

SONGS
OF
THE
RANCH

Spray the Town (Tune: Wake the Town and Tell the People)

strafe the town and kill the people,
Drop your Napalm in the Square,
Take off early Sunday morning,
Get them while they're all at prayer.

Drop some candy to the orphans,
Watch them as they gather 'round,
Use your twenty mill-i-metter,
Mow the little bastards down.

Spray the town and kill the people,
Get them with your poison gas,
Watch them throwing up their breakfasts,
As you make your second pass.
See them queue up in the market,
Waiting for their pound of rice,
Hungry, skinny, starving people,
Isn't killing harvests nice?

Blowing in the Wind (Tune: Blowing in the Wind)

How many hectares can a Ranch Hand spray, before it all blows away?
How much rubber can a Ranch Hand kill, before Uncle Sam has to pay?
CHORUS: The answer my friends is blowing in the wind,
the answer is blowing in the wind.

How many smokes can a Ranch Hand throw, before the fighters can strike?
And how many hits can a Ranch Hand take, pretending it's something
he likes?

CHORUS: The answer my friends is blowing in the wind,
the answer is blowing in the wind.

How much Mateuse can a Ranch Hand drink, at the Danang Dining-In?
And how many clubs can a Ranch Hand wreck, on only a bottle of gin?

CHORUS: The answer my friends is blowing in the wind,
the answer is blowing in the wind.

TWELVE DAYS IN RANCH HAND (Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas)

On my first day in Ranch Hand, my foreman gave to me,
A province he said to plum tree.

...second day...Two smoking engines...

...third day...Three Goddamn lifts...

...fourth day...Four runs through A Shau...

...fifth day...Five days at Danang...

...sixth day...Six slopes a'sleeping...

...seventh day...Seven Purple Hearts...

...eighth day...Eight ship formation...

...ninth day...Nine nozzles leaking...

...tenth day...Ten clicks of rubber...

...eleventh day...Eleven hits by .50's...

...twelfth day...Twelve days to go....

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE? (Tune: Where Have All the Flowers Gone)

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?

Where have all the flowers gone?

Sprayed by Ranch Hands every one.

When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the Ranch Hands gone, long time passing?

Where have all the Ranch Hands gone, long time ago?

Where have all the Ranch Hands gone?

Sprayed by .50's every one.

When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the .50's gone, long time passing?

Where have all the .50's gone, long time ago?

Where have all the .50's gone?

Sprayed by (Fighter's Call Sign) every one,

When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the (Fighter's Call Sign) gone, long time passing?

Where have all the () gone, long time ago?

Where have all the () gone?

Drunk with Ranch Hands every one.

When will they every learn? When will they ever learn?

Spray on, Spray on Harvest Rice (Tune: Shine on, Shine on Harvest Moon)

Spray on, spray on harvest rice, go get that crop!
People say that this is escalation, and it's really got to stop.
Bertrand Russell says that this is just a sin,
So spray on, spray on harvest rice, for Westy and Nguyen.

The Rancho Vaquero (Tune: The Gay Caballero)

Oh, I'm a gay Rancho Vaquero,
Flew up to Danang in my aéro.
I carry with me, my bump-bump-a-dee,
and both of my bump-bump-a-deros.

I met a Vietnamese senorita,
A be-ootiful sweet senorita.
She wanted to see, my bump-bump-a-dee,
and both of my bump-bump-a-deros.

That son-a-da-beech senorita,
Gave me a beeg dose of clap-ita.
All over the tip, of my bump-bump-a-dee,
and both of my bump-bump-a-deros.

I went to see a Medico,
An exceedingly fine Medico.
He cut off the tip, of my bump-bump-a-dee,
and both of my bump-bump-a-deros.

Now I'm a sad Rancho Vaquero,
Returning to Bien Hoa in my aéro.
I'm minus the tip, of my bump-bump-a-dee,
And both of my bump-bump-a-deros!!