHH! CHORUS

Intro.... Boom Rat-Tat-Tat Bird

Response

The Boom Rat-Tat-Tat bird is a very close cousin of the OOH-AH bird. It also has a four foot long scrotum and three foot long legs, but when it lands on corrugated roofs, it goes, "BOOM RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!" CHORUS

Intro.... Peanut Butter Lady

Response

The Peanut Butter Lady is a very strang lady indeed. She's the only lady around that when you eat her out, she sticks to the roof of your mouth. CHORUS

Intro.... Tight Skinned Owl

Response

The Tight Skinned Owl is an Owl whose skin is so tight that when he blinks he masterbates himself. Little boys have been known to jack him off by throwing sand in his eyes. CHORUS

(Wild West Show cont.)

Intro.... Perverted Convertable

Response

The Perverted Convertable is a strange car like creature that seats TWO in the front seat and SIXTY-NINE in the back seat. CHORUS

Intro.... Drunken Giraffe

Response

The Drunken Giraffe is a strange LONG LEGGED creature who walks into the Hootch and tells the Everyone, "Boys, the high balls are on me!" CHORUS

Intro.... Dentist

Response

The Dentist is a very strange creature indeed, He's the only guy around that gets to put his "Tool" in YOUR mouth. CHORUS

Intro.... The O-Rang-A-Tang

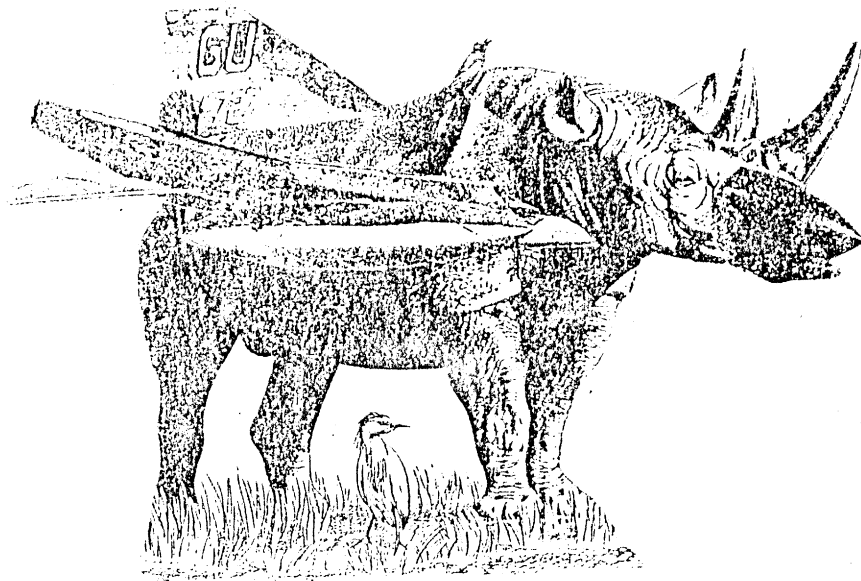
Response

The O-Rang-A-Tang is a very strange ape like creature, However, his balls hang so low that when he swings from tree to tree they go O-Rang-A-Tang, O-Rang-A-Tang! CHORUS

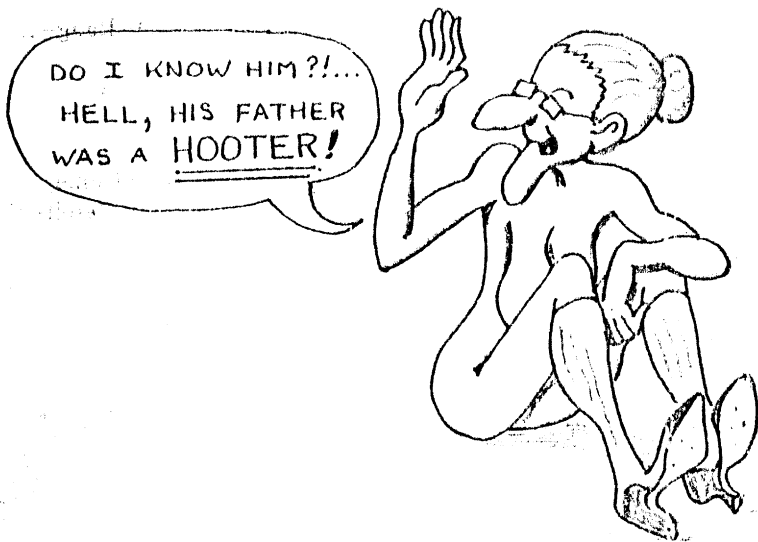
Intro.... Female Horny Bird

Response

The Female Horny Bird can be distinguished by her cry, "Wantsome, Wantsome!" and the Male Horny Bird by his cry, "Hereit-tis, Hereit-tis!" CHORUS



"OLDIES BUT GOODIES



AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high into the sun
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys give her the gun
Down we dive, spouting our flames from under
Off with one hell of a roar
We live in fame, or go down in flame
Nothing can stop the US Air Force

Here's a toast to the host of those who love
The vastness of the sky
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly
We drink to those who gave their all of old
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold
A toast to the host of those we boast
The US Air Force

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder
Sent it high into the blue
Hands of men blasted the world asunder
How they lived, God only knew
Souls of men, dreaming of skys to conquer
Gave us wings, ever to soar
With fighters before, and bombers galore
Nothing'll stop the US Air Force

Off we go into the wild sky yonder
Keep the wings level and true
If you live to be a grey-haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the blue
Flying men guarding our nations border
Will be there, followed by more
In Echelon, we carry on
Nothing'll stop the US Air Force

AIR FORCE HYMN

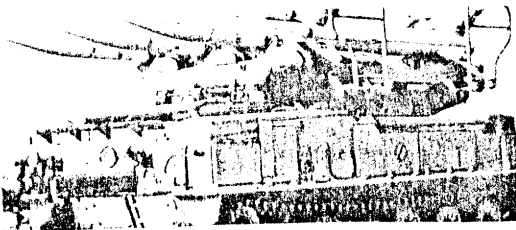
(Tune: Quebec)

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Through the great spaces of the sky
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storms or sunshine fair

Thou who doth keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight
Thou, of the tempered winds, be near
That, having thee, they know no fear

Control their minds with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land
Grant steadfast eye and skillful hand

Aloft in solitudes of space
Uphold them with thy saving grace
Oh, God, protect the men that fly
Through lonely ways beneath the sky



AIR FORCE LAMENT

(Tune: The Battle Hymn Of The Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting skies
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 Air Force's gone to hell

CHORUS:

Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them, the Air Force's 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 now, its only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force's gone to hell

I have seen them in their thunderbolts, their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives, that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their skulls in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell

They fly their rugged mustangs through a living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping-pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell

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
And we can't fly for hell

You heard our pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal
And it won't climb for hell

(Air Force Lament - Cont.)

Have you ever climbed a lightening up to where the air is thin
Have you stuck her long nose downward, just to hear the screamin' din
Have you tried to do it lately, better now, you'll auger in
And then you'll sure catch hell

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 Air Force's gone to hell

We were cocky, bold and happy, when we played the angel's game
We split the blue with buzzing, and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all verbotten and we're all so Goddamned tame
Our spirit's shot to hell

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in hell

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old, or young or bold
Alas, I have no choice and will live to be quite old
The Air Force's gone to hell

But smile awhile my pilots though your eyes may still be wet
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let --
The Air Force fly like hell

CHORUS:

Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station
Ground the guy that tries to make one and let us fly like hell

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT

(Tune: Barnacle Bill The Sailor)

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill the sailor
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill the sailor

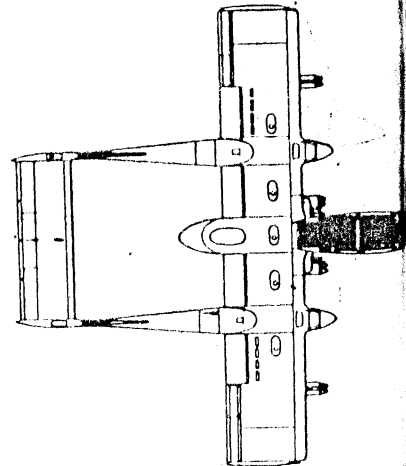
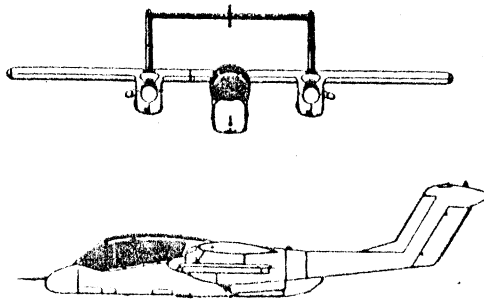
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden

I'm rough and tough and know my stuff, said Bill the Aviator
I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill the Aviator
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and a spin
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the Aviator
I'll fight this ship with a fighter's grin, roared Bill the Aviator
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the tri
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden



BATTLE HYMN (WE FLY OUR FUCKING PHANTOMS)

(Tune: 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 our fucking landfall on the fifth of fucking fourth

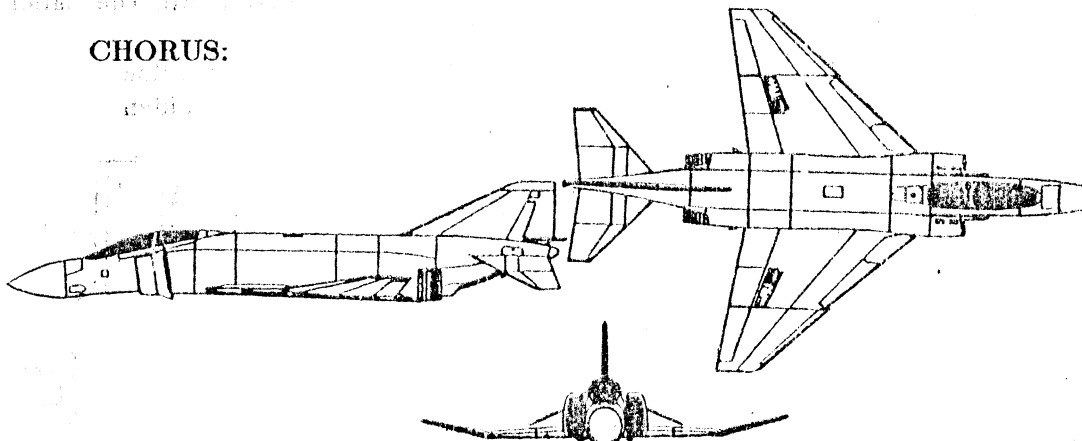
CHORUS: Glory, glory, Halleluia, glory, glory, halleluia,
Glory, glory Halleluia (Insert last line of verse)

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:



BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
I know a man who is cursing him yet
For he tried to go over the wall
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes and all
The needles did cross and the wings did come off
Cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all

Well, Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all
The needle, the airspeed, the ball
Bless all the instructors who taught me to fly
Sent me to solo and left me to die
If ever your blowjet should stall
Well, you're due for one hell of a fall
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
Cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That trans-sonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So, I'm staying away from the wall
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt and your neck, not the wall

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the Scargents, and all of their sons
Bless all the airmen, The fat-skul-led ones
For its them who keep you in the air
Many times you'll be glad that they're there
They keep your planes flying, they keep you from dying
Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all

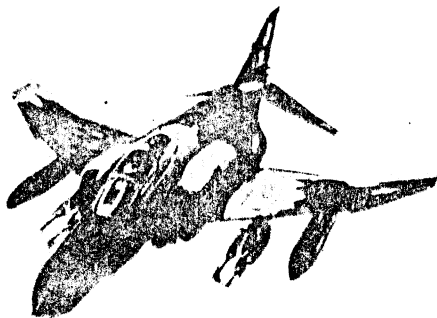
FIREBALL ON THE HILLSIDE

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

There's an up-ended glass on the table
Down in front a lone empty chair
Yesterday we were with him, and today, God be with him
Whenever he is in your care

They were four when they took off this morning
Their duty was there in the sky
Only three ships came back, Blue four ain't returnin'
To Blue Four hold your glasses high

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



FRIGGIN IN THE RIGGIN

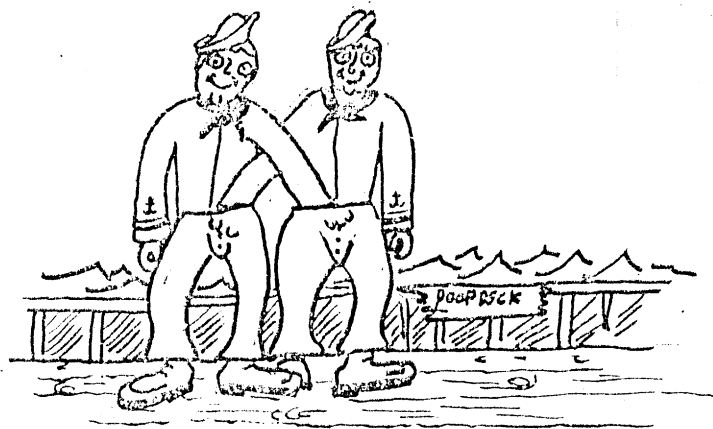
It was on the good ship Venus
My God you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast a rampant penis

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

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

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

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



G SUITS AND PARACHUTES

Once there was a barmaid down in Brewery 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-suits 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 (SKULL)
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in the bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her he did say:
"Take this, my darling, for all the harm I've done
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!"

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

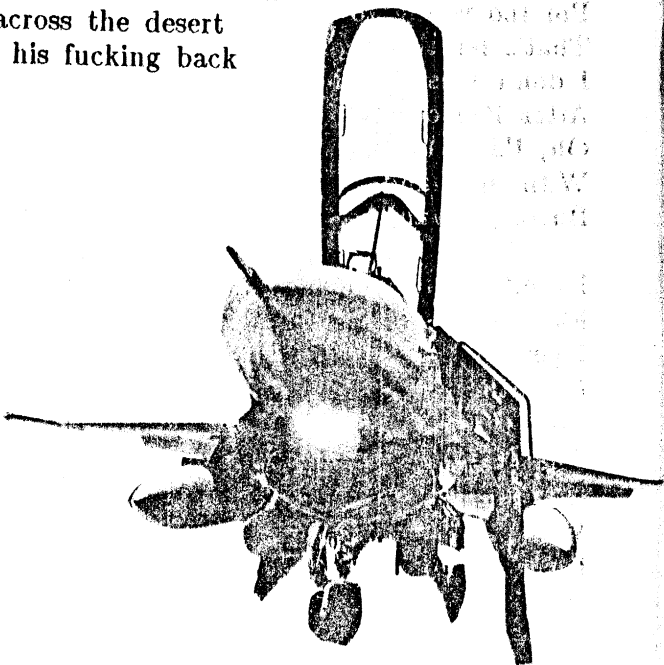
CHORUS: Singing G suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do

GHOST FUCKERS IN THE SKY

An old cowpoke went riding out
One dark and windy day
Stopped beneath a shady tree
And paused to the beat of his meat
When all at once a slant-eyed bitch
Came ridin' down the trail
He stopped her and asked her
How 'bout a piece of tail?

Chorus: Yipee-yi-yeaaaaaa, Yipee-yi-yooooooooo
Ghost fuckers in the sky

Her tits were all a floppin'
Her cunt ate out with clap
He socked it to her anyway
And gave her ass a slap
She shit, she moaned
She groaned, (pause)
She threw him from her crack
He rolled across the desert
And broke his fucking back



I WANTED WINGS

wanted wings until I got the Goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore
They taught me how to fly
And they sent me here to die
I've had a belly full of war
You can save those zeros for the Goddamn heros
"Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses
Do not compensate for losses -- Buster"

CHORUS: I wanted wings until I got the Goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
Air combat spelled romance, but it made me wet my pants
I'm not a fighter, I have learned
You can save those Messerschmidts
For the other sons of bitches
Cause I'd rather screw a woman than be shot down by a Grumman
Buster - I wanted wings

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBV
That's for the eager, not me
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Oh, I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flattop
With my hand around a throttle, not a goddamned throttle
Buster, I wanted wings

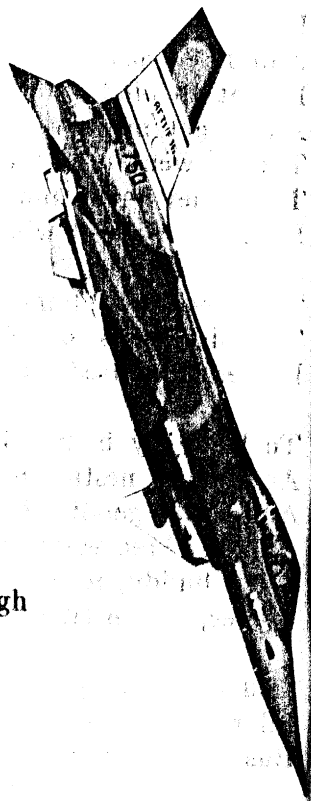
I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me puke my lunch
I get no hey-hey when they holler "bombs away"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off
That is when they shoot your ass off
Oh, I'd rather come home buster,
With my balls than with a cluster
Buster I wanted wings

(I Wanted Wings -- Cont.)

I don't fly for fun in a P dash 5 crash 1
Blazing a path for Patton's tanks
My wife don't want insurance,
And I'm not out for endurance
I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francs
In England it was the blitz,
And in France its the Messerschmidts
Oh I feel like such a sucker
When my ass starts to pucker
Buster, I wanted wings

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

Now, the day that we bombed Metz,
I ran out of cigarettes
I always smoke one for my gut
They make them by the ton,
But I haven't got a one
Oh, what I'd give to have a butt
Now the homefront may be pitchin',
But I still will do my bitchin'
Till I find some real sharp cookie,
Who can mass produce some nookie
Buster, I wanted wings



I WANTED WINGS (THUD VERSION)

I've been flying for twenty years plus four or five
And I've tried many pursuit
I went to pilot school, learned the ropes and learned the rules
And I got my wings and my blue suit
Then I went to get upgraded, and like a fool I made it
Then they made me number four, and they sent me off to war
Buster, I wanted wings

The Republic Thunderchief is just twenty tons of grief
The dirty sons-of-bitches filled it with three hundred switches
Buster, I wanted wings

To keep my body alive, they taught me how to survive
At a place nestled in the hills they fed me porcupine
And other goodies fine; pemmican to cure all my ills
And in three weeks I had made it, they said I'd graduated
Well, buddy, if that's livin' I think that I'll just give in
Buster, I wanted wings

You can have your He-Man training in the snow, and when its raining
I'd rather be a weenie, with my tootie and martini
Buster, I wanted wings

I don't want to stay, but AI 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 mamas dress us all in black pajamas
Spectators, they just sit there, sometimes throw rocks,
Sometimes spit there
Buster, I wanted wings

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

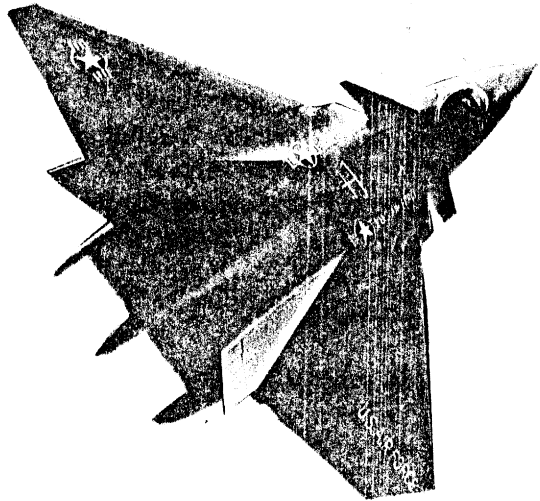
(I Wanted Wings, Thud Version - Cont.)

These lines are just in jest, Thud 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 that this was through
And for some it is all over, they lie down 'neath the clover
They did not go down in flames,
But we will not forget their names
Buster, they wanted wings

And they've truly got their wings
And they'll 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'll wear them evermore



I'D RATHER BE AN F-4 JOCK

(by Dick Jonas)

Well I'd rather be a F-4 jock
Than the governor of New York State
Now the governor's got a pretty good job
And I suppose he thinks its great
But droppin Nape and strafin' trucks
Are two things he don't know
And I couldn't fill the governor's shoes
Cause I couldn't spend all that dough

I'd rather be an F-4 Jock
Than the owner of old Fort Knox
And I like the smell of JP-4
Better than a rosewood box
Hydraulic fluid and afterburner fumes
Just some kind of turn me on
Fella, I'm happier flying F-4D's
Than a Hound Dog knawing a bone

Well I'd rather be an F-4 Jock
Than the Air Force Chief of Staff
One good reason; I ain't got the rank
Right here you're supposed to laugh
It's a lot more fun just droppin bombs
And hasseling two on two
So I'll just stick to my gunnery range
And flying the Phantom Two

Well one of these days I'll light my fire
And aim it straight at the sky
And you'll here me shout as I disappear
That the Phantom is the way to fly
I'll do a high speed pass by the pearly gates
About one point six five mach
And I'll tell St. Peter if he don't mind
Just make me an F-4 jock

IN FLIGHT REFUELING

(To the Tune: Strawberry Roan)

Oh Come Fighter Pilots, young and old
And I'll tell you a story that's been cold
A story of tankers and a fighter
And I hate to tell you what they did

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

We flew on for hours, Oh, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
And we finally got to that point far from land
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand

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

Oh we circled and circled and hollered for gas
The pain was beginning to leave my ass
'Twas beginning to pucker and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into view

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

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

(In Flight Refueling - Cont.)

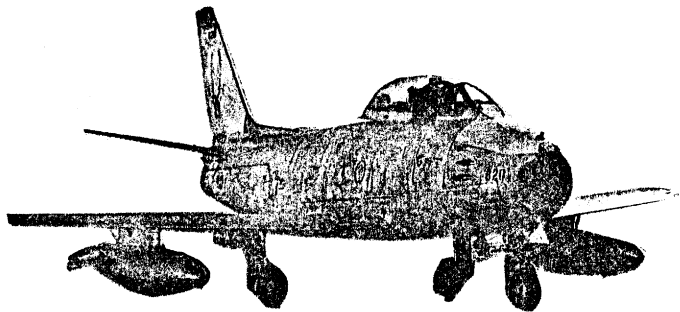
So, I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work
I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow
As I looked at the cold water down there below

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

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

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

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say
That old F-100 lies out in the bay
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life
Cause there's one tanker pilot that I'm going to knifel



IT'S A LIE (BLUE FOX LAMENT)

CHORUS: It's a lie, its a lie, you can tell the silly bastards
It's a lie, lie, lie
It's a lie, Its a lie, you can tell the silly bastards
It's a silly fuckin' lie

They sent us to team spirit, to show 'em how its done
So we left our lovely brides in the land of the midnight sun
But the Joint Chiefs changed their minds and they made us stay one ye
So we left the whores all pregnant and drank all their fucking beer

We lived on Chong-ju Air Base, in a miserable fucking tent
The rain and mud was outdone only by the fuckig Kimchee scent
The Air Force said that you all must be American Diplomats
But we told them all to fuck off and shit into their hats

We partied in tent 7, in the bar and in the sun
We partied every goddamned night when the flying was all done
Binjo runs and Hop attacks, and when we'd sing they'd cheer
Then Onnie made his last remark, "Get those fucking animals out of her

The Foxes and Fiends learned it, The Aggressors wonder why
The "Foxes" kicked their asses in the bar and in the sky
"Fox-one, Fox-two, Guns tracking" Fiend lead you're outta there
I'll see you at the stag bar and set fire to your hair

I am a fighter pilot, I drink whiskey chased with beer
I take pride in my ability to keep my conscience clear
But when she tweaked my scrotum, as she wiggled on my lap
My dick got hard and my brain got soft and I got the fucking clap

I didn't want to do it, but my mind was in a haze
I had drifted out of Taegu Ville and into the Rat maze
I'd been wandering for hours and I'd knew I'd gone too far
I hope my wingman makes it back to launch a fucking SAR

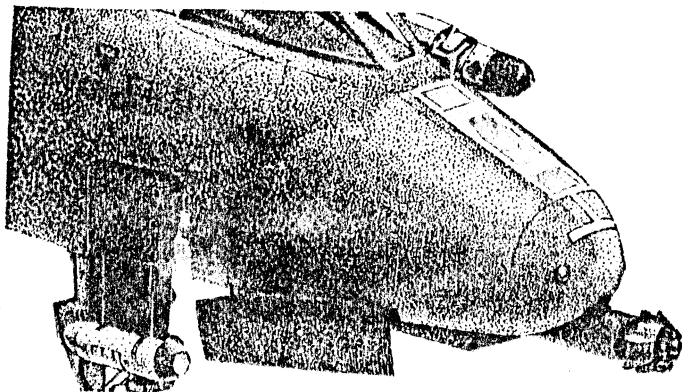
(Blue Fox Lament - Cont.)

One bloody night in Chico Ville, The silver foxes launched a sweep
They wanted to chase slant-eyed whores, 'cause they work so fuckin' cheap
But when the night was over, and our money was all spent
The foxes had a casualty rate of 44 percent

Oh, we have a sister squadron, the 308th is their name
Top cover for America is their only fuckin claim
But, let me tell you brother when all the chips are down
Top cover for America is on the fucking ground

The 308th replaced us, all volunteers they say
But we tried to launch an escort to ensure they'd find their way
They cried when they came over, its a price we all must pay
So fuck the fucking pussies, we'll be glad to fucking stay

You can tell we are bad asses by our name, it is "Silver Fox"
The only thing that's greater than our balls is our big cocks
We can fuck our wives, slopes, yobos, and still cry for more and more
And we'll even tongue the shitter of a dead ugly whore



ITAZUKE TOWER

(Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flyin over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slip-stream and hear old Merlin roar
I'll wait a bit and say prayer and hope it gets me home

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

"Listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower
I cannot call the crash crew out
This is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it once around again you're not a Vir"

"Itazuke tower this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on my final
I'm running on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I'm gonna get my charts squared up before that judgement day."

"Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
We'd like to let you in right now
But we haven't got the power
We'll send a note through channels, and wait for a reply
Until we get permission back just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm up in pilot's heaven and
My flying days are done
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade
I guess I should have waited till the landing was Okayed."

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS
(To the Tune: Bless 'em all)

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

Don't give me a P-38
The props, they counter-rotate
They are scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38

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

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

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

Don't give me a P-61
For night flying is no fun
They say its a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61

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

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

(Just Give Me Operations -- Cont.)

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

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

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

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

Don't give me a One-Double-Oh
The bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a One-Double-Oh

Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo
There's nothing that she will not do
She'll really pitch up, she'll make you throw up
Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo

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

Don't give me an F-104
With blown boundary layer control
One flap fails to blow, and over she'll go
Don't give me an F-104

Just Give Me Operations -- (cont.)

Don't give me an F-105
Cause I love being alive
She's great for attack as she soaks up more flak
Don't give me an F-105

Don't give me an old F-4E
With a WSO flying with me
Her dihedral's neat, but she's got a back seat
Don't give me an old F-4E

Don't give me an F-105
You'll never return her alive
She's had so many knocks, she has throw-away chocks
Don't give me an F-105

Don't give me a bent wing F-4
With a crew of twenty or more
She'll stall and she'll pitch, and spin flat as a bitch
Don't give me a bent wing F-4

Don't give me an ugly Aardvark
Low level's a bitch in the dark
She's fast and flies low, but the right seat controls her
Don't give me an ugly Aardvark

Don't give me a new Viper Jet
She's right off a Hollywood set
She a fly-by-wire sweetie, crashes all over Germany
Don't give me a new Viper Jet

Don't give me a big F-One-Five
A Tennis court up in the sky
A technical break through, all radars can see you
Don't give me a big F-One Five

Don't give me an F-15E
Low levels don't interest me
She's all video, and my quarters run low
Don't give me an F-15E

MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

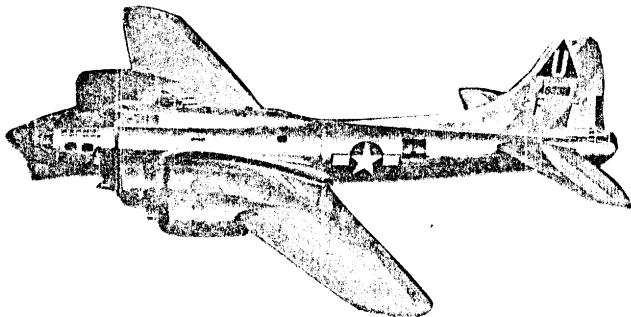
A Grey F-4 got airborne one dark and windy day
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound
Don't let those fires go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground

CHORUS: Yippi-aye-oh, Yippi-aye-yay
Mach riders in the sky

The black sabre-tooth tiger puts the commies on the run
We've been famous since that famous day in forty-one
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same
The 45th (ol' Hooters) makes history, Oh bless that famous name

And as our Phantoms leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame
The pilots all may go through hell, but fly 'em just the same
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep 'em flying high
And look with satisfaction at their Phantoms screaming by

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame
They're going to fly forever in the range up there on high
They cuss and cry, "Live or Die," MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY!



MY F-105

(By: Dick Jonas)

I'm a Thud Pilot, and I love my plane
It is my body, and I am its brain
My Thunder Chief loves me, and I love her too
But I get the creeps with only one seat, and one engine too

She's faster than lightning, it says on her dials
To get a Thud airborne, takes only two miles
She's packed with transistors, black boxes, diodes
But stay alert, cause you might get hurt, when she explodes

She totes more bombs than a B-17
My F-105 has a gun and she's mean
But there is one thing that curdles my blood
It's lonesome up there, alone in the air, in my single seat Thud

I love my Thud and she loves me too
She soaks up flak like a magnet can do
If I get my hundred and I'm still alive
I'll have no grief, goodbye Thunderchief, my F-105

MY WAY

(Tune: Fucking figure it out yourself)

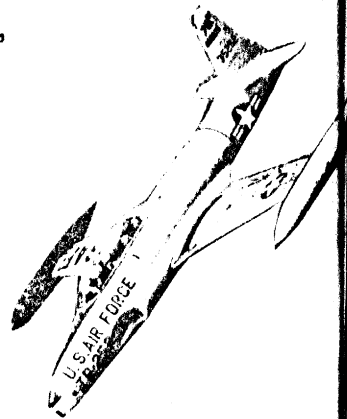
And now, the end is near, and so I face the final curtain
I lost my outboard tanks, my gun, my bombs, my wings I'm certain
I planned the mission well, I briefed to fly right down the highway
I armed it up and pickled once, and did it my way

Regrets, I have a few, they disapproved my last extension
They've cast a jaundiced eye upon the need for my retention
I flew the day before, I logged my time, not in a shy way
I guess I should have logged much more, but I did it my way

Well there were times, I'm sure you knew
When you were good, but I was too
The scores came back, you had your doubt
I'd won it all, I'd cleaned you out
Today that's changed, I missed the range, but hit the highway

I've loved, I've laughed, I've cried, I've had my fill,
my share of loosing
And now, they say I've lied, but I don't care,
it's so amusing
My boss discussed the flight, each detailed step,
along the biway
And then he said, "Don't use your SKULL,
just do it my way!"

But I've got to stand on my own two feet
So keep your kids off of the street
I've got to fly and fight and sing
To keep my cool and do my thing
I'll cross the seas, and even kill the trees
But I'll do it my way



We shoot the sick, the young, the lame
 We do our best to maim
 Because all the kills count the same
 Napalm sticks to kids

CHORUS: Napalm Sticks to Kids
 Napalm sticks to Kids

Flying low across the trees
 Pilots doing what they please
 Dropping frags on refugees
 Napalm sticks to Kids

Gooks in the open making hay
 But I can hear the gunships say
 "There'll be no Chieu Hoi today!"
 Napalm sticks to kids

See those farmers over there
 Watch me get them with a pair
 Blood and guts just everywhere
 Napalm sticks to kids

I've only seen it happen twice
 Both times it was mighty nice
 Shooting peasants planting rice
 Napalm sticks to kids

A squad of Cong lying in the grass
 But all the fighting's long since past
 Crispy critters in a mass
 Napalm sticks to kids

Napalm, son, is lots of fun
 Dropped in a bomb, or shot from a gun
 It gets gooks when on the run
 Napalm sticks to kids

Drop some napalm on a farm
 It won't do them any harm
 Just burn off their legs and arms
 Napalm sticks to Kids

(Napalm Sticks to Kids -- Cont.)

CIA with guns for hire
Montanyards around a fire
Napalm makes the fire go higher
Napalm sticks to kids

I've been told its not so neat
To watch gooks burning in the street
But burning flesh smells so sweet
Napalm sticks to kids

Young child sucking on his mothers tit
Wounded gooks down in a pit
DOW Chemical doesn't give a shit
Napalm sticks to Kids

Eighteen kids in a no-fire zone
Books under arms and going home
Last in line goes home alone
Napalm sticks to kids

Chuck in a sampan, sitting in the stern
They don't think their boats will burn
Those damn gooks will never learn
Napalm sticks to kids

Cobras flying in the sun
Killing gooks is lots of fun
Get one thats pregnant, its two for one
Napalm sticks to kids

Shoot civilians where they sit
Take some pictures as you split
All your life you'll remember it
Napalm sticks to kids

NVA are all hard core
Fleaschettes are never a bore
Throw those Psy-Ops out the door
Napalm sticks to kids

Gather kids as you fly over town
By throwing candy on the ground
Then grease 'em as they gather round
NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

O'LEARY'S BAR

'Twas a cold winter's evening
the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said
To the lady in red
Get Out! You can't stay where you are

She shed a sad tear
In her bucket of beer
And she thought of the cold night ahead
When a gentleman dapper
Stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of fighter pilots
And how they come and go (mostly cum)
Now age has taken her beauty
And sin has left its sad scar (what a gash)
So remember your mothers and sisters boys
And let her sleep under the bar

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

On top of the pop up, and flat on my back
I lost my poor wingman, in a big hail of flak

Guard channel was silent, the sites were all dead
Until we rolled in, and looked up ahead

The sky filled with fire balls, the missiles flashed by
Sweet Mother Of Jesus, we're all going to die

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

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

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

160 VC IN THE OPEN

I've got a hundred and sixty VC in the open
And 10 or 20 North Vietnamese
Got to get some air, put a strike down there
Before they can make it to the trees

I've got 160 VC in the open
It's a target that you don't get everyday
So I call the DASC, and I quickly ask
To please get the fighters on their way

Number one should have a gun
And a load of what we call incentive gel
Send number two with CBU
When they get here we can really give 'em hell

I've got 160 VC in the open
I've got a flight of F-100's up above
I've got my willy--pete smoking at their feet
It's the kind of situation that I love

PICADILLY

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

I don't want to join the army
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around Picadilly Underground
Living off the earnings of a high class lady
Don't want a bullet in me arse hole
Don't want me buttocks shot away
I'd rather be in England, In Jolly, Jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shithouse down
Mother is willing to pay
Father is drunk, brother's in jail
Sister's in a family way
Brother dear, is a fucking queer
Times are fucking hard
So please don't burn the shithouse down
Or we'll all have to shit on the ground

THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

A handsome young airman lay dying
And as on the airdrome he lay
To the mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words he did say:

"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys
The connecting rods out of my brain,
The crankshaft out of my backbone,
And assemble the engine again!"

THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE

The pale moon shone on the bar room floor
And the bar was closed for the night

When out of his hole crept a little brown mouse
He sat in the pale moon light

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 the goddamned cat!

THE MiG 21

Now the Mig-21 is a great airplane
So the phantom pilots say
And I don't think we can doubt their word
They go up their everyday

Long and sleek and fast and high
Its a dang mighty fine machine
You can take the word of an F-4 jock
A Mig-21 is mean

But so is a phantom
Ugly, but big and powerful
And faster than greased lightening

There's a lot to be said about the guys who fly
The Mig-21 up north
And I don't reckon they get paid very much
But every dime they're paid they're worth

I mean how much guts does it take
To jump a force of twenty-four thuds
That's covered a cap of F-4D's
And eight Mig-Hungery studs

Yep, those Mig drivers are pretty sharp
But not very smart
In fact, they have to be out of their ever-lovin' mind
To tangle with a Phantom

Take it from a guy whose been up north
And had a Mig or two
That's a good way to end a tour right now
I'm here and telling you

He's at ten O'clock high and goin' to eight
And next at your deep six
And your eyeballs are going like mad
Little man you're in a fix

But no sweat, G.I.
That Phantom will reach up and grab you
Spin around and swat that Mig between the eyes
And bring you home a hero

Now if you want to know how to find a Mig-21
Here's what you can do
Talk to the guy's who've been up there
And they'll tell you a thing or two

Guys like Olds and Barrios
Bogoslovski and Kjer
They'll tell you that in a minute and a half
You can do a whole day's work

They fly the Phantom
Or it flies them
All depends on how you look at it

Well I had my chance not long ago
When the Migs came out to play
And I was just one of eight good men
That went up there that day

Throttles wide open and climb and dive
And pirouettes and dips
Just take my word about Mig-21's
Those dudes are mighty fine ships

There was four Phantoms and two Migs
When we got started
When we got done
There was just four Phantoms

Yeah, the Mig-21 is a mighty fine ship
All the Phantom pilots say
And that little game is all for keeps
When the Migs come out to play

We've been up there and we'll go up there
Until this clambake is done
And there's been fights and there'll be fights
Between the Phantom and the Mig-21

But just look at the scoreboard friend
It's all in favor of the phantom

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE

(Tune: The Strawberry Roan)

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

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

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

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb
This one's a counter, and I'm not so dumb
Well I take on off at two hundred per
I got two on the wings and a full loaded MER
I struggle on up to ten thousand feet
Send down the tanker or we'll never meet

(The Thanh Hoa Bridge -- Cont.)

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

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

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

I skull for the deck and with all that she's got
When along comes this SAM... my GOD I've been shot
When driftin down in my chute all alone
I'm finally convinced that I'm no smokin stone
I'm wishin I was back in Kansas right now
With a face full of horse shit, my hand on a plow
But that ain't so and I'm down in the drink
A day like today can sure make a man think

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

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

(Save a Fighter Pilot's Ass)

CHORUS: Oh, Halleluia, Oh, Halleluia,
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a Fighter Pilots Ass
Oh, Halleluia, Oh, Halleluia,
Throw a nickel on the grass
And You'll Be Saved

It was midnight in Korea
All the Pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____
And this is what he said:
Sabres, gentle sabres, sabres one and all
Pilots, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted -- **BALLS!**
When up stepped a young Lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
You can take those Goddamn Sabre Jets
And shove them up your ass

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

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

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

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

(Throw a Nickel on the Grass - Cont.)

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

I bailed out from the Sabre, my landing was top line
With my E&E equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened up my ration, time to see what was in it
My Goddamn quartermaster had filled the thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison Camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration can of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die

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

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

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

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground
The General he smile me, he thought it was great fun
But then I met the FEB, Chitose here I come

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

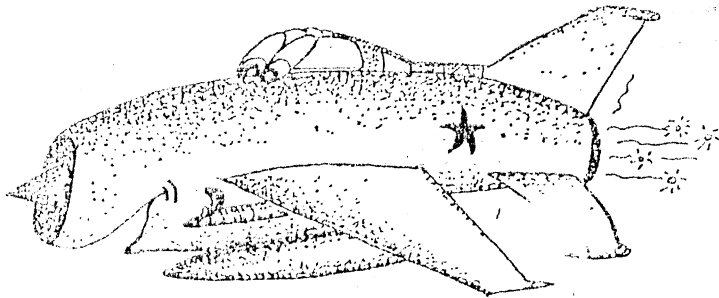
(Throw a Nickel on the Grass - Cont.)

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

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near
Went before the FEB, and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory Hallelula, What a bunch of jerks

Strafin on the panel, I made my pass too low
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you'll go"
I pulled that Sabre in the Blue, she hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse



RED RIVER RATS

(By: Dick Jonas)

The Red River Rats meet again

Telling tales, remembering when

Battles joined in the skies, shed our blood, gave our lives

The Red River Rats meet again

War is never a beautiful thing

But we fought for the right on the wing

Dropping bombs, dodging flak, fighting MiGs, we'll be back

Shout the Rats battle cry, let it ring

Sing the Red River Rats battle hymn

Hold your (skull) high, stand tall you are men

Never run from a fight, be prepared day and night

Sing the Red River Rats Battle Hymn

Look around, there's a few empty chairs

Honored Comrades should be sitting there

Some are dead where they fell, some fight on from a cell

Charge your glass, lift it high, drink to them

Well, I'll tell you a tale that'll curl your hair

I'll tell you the truth, 'cause I was there

About what happened in Ho Chi Min's back yard

Gyrene, Sailor and an Air Force type

Black smoke pouring from a black tailpipe

Flying and fighting and living a life that's hard

Black smoke, Black smoke, red SAM fire

Pressing your luck right down to the wire

Pickle 'em off and boot that baby for home

But the battle ain't over till your parked in the chocks

So if you fly and fight, keep your guns unlocked

And don't try to fly and fight if you're all alone

What's that telltale whisp I see

That's a contrail pulled by a Fishbed C

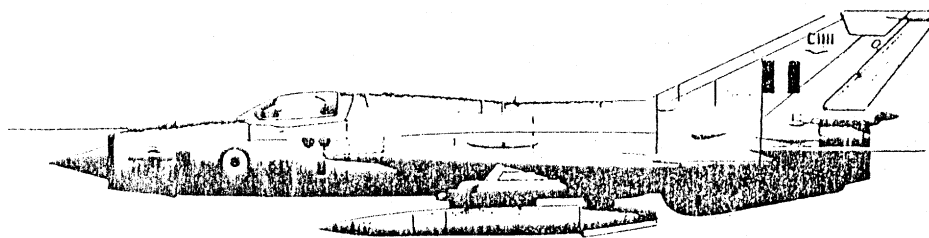
The cards are stacked and it looks like time to deal

Lead's got bandits twelve o'clock high
Lets bend it around and scramble for the sky
And arm your guns, this ain't no game, it's real

We flew the valley and the railroad lines
From Dien Bien Phu to the Cham Pho mines
But the price was high and measured in rich red blood

When the tales are told in the halls of fame
When warriors meet you'll hear these names
Skyhawk, Crusader, Intruder, Phantom, Thud

The Red River Rats meet again
Telling tales, remembering when
Battles joined in the skies, shed our blood, gave our lives
The Red River Rats meet again



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

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

We went for to 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
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say

To the Valley they say we are going
And many strange sights will we 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 BEAK 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 low and down—sun in The Valley
And guard well the ass of BEAK lead

(Red River Valley - Cont.)

Now if things turn to shit in The Valley
And the briefing I gave, you don't need
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And its Fish SKULLS and rice for BEAK lead

We refueled on the way to The Valley
In the States it had always been fun
But with thunder and lightening all around us
T'was the last AAR for BEAK lead

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 BEAK number one

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

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

SAMMY SMALL (S.E.A. STYLE)

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 just to jink
L.B.J.'s a Goddamn fluk, 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 J.C.S., fuck 'em all
Oh, we're on a J.C.S., fuck 'em all
Oh, they sent the whole damn wing
Probably half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all

Oh, we lost our fuckin' way, fuck 'em all
Oh, we lost our fuckin' way, fuck 'em all
Oh, we strafed God damned Hanoi
Killed every fuckin' girl and boy
What a God damned fucking joy, so 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
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that it's shit hot, so 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 fuckin toot
And hangs a medal on my root, so FUCK 'EM ALL

SIXTEEN TIMES

(To the Tune: 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, Rum and gin
If you fly the dot, you're sure to spin in

CHORUS: You fly sixteen times and what do you get
Another day older and your weapon is bent
St. Peter don't you call me, I'm weak and lame
I lost my ass in a poker game

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine
Got my 'chute and went down to the line
Down to the line to fly the F-4E
But it was raining so hard that I couldn't see

They blew the whistle when I was still in the rack
I thought, my God, we are under attack
Ran to my bird, but it was all in vain
Was just another silly fucking command post game

Took off one morning with blood in my eye
I'd had my fill of kimchee and rye
Pickled on a bomb pass and the gun fell free
They're going to hang my ass from the nearest tree

When you see me coming better break to the right
Cause the (Hooters & the Fiends) had a party last night
My eyeballs are red and I'm mean as a bear
Believe me, Buster, better clear the air

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT
(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

When this base opened and all things were new
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw
When up jumped this girl and said: "For five baht,
I'm Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat"

CHORUS: It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the whore from Korat thats shit hot

Standing or sitting, she's good anyway
Thats what the jocks of Korat always say
They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat

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

She's good in a hammock, but better in bed
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said
Some left their wives, believe it or not
For Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat

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

With F-4C crews, she never had trouble
Once she learned to take them on double
Though it was day light, it bothered her not
Chum Chim the whore, and shit hot from Korat

When she met the weasels, she sure had the knack
One in the front, and the other in back
She liked this arrangement, it doubled her baht
Chum Chim the whore, and shit hot from Korat

SON OF SATAN'S ANGELS

(BY: Dick Jones)

CHORUS: I'm a son of Satan's Angels
And I fly the F-4D
All the way from the Hanoi Railroad bridge, to the DMZ

I'm one of old Hoot Gibson's Boys
And mean as I can be
I'm a son of Satan's Angels and I fly the F-4D

There ain't a triple a gunner up there
That's anywhere near my class
Cause I'm mad as I can be
And I'm in for one more pass
He hosed me down one time too much
And that one is his last
And I looked back at where he was
Hey man ain't that a gas

CHORUS:

Hello Hanoi Hanna
Send your Migs to meet their doom
Flying 'em up, and blast 'em off
Hoot's boys will be there soon
I don't care if you are the gal
With a mouthful of silver spoons
Cause I've got sidewinders on board
That'll home on an AB plume

CHORUS:

STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE

(Tune: Wake the Town and Tell the People)

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your napalm in the square
Roll in early Sunday morning
Try to catch them at prayer

Spread your CBU down mainstreet
See the arms and legs and hair
Watch them crawling for the clinic
Put a pod of rockets there

Sprinkle candy in the courtyard
Watch the orphans gather round
Use your 20 millimeter
Mow those little bastards down

Find a field of running charlies
Drop a daisy-cutter there
Watch the chunks of bodies flying
Arms and legs and blood and hair

See the fat old pregnant woman
Running 'cross the field in fear
Run your 20 mike-mike through her
Hope your film comes out real clear

Spray the crops and kill the farmers
Spray them with your poison gas
Watch them throwing up their breakfast
As you make your second pass

Get the spray guns working double
Slightly offset for the breeze
See the children in convulsions
And besides it kills the trees

(Strafe the Town and Kill the People - Cont.)

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your high drag on the school
If you happen to see ground fire
Don't forget the golden rule

See them group up in the market
Waiting for a pound of rice
Hungry, skinny, starving people
Isn't killing harvest nice?

Call the fence and safe the switches
Another mission almost done
Out of gas and ammunition
Isn't killing people fun?

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medic left him for dead
All around him women were crying
These are the words that he said

"Take the tailpipe out of my kidney
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the generator out of my stomach
And assemble the unit again

CHORUS: For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozing
We are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom Buddies while boozing
Down in the hangar they laugh and they shout
Talk about things they know nothing about
We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozing
Bosom Buddies while boozing

With rusty fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem
We'll fly these worn out super-hogs
against the mig-19

Forgotten by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we hold dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing after
To show where our comrades have gone

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is full of lies
Here's a toast, to those dead already
And here's to the next man to die

TALES THAT I CAN TELL

Oh Lord, I got tales that I can tell
Oh Lord, what its like down in hell
Oh Lord, I got tales that I can tell
I got tales that I can tell, Oh Lord

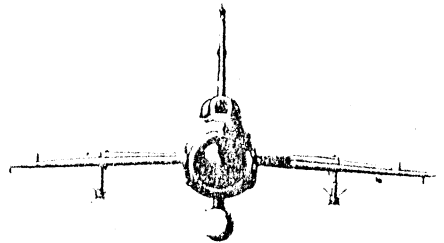
I know what it's like to sit and wait
I know misery of unknown fate
Don't know whether I'll come back today
I got tales that I can tell, Oh Lord

Oh, Lord I feel loneliness and fear and pain
I have seen brave and daring deeds insane
I have seen blood flow, but not in vane
I've got tales that I can tell, Oh Lord

I have felt pity deep within my heart
I have seen mother's sons blown apart
I have seen Satan's wicked firey darts
I've got tales that I can tell, Oh Lord

Oh Lord, I have seen fire and thunder in the sky
I have known men who weren't afraid to die
I have seen men take eagle's wings and fly
I've got tales that I can tell, Oh Lord

Oh Lord, I've got tales that I can tell
Oh Lord, what its like down in hell
I've got tales that I can tell
I've got tales that I can tell, Oh Lord



TCHEPONE

(Tune: Strawberry Roan)

I was hanging 'round ops just a--spending my time
Not on the schedule, not earning a dime
When a colonel come up and he said I suppose
You fly a fighter by the cut of your clothes
He figured me right; "I'm a good one," I say
Do you happen to have me a target today?
He says, "Yes", he does and a real easy one
"Cheer up, my boy, its an old time milk run"
I get all excited and I ask where it's at
He gives a wink and a tip of his hat
"Just one--twenty miles to the northeast of home
A small peaceful hamlet, its known as Tchepone."

I go get my G--suit and strap on my gun
Helmet and gloves, out the door on the run
Fire up my phantom, and take to the air
Two's tucked in tight, and we haven't a care
In twenty--five minutes, we're over the town
From twenty--eight thousand, we're screamin' on down
Arm the switches and dial in the mils
Rack up the wings and roll in for the kill
We feel a bit sorry for the folks down below
Of destruction that's coming, they surely don't know
But the thought passes quickly, we know the war's on
On down we scream toward peaceful Tchepone
...unsuspecting, peaceful Tchepone

Release altitude, and the pipper's not right
I'll press just a little and lay 'em in tight
I pickele those beauties at 2.5 grand
Starting my pull when it all hits the fan
There's a black puff up front, then two off the right
Then six or eight more and I suck it up tight
There's small arms and tracers, and heavy Ack Ack
Scattered or broken with all kinds of flak
I jink hard and (Skull) out to the left for the blue
My wingman says "Leader, they're shooting at you!"
"No Shit!" I cried and started toward home
Still comes the fire from the town of Tchepone
... Dirty, Deadly, Tchepone

(Tchepone -- Cont.)

I made it back home with six holes in my bird
With the colonel that sent me, I'd sure like a word
But he's nowhere, though I looked near and far
He's gone back to 7th to help win the war
I've been 'round this country for many a day
I've seen all the things that they're throwing my way
I know that there's places I don't like to fly
Up in Mu Gia and in Bar Karai
But I'll bet all my flight pay
The jock ain't been born
Who can keep all his cool when he's over Tchepone
Oooooh, Don't gone to Tchepone

As I was escorting a spectre one evening
And we were in orbit 'round delta one one
A non-christian who didn't speak english
Was shooting at us with a communist gun

His marksmanship showed he had his shit together
He watered our eyes on the very first pass
That non-christian gomer who didn't speak english
The son-of-a-bitch had balls made of brass

The Spectre TV was locked on his location
Their music was playing a symphony sweet
The non-christian gomer who didn't speak english
Was soon to receive a magnificent treat

We trolled o'er the gun pit with lights bright and flashing
He hosed at our ass as we jinked left and right
That non-christian gomer who didn't speak english
Was going to be sorry he fir-ered that night

We started our bomb pass from twenty-one thousand
The sword locked up fast and the cross hairs were right
We pickled our bombs and started our pull-off
The Demon was loose to reek havoc that night

That non-christian gomer who didn't speak english
Kept shooting at us till the LGB hit
He won't shoot no more-Cup, and that is for certain
The MK-84 guided right in the pit

So long, Mom, I'm off to drop the bomb
So don't wait up for me
And while you swelter down there in your shelter
You can see me on your TV

() ()
e attacking the frontally
Brinkley and Huntley
describing contrabuntally the cities we have lost
No use for you to miss a minute of the agonizing holocaust

Lieutenant Johnny Jones was a US pilot
And no shrinking violet was he
He was mighty proud when World War II was declared
He wasn't scared, no not he
And this is what he said
On his way to Armaged--en
So long Mom, I'm off to drop the bomb
So don't wait up for me
And though I may re--en, I'll come back to my home
Although it may be a pile of debris
So long mommy, I'm off to kill a commie
So send me a salami and try to smile somehow
I'll be back to you when the war is over
An hour and a half from now

So John, we're off to drop the bomb
So don't wait up for me
Escorting a spectre in any old sector
He can see me on his TV
While we're on a bombing pass
The spectre sparkling at the grass
And Gomers hosing my ass
I'll try to smile somehow
I'll be back to you when the war is over
Two hours and a half from now
Another tanker
Four hours and a half from now
Four hours and a half from now

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly Swagman camped by the Bill—Abong
Under the shade of the Coobah tree
And he sang as he sat and he waited till his Billy boiled
You'll come A—Waltzing Matilda with me

CHORUS: Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come A—Waltzing Matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and he waited till his Billy boiled
You'll come A—Waltzing Matilda with me

Down come a jump—back to drink at the bill—abong
Up jumped the swag—man and grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he stowed that jump—back in his tucker bag
You'll come A—Waltzing Matilda with me

Up rode a squatter mounted on his thoughrobred
Up rode his troopers one, two, three
Where's that jolly jump—back, you've got him in your tucker bag?
You'll come A—Waltzing Matilda with me

Up jumped the swagman, and sprang into the bill—abong
You'll never catch me alive said he!
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the bill—abong
You'll come A—Waltzing Matilda with me

THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's
To the place where Louis dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well
Sit the Whiffenpoof assembled
With their glasses held on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes, 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 our way
Bah, Bah, Bah
We are poor Black Sheep, who have lost our way
Bah, Bah, Bah
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
God have mercy on such as we
Bah, Bah, Bah

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

There's a yellow rose of Texas, I'm going there to see
No other fellow knows her, nobody only me
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart
And if we ever meet again, we never more shall part

CHORUS: She's the sweetest rose of color a fellow ever knew
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew
You may talk about your dearest maid
And sing of Rosa-Lee
But the Yellow Rose Of Texas beats the gals of Tennessee

Oh' I'm going back to find her, my heart is full of woe
We'll sing the songs together, we sang so long ago
I'll pick the bargo gaily, and sing the songs of yore
And the Yellow Rose of Texas shall be mine forever more

WINGMAN'S LAMENT

(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

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

Flying above us were several F-4's
They're about as useful as tits on a boar
They brief in the air and pull other pranks
Like bombarding Fives with their empty drop tanks
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home

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

Lead passed the target before he rolled in
With 300 knots: a capital sin
And try though I did, and try as I pleased
I had 400 knots and twenty degrees
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home

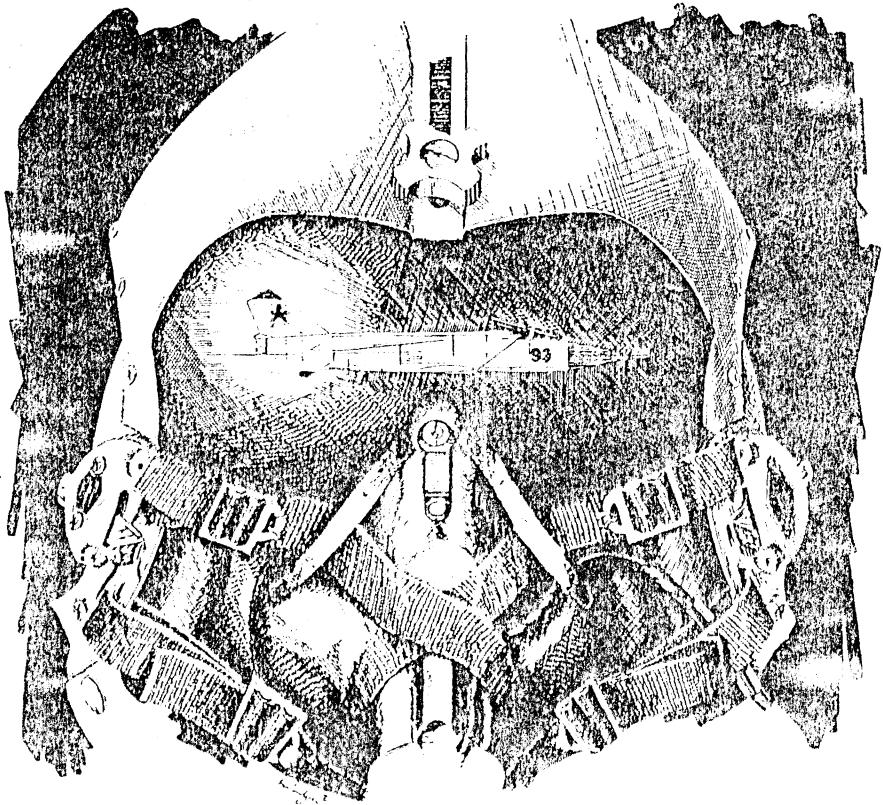
I rolled in and lit a fresh cigarette
A few puffs of flak were nothing to sweat
A damned golden BB met up with my plane
Hey coach, I think I will drop out of the game
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home

P-1 and P-2 fall down through the Red
I begin to fear my Thunderchief's dead
The slab and the stick, they soon separated
By the finger of fate, I have been mated
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home

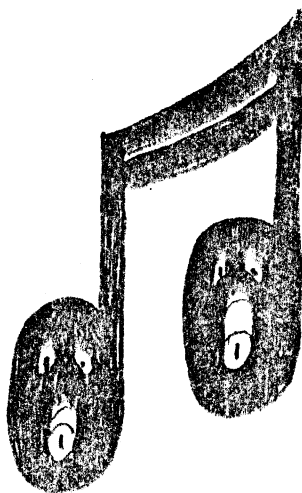
(Wingman's Lament – Cont.)

The living at Hilton ain't very good
I find the quarters as bad as the food
The waiter's they give us a whole lot of lip
But we don't have to pay, we don't have to tip
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home

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



MORE DIRTY OL' SONGS



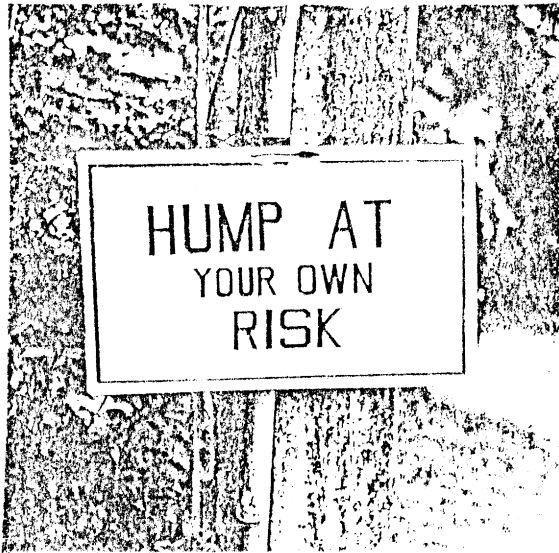
ANGELES POM-POM SONG

Have you ever been in the Philippines?
The place is full of Pom-Pom queens.
The clap is bad, the siph is worse.
So flub your dub for safety first.

CHORUS: Singing rum and coca-cola,
Come down to Angeles,
Both mother and daughter,
Working for GI dollar.

The women with their dirty feet,
Walk up and down Angeles street.
They come up close and whisper low,
"How about a little pom-pom, Joe?"

The Pilippine pimp is very smart;
He gets his dough before you start.
The pom-pom there is very nice,
But twenty pesos is a helluva price.



A BABBLING BROOK

A babbling brook, a shady nook, a girl all dressed in yellow
Two snow white tits, two ruby lips, Oh you lucky fellow

Between the hours of two and four when he began to linger
She said: "Young man, if you are through, I'll finish with my finger"

So he got up and took a piss, and she got up and farted
He wiped his cock upon her sock, and that is how they parted

Nine days went by, he heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow
Two pimples pink were on his dink, but there'll be more tomorrow

Nine months went by, she heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow
Two little muts were in her guts, but they'll be out tomorrow

BANG BANG LULU

CHORUS: Bang Bang Lulu
Lulu Bangs all day
Who's gonna bang bang Lulu
When we go away

Some girls work in factories

Some girls work in stores

Lulu works behind a bar

With fifty other whores

Wish I was a finger

On Lulu's little hand

Every time she wiped her ass

I'd see the promised land

Lulu had a baby

She named it Sonny Jim

She threw him in the pisspot

To teach him how to swim

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 Hooter

Through a barbed wire fence

Wish I was a pisspot

Under Lulu's bed

Everytime she stopped to pee

I'd see her maidenhead

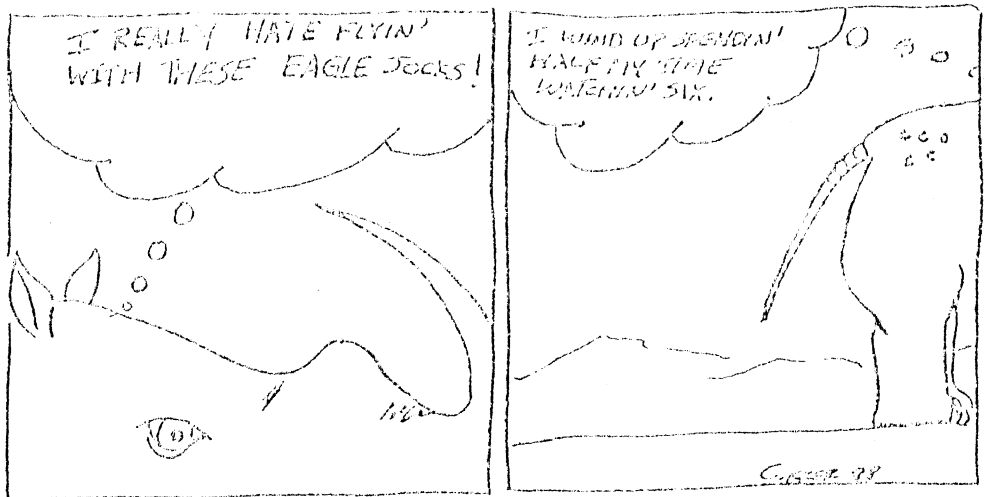
BYE BYE CHERRY

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Back your ass against the wall
Here I come, Balls and all
Bye Bye Cherry

Won't your mother be disgusted
When she finds your cherry busted
Bye Bye Cherry

Wrap your legs around a little tighter
I can feel my load is getting lighter
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits
Till my little pecker spits
Cherry, Bye Bye



COLUMBO

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety Two
A Dego from I-taly
Walked the streets of old Madrid
And pissed in every alley
All night long, from midnight on

He walked up to the Queen of Spain
And asked for ships and cargo
He said, "I'll be a son-of-a-bitch
If I don't bring back Chicago
All night long," from midnight on

CHORUS: He thought the world was round-oh
His balls hung to the ground-oh
That navigatin' masturbatin'
Son-of-a-bitch Columbo

Columbo had a cabin boy
The dirty little dipper
He lined his ass with broken glass
And circumssised the skipper
All night on, from midnight on

Columbo had a second mate
He loved him like a brother
They went down below the deck
And corn-holed one another
All night long, from midnight on

CHORUS:

For forty days and forty nights
They sailed the blue Atlantic
They spied a whore upon the shore
And the whole damn crew went frantic
All night long, from midnight on

They screwed her once, they screwed her twice
They screwed her once too often
They broke the mainspring in her ass
And now she's in her coffin
All night long, from midnight on

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?

(Tune: 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 you throw them over your shoulder, like a European soldier?
Do your balls hang low?

In the days of old when knights were bold
They 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 pricks with hickory sticks
And yelled like sons--of--bitches

HORSE SHIT

There was a pilot of great reknown
There was a pilot of great reknown
There was a pilot of great reknown
Until he fucked a girl from out of town
Fucked a girl from out of 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 then, he 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 clean 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, Horse shit!

He laid her on the dewy grass
He laid her on the dewy grass
He laid her on the dewy grass
And then he shoved the old boy up her ass
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ho, Ho, Ho, Horse shit!

He took her to the country side
He took her to the country side
He took her to the country side
And then he fucked the girl until she died
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ho, Ho, Ho, Horse shit!

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, Horse shit!

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt, she said, and felt her I did
I did, but I don't anymore

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for a cake
I asked her what kind she adored
Layer, she said, and lay her, I did
I did, but I don't anymore

I used to work in Chicago in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for a lamp
I asked her what kind she adored
Floor, she said, and floor her I did
I did, but I don't anymore

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for birds
I asked her what kind she adored
Love, she said, and love her I did
I did, but I don't anymore

I used to work in Chicago in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for glue
I asked her what kind she adored
Paste, she said, and paste her I did
I did, but I don't anymore

(I Used to Work in Chicago - Cont.)

I used to work in Chicago in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for cream
I asked her what kind she adored
Massage, she said, and massage her I did
I did, but I don't anymore

I used to work in Chicago in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for a girdle
I asked her what kind she adored
Rubber, she said, and rub her I did
I did, but I don't anymore

I used to work in Chicago in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for food
I asked her what kind she adored
Pet, she said, and pet her I did
I did, but I don't anymore

I used to work in Chicago in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for a razor
I asked her what kind she adored
Injector, she said, and inject her I did
I did, but I don't anymore

I used to work in Chicago in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came in, she asked for a scarf
I asked her what kind she adored
Neck, she said, and neck her I did
I did, but I don't anymore

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

Oh, I want to play piano in a whore house
That is my one desire
Some people may be bankers
Or farmers out in Butte
I just want to play in a house of ill repute

Now you may think this strange, my advocation
But cardinal copulation's here to stay
I don't want fame or riches
I want to play for those old bitches
I want to play piano in a whore house



IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

Oh, the harems of Egypt are fair to behold
And the maidens the fairest of fair
The fairest, a Greek, was owned by a shiek
One Abdul Abbulba Amer

A traveling brothel was brought into town
By a Russian who came from afar
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now Abdul rode by with his hand on his fly
And his balls hanging low with desire
And he wagered a million, that he could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

So this spectacle great was all set for a date
'Twas to be refereed by a Czar
And The streets were all lined, to see harlots entwined
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack
And the starter's gun punctured the air
They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn
And Abdul reved up like a car
But he hadn't a hope, against the long greasy stroke
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now when Ivan had won, he was cleaning his gun
He bent down to pick up his pair
When something red hot up his rear track was shot
And Abdul the Bastard was there

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled Queen
They were ordered apart by the Czar
But so fast they were stuck, it was fucking bad luck
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar

The cream of the joke, when at last they were broke
It was laughed at for years by the Czar
For Abdul, the fool, had left half his tool
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar

KOTEX SONG

(To the tune of: As the Caissons Go Rolling Along)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her dance she has something in her pants,
When the end of the month rolls around.

For it's HI, HI, HEE in the Kotex industry
Shout out your sizes LARGE and SMALL (MEDIUM, MATTRESS)
They can fit them small to large, They can fit a battle barge.
When the end of the month rolls around.

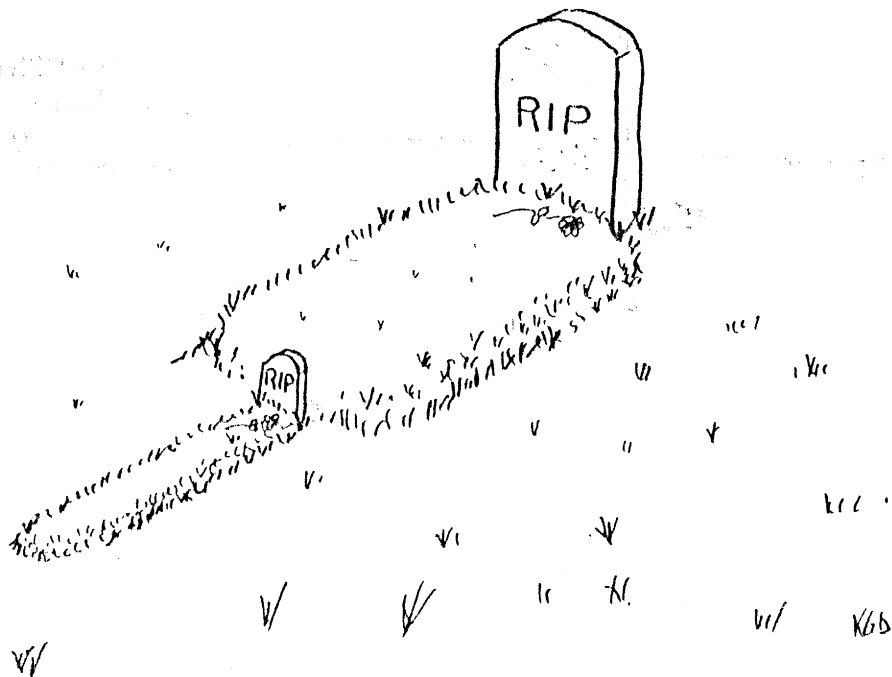
You can bet it ain't sweat, when her underwear is wet,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the suds, that there's more there than just blood,
When the end of the month rolls around.

For it's HI, HI, HEE in the Kotex industry
Shout out your sizes LARGE and SMALL (MEDIUM, MATTRESS)
They can fit them small to large, They can fit a battle barge.
When the end of the month rolls around. (Keep 'em bleeding)
When the end of the month rolls around. (One More Time!)
When the end of the month rolls around.

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 weighed 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 drooped, 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 drooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died



MY HUSBANDS A COLONEL

My husbands a Colonel, a Colonel, a Colonel,
A very fine Colonel is he.
All day he fucks off, he fucks off, he fucks off,
At night he comes home and fucks me.

CHORUS: Sing a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the band, follow the band, follow the band.
Sing a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the band, follow the happy band.

(Repeat first verse using the following:)

An L/C, Chews ass ... chews me.
A Major, Screws up ... screws me.
A Captain, Kisses ass ... kisses me.
A Lieutenant, Eat shit ... eats me.
A Juvat, Beats mud ... beats off.
A MAC Puke, Bores holes ... bores me.

NELLIE DARLING

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

There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy,
And when you piss, you miss 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.

NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sarah McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short Peter and no balls at all

CHORUS: No balls, no balls, a very short peter and no balls at all

The very first night that they were wed
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Now mother, dear mother, oh what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw
I reached for his pecker, it was very small
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, don't you be sad
It was the same trouble I had with your dad
There's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice
And found the results exceedingly nice
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all

RING RANG DOO
(Tune: Jimmy Crack Corn)

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh, she was young and pretty, too
She had what you call a Ring--Rang--Doo

A Ring--rang--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--rang--doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed her tits beneath my (skull)
And then she took my hickey--floo
And placed it in her ring--rang--doo

Her father said; "you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore
Pack up your bag and your nighty, too
And make a living from your ring--rang--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--rang--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--rang--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--rang--doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alcohol
Now all you bums and hobos too
You've heard my tale of the ring--rang--doo

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

SCROTUM

CHORUS: Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M
Bum, bum, bum
Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

Now it's mangy and its grangy, and it's covered by hair
But what would you do if it wasn't there?
It's your . . . (CHORUS)

Now its so much fun to play with at night
But you better watch out if you get in a fight
Its your . . .

Now it looks like a bag with a handy design
It hangs down low, and a little behind
Its your . . .

Scrotum, Scrotum
It holds your balls in
S-C-R-O-T-U-M
Be glad you've got one
S-C-R-O-T-U-M

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

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 she's got me in a stew.

Now this is number THREE, and her hand is on my knee.

Now this is number FOUR, and she's got me on the floor.

Now this is number FIVE, and her hand is on my thigh.

Now this is number SIX, and she's got me in a fix.

Now this is number SEVEN, and I think I'm 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 she's started once again.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
The wind from her bloomers, broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went ...BAM!...BAM!...BAM!...

THE BALL (The Death of 69,000)

The Players: a KING, a QUEEN, DAVID, and a LION
Everyone else is the GROUP!

GROUP: 'Twas the night of the King's castration, and the King was throwing a ball... his left one. Counts, discounts, and no-counts were seated at the table, shooting camelshit, for bullshit was unknown.

QUEEN: Balls!

GROUP: Cried the Queen!

QUEEN: If I had Two, I'd be the King!

GROUP: The King chuckled, not that he had to, but that he had two.
Up rode David on his dashing white steed.
Up rode the King on his diamond studded jock strap.

DAVID: Where's the Princess?

GROUP: Cried David.

KING: She's in bed with diptheria

GROUP: Said the King.

DAVID: What?

GROUP: Cried David.

DAVID: Is that Greek bastard back in town?

GROUP: And he was thrown to the lions for insolence.
The lions rose. David grabbed a lion by the left nut.

(The Ball - Cont.)

LION: That tickles!

GROUP: Said the lion.

DAVID: What tickles?

GROUP: Said David.

LION: Tes-tickles.

GROUP: Said the lion. And David was summoned to come forth.
As David came forth, he slipped on some camel-shit.
Shit flew at random. Random ducked,
And the shit hit the King in the face.

KING: Shit!

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 squatted and groaned.

DAVID: Where's the princess?

GROUP: Asked David.

KING: Fuck the princess!

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 were trampled to death,
for the King's word was law!

THE BALLAD OF LUPE

Down in cunt valley, where red rivers flow
Where cocksuckers flourish and whore mongers grow
There lives a young maiden, that I do adore
She's my Hot Fuckin', Cocksuckin', Mexican whore.

CHORUS:

She'll Fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll know at your nuts
She'll suck you till you think she'll suck out your guts
She'll wrap her legs around you till you think you'll die
I'd rather eat Lupe than blueberry pie

She gave her first piece at the ripe age of eight
While swinging upon the old garden gate
The crossbar went down and the upright went in
And ever since then she's been living by sin

CHORUS

Oh Lupe, Oh Lupe, dead in her tomb
While moggotts crawl out of her decomposed womb
But the smile on her face is a mute cry for more
She's my Hot Fuckin', Cocksuckin', Mexican whore

CHORUS (Repeat after each verse):

With his bloody red kidney wiper
 And his balls the size of three
 And a yard and a half of foreskin (foreskin, foreskin)
 A—hangin' down below his knees
 Below his knees
 Below his knees

Oh, the lady of the manor
 Was dressing for the ball
 When she heard the Highland Tinker
 A—humpin' 'gainst the wall

So, she sent to him a letter
 And in it she did say
 I'd rather be fucked by you, sir,
 Than his lord—ship any day

The Tinker got the letter
 And when it he did read
 His balls began to fester
 And his prick began to bleed

So, he jumped up on his stallion
 And away he did ride
 With his balls slung o'er his shoulder
 And his prick strapped to his side

Oh, he rode into the courtyard
 He rode into the hall
 The maid cried to the buttlér
 "He's come to fuck us all!"

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor
 He fucked them in the hall
 But when he fucked the buttlér
 It was the funniest fuck of all

(The Highland Tinker - Cont.)

Oh, he fucked them in the kitchen
He fucked them on the beds
Lord save us, cried the chamber--maids
We've lost our maiden--heads

Then he jumped up on his stallion
And rode into the streets
With little drops of semen
Pitter--Pattering at his feet

Now the Tinker's dead and gone
He's buried in ST. Paul
It took a seperate casket
Just to haul away his balls

Oh, some say he went to heaven
Some say he went to hell
Some say he fucked the devil
And I know he fucked him well

THE LITTLE BIRD

There was a little bird, no bigger than a turd
A sittin' on a telephone pole
He ruffled up his neck, and he shit about a peck
As he puckered up his little ass hole
Ass hole, ass hole, ass hole, ass hole
As he puckered up his little ass hole

THESE THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere
A teat that twitches like a mooses ear
Ejaculations in my glass of beer
These foolish things remind me of you

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

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

A dirty whore strolling down the street
A bloody kotex in the rumble seat
I love my poontang, but I beat my meat
These foolish things remind me of you

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

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

CHORUS: Roly, Poly, tickle my hole
Up my slimey slue
Drag my balls across the hall
I'm a member of the sporting crew

The first old maid 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 fell in in January
And he didn't come out till June

The third old whore got up and said
Men you're all talking balls
Cause when I have my periods
Its like Niagra Falls

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR?

Who's that knocking at my door?
... Cried the fair young maiden
Oh, its only me from across the sea
... Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor

Why are you knocking at my door?
Cause I'm young enough, and ready and tough

You can sleep upon the floor
Oh, get off the floor you dirty old whore

You can sleep upon the mat
Oh, bugger the mat, you can't fuck that

You can sleep upon the stairs
Oh, fuck the stairs they haven't got hairs

You can sleep outside my door
Oh, bugger the door, it leaves me bored

You can sleep between my thighs
Oh, bugger your thighs, they're covered in flies

You can sleep within my cunt
Oh, bugger your cunt, but I'll fuck for a stunt

What will we do when the baby's born?
Oh, we'll drown the bugger, and fuck for another

WOODPECKER 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
And the woodpecker said; "God bless my soul"
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said: "God bless my soul"
Turn it around, 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, 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, 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, take a smell, revolting

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE

(Tune: Would You Like to Swing on a Star)

Would you like to sit on my face
Spread your ass all over the place
Stick my nose in a fragrant place
Or would you rather suck on my hog!

HOLIDAY SONGS



A CHRISTMAS SONG

(To the Tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)

God rest ye merry kimchee men
Let nothing you dismay
Remember North Korea
Will take your land someday

They'll burn your hootches
Rape your wives
And kill your children too
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

God rest ye merry Kimchee men
with no place left to hide
You know Kim Il Sung will not rest
Til all of you have died

He'll fry your balls
In Makkolli halls
And all your whores he'll ride
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

Oh when the hawk comes out this year
you'll shiver in your coats
And throw up when you finally see
Just how your dead child bloats

The Chinks are coming yea, yea, yea
To sink your fuckin' boats
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

The parallel drawn years ago
At 38th and Vine
Did still your fears for many years
And everything was fine

But soon the screamin' Communists
Will make it twenty-nine
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

God rest ye merry Kimchee men
Along the MDL
The north is coming south again
To blow you all to hell

They'll cremate Seoul
And fill the hole
With all the ROKs that fell
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

God rest ye merry Kimchee men
And all your families too
For Kim Il Sung the time has come
To take this land from you

To fuck your wives
Then take their lives
Brain wash your children too
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

You'll eat Chink shit to stay alive
There'll be no food for you
And if you can't find Kimchee shit
You'll gobble what they screw

Moist pubic hair, in underwear
And all that slimey goo
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

Now let me tell you honestly
What really has to be
There'll be no South Korea
Unless you pay this fee

Kill all the assholes from the North
"Before they get to ME!"
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

#1 CLISMAS SONG

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

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

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

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

VC making love near a rice paddy,
Tee Locks eyes are all aglow,
Twenty mike—mike up his ass,
Tee Locks screaming go, go, go.

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

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY

Dashing through the sky
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five
Through the flak we fly
Trying to stay alive
The SAMs destroy our calm
The MiGs come up to play
What fun it is to strafe and bomb
The T.R.V. today!

CHORUS: CBU's, Mark 82s, 750s too
Daddy vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you

Heads up Ho-Chi-Min
The Fives are on their way
Your luck it has given in
There's gonna be hell to pay
Today it is our turn
To make you gawk and stare
What fun it is to watch things burn
And blow up everywhere!!!

CHORUS:

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing through the goo, in a fucking Phantom Two,
Flying through the flak, never looking back.
Through the hills we dodge, SAMs in—coming our way,
What fun it is to strafe and bomb the DMZ today.

CHORUS: CBU's, Mark 82s, and 750s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

Skulls up Kim Il Sung, Fox—Fours are on their way,
Your luck has given in, there's going to be hell to pay.
Today it is our turn, to make you gawk and stare,
What fun it is to watch things burn and blow up everywhere.

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.

ODE TO A GREAT FUCKIN' SAR EFFORT
(With Apologies to "The Night Before Christmas")

One fine day, just last summer
(Twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over
From screwing the maid

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

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

With those beautiful Thuds
Spread in "pod" -- Quite a force
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan horse

The MiGs had been scrambled
Were headed out east
But the gunners are hosing
Eight-fives at our beast

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

But my cry went unheeded
As our bird took a hit
And I knew there and then
Things had just turned to shit

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

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

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

So with eighty percent
(That was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes of a TET

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

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

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

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

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

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

And I want you to know
He hastened to add
That in case we don't make it
Please don't get mad

(Ode to a Great Fuckin' War Effort - Cont.)

It isn't my fault
That the pod didn't work
I told you that twice
You dumb fuckin' jerk

Well you got your first counter
It may be the last
Unless this old whore
Can take one more blast

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

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

OH LITTLE TOWN OF HO-CHI-MINH

Oh little town of Ho-Chi-Minh
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA-2s
You think the "Fives" won't fly

Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs
Too late for fear, the end is near
How about that TBC???

TWELVE DAYS OF COMBAT

On the first day of combat the Air Force gave to me...
A pilot in a teak tree
Two rocket pods
Three fuel tanks
Four A1N-9s
Five thousand pounders
Six seven-fifties

Ho Chi Minh gave to me...
Seven SAMs singing
Eight flak sites firing
Nine MiGs a diving

The Air Force gave to me...
Ten Sandys searching
Eleven choppers whirling
Twelve days a-waiting

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

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

On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Two brass balls and a hand jobs in a pear tree...

3rd day -- Three french ticklers
4th day -- Four cocksuckers
5th day -- Five mother-fuckers
6th day -- Six sacks of shit
7th day -- Seven scrotums swinging
8th day -- Eight assholes aching
9th day -- Nine nymphos nibbling
10th day -- Ten tits a tingling
11th day -- Eleven lesbians licking
12th day -- Twelve twats a twitching

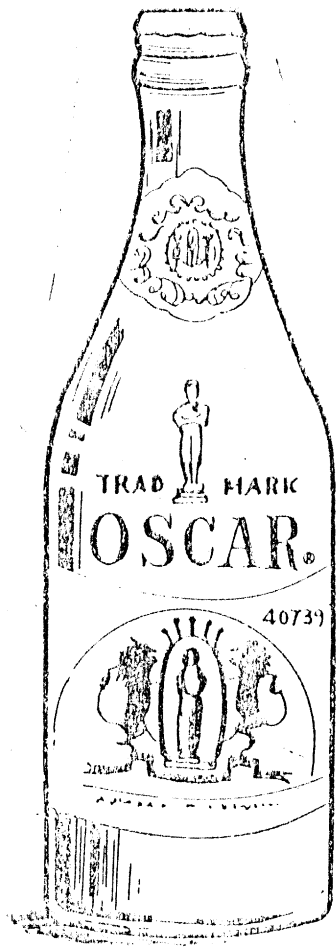
UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABLE

(To the Tune: Hark the Herald Angels Sing)

Uncle John and Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table
This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night
Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon
A---Men.

TOASTS



TOASTS
TOASTS
TOASTS
TOASTS
TOASTS
TOASTS
TOASTS
TOASTS
TOASTS
TOASTS

- I GUESS
METZ IS HERE...
- YUP!

A TOAST TO HONOR

TOASTMASTER: "Let's have a toast to honor."

RESPONSE: "Get on her and stay on her!"

FIGHTER PILOT'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood
When I ramble sit and think
Here's to me in my drunken mood
When I gamble sin and drink

But when my flying days are over
And from this world I pass
I hope they bury me up side down
So the whole damn world can kiss my ass

HERE'S TO MAG

Here's to Mag, that filthy hag
That sleezy slimy slut
Green fungus lies between her thighs
And worms crawl out her butt

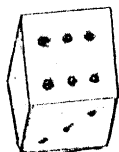
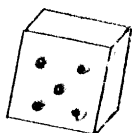
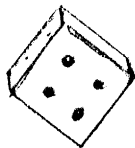
Before I'd scale those scabby legs
Or suck those pus-filled tits
I'd drink a cup of buzzard puke
And die of the grizzly shits

TOAST TO THOSE THAT FLY

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us
To show where our comrades have gone

So stand with your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
We'll drink to those who are living
And hurrah for the next man to die!

GAMES



A
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BLOW PONG

A game of skill using a ping-pong ball, a flat table and several players. The object is to blow the ping-pong ball through one of your opponents goals, while at the same time striving to prevent your own goal from being violated by the other players. If the ball passes through your hallowed goal you must pound your drink. The referee has strict control of the game and must be constantly alert for infractions of the ROE. Any infraction of the established ROE will require the member to pound his drink. These ROE are not required to be briefed prior to the game but may be done so if the referee wishes.

1. If you touch the ball, or have your chin over the table
- Drink.
2. The person losing the heat has the hammer. As soon as he puts his glass back on the table the referee will place the ball in play. Any players not ready will drink.
3. If you point to anything or anybody with anything but your bent elbow - Drink.
4. If you lose the heat, you are responsible for the ball. If somebody else steps on, and disables the ball, you will both drink the referee's choice and then go get a new ball.
5. Delay of game - Drink.
6. If the referee says so - Drink.
7. On an elimination round, if your goal is violated - Drink and leave the game. This will continue until only the champion is left.

-- MAY THE BEST BLOWER WIN ! --

NO SHIT OFFICIALS FOR BOWLING FOR BEER
A.K.A. ROLLING & CONTROLLING

1. Any sub 100 game will result in a beer frame.
2. Any first ball that is a gutter ball will result in a beer framee
3. Any non-mark framee in an all mark framee, regardless of strike or spare, will result in a beer framee.
4. Any all mark framee will result in the next framee being a beer framee.
5. During a beer framee it will be the lowest score of both balls (bowling balls) that buys the beer for the beer framee.
6. There is a three foot bubble around all bowlers. Violation of this three foot will result in a beer framee for the guilty bastard.
7. If a player drops the gate on a bowler and the bowler's ball strikes the guard, it shall be a beer framee for the guilty bastard that dropped the gate.
8. All beer framees will be marked by a star by the bowler's name, and numbered in order. As the beer framees are bought and paid for, the numbers will be circled to indicate payment.
9. Any complaints that are a result of bowling for beer will be farted off (Unless recieved by an O-4 or higher, then it will be turned over to the squadron apology officer to be farted off.)
10. Any changes to the ROE or complaints about the ROE will be farted off.
11. All deliveries of the Mark 3 Mod-00 bowling ball will be restricted to manual deliveries only.

CRUD

A game of skill consisting of two opposing teams made up of any equal number of players and a referee. The game is played on a standard size pool table with two balls, a cue ball and a target ball (8-ball). The center pockets may or may not be stuffed with toilet paper rolls to make the game more challenging. The target ball is initially set on a point halfway between the cushion and the normal spot at one end of the table. The server uses the cue ball to hit the target ball to start the game. The server is selected by a coin toss or some other means as selected by the referee. Subsequent servers become the player following the player who recieved the last LIFE. The object of the game is to shoot the cue ball at the target ball while it is still in motion with your hand causing the target ball to go into a pocket and out of play thus giving a LIFE to the preceding player or the following player depending on the referee's ruling. The cue ball must be shot from a position where the shooter's BALLS(testicles)/LIPS(pussy) is behind either end of the table. The server gets three shots at the target ball to hit it and put it into play. Any player receiving three LIFEs, is out of the game. Shooters are rotated in and out of the game by alternately going down each team's roster in order until all players are in the game and then play is rotated back to the top of the roster. The team that looses all it's players by having three LIFEs apiece, buys the opposing winning team member his choice of beverage. In addition, the first person to recieve three LIFEs will buy the referee his choice of beverage. All DECISIONS made by the REFEREE are FINAL!

How LIFEs are scored: (One LIFE each infraction.)

1. Person shooting before/behind you sinks the target ball.
(Ref's decision)
2. Playing out of turn. (ie. touching the cue ball.)
3. Missing the target ball three times on the serve.
4. If the target ball rolls dead, a LIFE is scored on the following shooter.

If the shooter doesn't move the target ball at least 6" (The length of a U.S. dollar bill) from the point of impact with the cue ball, the LIFE is on him.

Shooter shoots the cue ball without having his BALLS/LIPS behind the end of the table.

Running into the referee.

Unnecessary verbal abuse to the referee. (Ref's decision)

Player causes any ball to leave the table.

Touching the target ball.

Shooting the cue ball at the target ball without at least one foot on the floor.

Any player interfering with the immediate play of the game without being involved in the immediate play receives a LIFE. Allow three feet of playing room around the entire table. (Immediate players -- shooter, the person preceding him and the person following him.)

Dropping the cue ball directly on top of the target ball.

Unauthorized interference with the shooter. (Ref's decision)

DECEASED INSECT

If you don't know how to play "Deceased Insect,"
ask any FIGHTER PILOT!

DOLLAR BILL GAME

A game of chance played with the serial numbers of any dollar bill, or any bill of an higher denomination that is marked with the appropriate fighter designation, (Kimchee money is illegal), to promote the consumption of any stimulating beverage. The holder of the hammer draws a dollar bill from his wallet, He then asks the maggot on his left or right to choose first two or last two numbers of the series. Then he asks the person in the opposite direction to guess between 0 - 99. He will state whether the guess was high or low. This is continued around until some fool guesses the number and buys his friends a drink. If play is continued around to the hammer, he must take the next closest number by one.

COMBAT RULES

Same as above with the following additions:

1. First two or last two are determined prior to drawing the bill out.
2. The hammer has one look at the bill and places it face down on the table.
3. The hammer responds either high or low only once for each guess. If he forgets, he buys.
4. If anyone has to ask what's high or low, he buys, but play continues for another round of drinks.
5. The hammer may claim that any number is the point (LIE)!
6. If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge. If the hammer is in error (CAUGHT LYING), the hammer buys. But, if the kill is validated, the loser buys double.
7. Anyone who guesses outside the high low bracket buys, but the game is continued for another round of drinks.

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning a lot of money. The player with the hammer establishes the pot. Each player, in turn, can bet (cover) all or part of the pot. After the entire pot is covered, or each player has bet, the hammer establishes the point. The point is a third die when a pair is rolled. The dice are rolled as many times as it takes to establish a point. He then bets his point individually with each player. The following point rules apply:

1. 4,5,6 roll is an automatic winner.
2. 1,2,3 roll is an automatic loser.
3. 6 point is an automatic winner.
4. 1 point is an automatic loser.
5. Trips is an automatic winner.
6. A tie is a push, and no money is exchanged.
7. A player can call "BOTTOMS" before each roll such that the bottom of the dice will be used to score.

The following rules apply to the pot:

1. All or none of the remaining money can be pulled from the pot at the end of a round by the hammer. If the hammer rolls a 4,5,6, he can take any fraction of the pot without passing the dice.
2. At the end of the round, if the hammer pulls the entire pot, the dice pass to the left.

The following rules apply to the sequence of passing the hammer:

1. When an entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last bettor.
2. If someone rolls a 4,5,6 he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round.
3. If two or more 4,5,6's are rolled, the first one receives the hammer.

Two player rule: Ignore point rules # 3 and 4.

LIAR'S DICE

A game of skill and chance played with five dice and a cup. The game is played until someone is shown to be a liar, who then buys a round for the players. The person who has the hammer rolls the dice then has the game option of looking under the cup or not. He then makes his call and passes the dice in the direction of play. The person can accept the dice and the call and try to better it, or try call him a liar by raising the cup and exposing the contents to all the players. If the passer had his call or better, the exposer is a liar and buys the round. If the passer doesn't have what he called, or better, he buys. He who exposes the liar has the hammer for the next game. The dice calls are left primarily to the creativity of the players with the following guide lines.

1. Dice may be displayed, rolled or peeked at in any manner the player wishes, to make his call believable. However, anyone caught adjusting the dice to his benefit is considered to be a liar and must buy a round for the players.
2. Once a person touches the cup he accepts the passer's call.
3. The dice are scored similar to hands of cards. (e.g. three of a kind beats two of a kind, four of a kind beats a full house etc.)
4. If so stated by the hammer at the beginning of the game there can be 0, 1, or 2 "KICKERS" (i.e. three "4's" and a "5" beats three "4's" and a "2".) A person can not call a "KICKER" with the same value as the of a kind dice.
5. The lowest call someone can start the game with is obviously a pair of "1's" and the highest call is five "6's".
6. If a person is put in a "PREDICAMENT" (i.e. a person is passed five of a kind, he has three rolls to equal or better the call. If he equals or betters the five of a kind he may pass the dice in the direction of play or back to the person who passed him the dice to put him in a "PREDICAMENT".
7. The hammer has the option of modifying the rules at the beginning of each game.

-- MAY THE BEST LIAR TRUTHFULLY WIN! --

MAJORCA 21 ACES

This game is played the same as 21 aces (BELOW), except the player who rolls the 7th ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in it. The player who rolls the 14th ace pays for the drink. The person who rolls the 21st ace drinks!

TWENTY ONE ACES

A game of chance played with five dice and a cup. The player who rolls the 21st ace buys the round. To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all 5 dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all 5 dice again until he doesn't roll any aces. He then passes the cup and dice to the next player. Each player will continue to roll all five dice in the same manner until the 17th ace is rolled. Then only 4 dice are rolled. One more die is removed for each additional ace rolled, until you have one die left to roll for the 21st ace.

OUIJONGBU

Description: A game of chance played with five dice.

Objective: To Win!

Purpose: To promote drunkenness.

Basic Rules

1. Highest total score at the end of the game buys the round.
2. Three's count as zero (three's are free) and should be pulled.
3. Roll all dice on the first roll.
4. On each roll one die is turned over and the point now showing is the point for that roll.

(Ouljongbu, Basic Rules – Cont.)

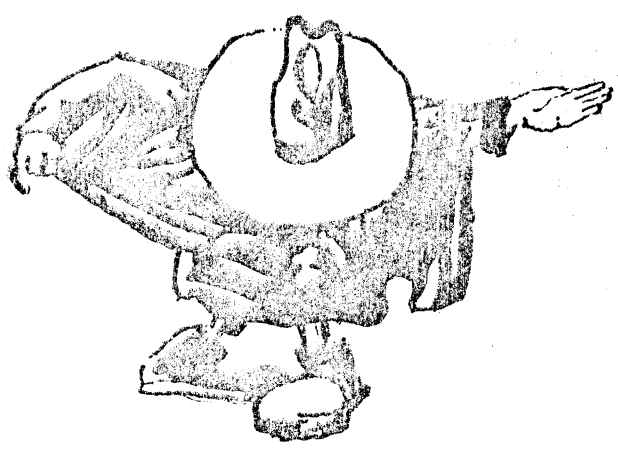
5. The remaining dice are collected and rolled again.
6. Again, a die is rolled over and the point showing is added to the growing total.
7. Repeat steps 5 and 6 until all five dice have become points.
8. Total your points, and pass the cup in the direction of the game.
9. Remember, "3's" are free and should be removed before rolling the point die over. But if your last die is a "3" it still must be rolled over to a "4" because of rule #4.

Combat Rules

Violators of these rules buy a round when Combat Rules are in effect:

1. Each player must preflight his ordinance before he rolls (e.g., if he does not roll the correct number of dice, he buys.)
2. Insulting the dice. (e.g. Rolling over a die which has a value already showing on another die, instead of pulling the other die.)
3. Stacking the dice.
4. Rolling the dice off the bar or table.
5. Asking what the point is.

ONE LINERS



FIGHTER PILOT'S BREVITY CODE:

99. Hot Screaming Shit!
100. Shit Hot!
101. You've got to be shitting me!
102. Get off my fucking back!
103. Beats the shit out of me!
104. What the fuck, ...over!
105. It's so fucking bad, I can't believe it!
106. I hate this fucking place!
107. This place sucks!
108. Fuck you very much!
109. Beautiful, just fucking beautiful!
110. That damned O'Club!
111. Here comes another butter bar!
112. Here comes another full bird!
113. Fuck, Shit, Hate!
114. I just got fucked again!
115. Bend over, here it comes! Another GOOD deal!
116. Big fucking deal!
117. Stick it in your ear!
118. Get bent!
119. Who gives a flying fuck?
120. You've got a lot of fucking balls!
121. Merry fucking Christmas!
122. Fuck it, just fuck it!
123. Nice ass! Nice chin, too!
124. Strictly an asshole!
125. You must have me confused with someone who gives a shit!
126. GD Shit fuck.
127. Right On.
128. I've got an old rusty load.
129. I could just shit.
130. Roger that!
131. I can't help you -- I wasn't here then.
132. Rule ONE in effect tonight!
133. Oh yeah?
134. Prove it.
135. Those shitheads fucked up again.
136. Just blew it.

137. We'll be right back, you lucky bastard.
138. The fucking maid woke me up.
139. The fucking maid didn't wake me up.
140. Your shit is weak.
141. You horny fucker.
142. Fuck the fucking fuckers.
143. Fuck You! A strong letter follows.
144. There's no damn mail again today.
145. Hope to shit in your mess kit!
146. I'm going to blow your shit away!
147. Stud horse piss with the foam farted off.
148. Fuck USAF, fuck AAC, fuck Alaska, fuck me.
Fuck TAC, fuck USAFE, fuck PACAF, fuck me.
149. Those fucking operators.
150. Everybody needs a fucking hobby.
151. Happiness is a warm pussy.
152. You eat shit, chase rabbits and bark at the moon.
153. Balls of fire.
154. Get your ass in gear.
155. Bring 'scrunchin' upon his body.
156. Flap, fuck it and press.
157. And send a soft copy to MAC.
158. Can't use it in my business.
159. You shithead!
160. Fuck a red-ass duck!
161. Get laid!
162. Snake Shit.
163. Don't rock the sampan.
164. Everything I touch turns to shit.
165. You just stepped on your dick.
166. Fuck it! Just fuck it! And fuck it again!
167. All over my body.
168. Hang it in your fucking ear.
169. I love it so much I could shit!
170. I love the fucking Air Force and the Air Force loves
fucking me.
171. Shit house mouse.
172. Show us your tits.
173. Fuck the Fiends!

FIGHTER PILOT ONE LINERS

...rattle snakes in the cockpit
...Thank—you very much!
...beatin' up the air
...it's not the thought that counts
...waffles over here
...taxi in and gun you
...cutting down aspect
...my hands will generally out—perform the airplane
...I make my string longer
...I have a plan
...mark 1 mod 0
...the man
...poor people must be more clever
...burning P sub S's
...making the corner that's never been made
...your AOA is more than my airspeed!
...blow through
...beam over
...he's a player
...Helen Keller treatment
...two furlongs per fortnight
...hammers of hell
...ace
...Harvey
...Jack
...Joe bag—of—donuts
...Slick
...Raghead
...I've seen that movie
...permission to die
...Ivan thanks you very much
...lights his hair on fire
..."Hello — is this working?"
...brush him off
...I've never ever made this turn in recent history
...wooh—wooh
...the faster you go, the faster you go faster
...six hogs looking at a wrist watch

...P sub S meter
...slugs meter
...it's a wonderful thing
...jar heads
...watch my lips if you didn't hear what I said the first time
...choke in heel dust
...bat turn
...clown
...plumberdragging my venerable cone
...switch backs
...rat shit
...its lights
...rootin' around
...motherhood
...squirt maneuver
...get it/got it/send it
...been there, done that, got the tee-shirt
...all the indians in the world came down on us
...ordinary plain vanilla fight
...I can name that tune in four notes
...my ears are laid back
...it's like stuffing a wet noodle up a wildcat's ass
...KMAC YO-YO (Kiss My Ass Captain - You're On Your Own)
...YGBFSM (You Gotta Be Fuckin' Shitting Me)
...I'm not going to be the last guy out of Dodge
...circle the wagons
...polish separations
...just because he's in a bright shiny airplane doesn't mean
 he can beat you
...can I have your stereo and wooden coat hangers?
...smoling like a raped rocket
...hair, teeth, and eyeballs flying around
...nothing like a raghead on fire
...drunk with a flashlight
...one arm paper hanger
...it's not clever to fly into the ground
...could be a raghead tank
...easy day
...an edge tracker is like a stiff dick - it has no conscience
...hamsters left leg is shaking off

...clean your nose and hose
...can we drop bombs with this thing
...a stable gate does not hold horses
...the more you take, the more it takes to take a little bit more
...it would take two train loads of tubes to make it do that
...more crutches than Walter Reed hospital
...The only purpose in life is to give a circle a place to hang
...is this the English speaking class?
...gaggle up
...flying up my own asshole
...Star Trek type weapons
...When you got 'em by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow
...into the saddle
...put him out of his agony
...gun somebody!
...go for it!
...If you don't go for it, you're never going to get it!
...the hamster didn't know
...keep sight of this guy when he gives you an opportunity
...Don't worry about that MiG, his nose is on fire.
...One legged man in an ass kicking contest...
...mind goes into the map case, and the lid goes shut
...Are we dead yet? Are we dead yet?
...Beating a basket of snakes
...He watched your move, applauded, then reacted.
...canopy to canopy, look down in his airplane and check his gas
...boring in with hate in your heart
...we die tense
...your best act
...roving your allotted area tends to get guys into the muck about
 your mode
...speed is life!
...nobody said you would live longer -- just faster!
...your mother will be a lot happier if you don't get
 your dick shot off
...he may not have the energy, but he knows somebody who does
...see if you can set the record for dying fast
...I want to have the most grandchildren
...If I make a mistake, I don't want to make too much of one
...head exploded like an over ripe peach

...It's early enough, but not too late
...little skinny white wingman
...punish him for bothering me
...bam, boom, bang!
...you're not going to like what will happen for the rest of the
day
...this might as well be the last thing I do for the rest of my
life
...dumb as smoke
...dumb as ground
...dumb as dirt
...when you unload, the saliva off your fangs runs up your nose
...who's fucking this goat?
...post hole turn
...tear off his head and shit down his throat!
...hat, ass, watch, wallet and yo-yo
...keys to the jet
...turning room required vs turning room I've got
..."You have your parachute, Boyington?"
...repressurize the radar by squeezing the handle
...100lbs of rats in cold steel
...talk of electrons, your wingman shouldn't be a knot on a log
...pork palm
...Hormel hands
...kiddy car bombing
...You can have your head up your ass, but you must fly to be
proficient
...Ivan isn't going stop at the knock--it--off call

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But the magic of all this here in lies
In the brave men who sing these lullabies
Whether at the Hootch or in the skies
Theirs is the spirit which never dies

**BE A HOOTER!!
(FUCK THE FIENDS)**

