

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 plumb tree.  
 ...second day...Two smoking engines...  
 ...third day...Three Goddamn lifts...  
 ...fourth day...Four runs through A shau...  
 ...fifth day... Five weeks at DuVang...  
 ...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 hist 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'd 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 ever learn? When will they ever learn?

SPRAY ON, SPRAY ON HARVEST RICE (Tune: 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 Ruesell says that this is not for you.  
 So spray on, spray on harvest rice, for Abbie and Thieu.

BLLOWING IN THE WIND (Tune: Blowing in the Wind)

How many hectares can a Ranch Hand spray, before it all blows away?  
And 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 Mateus can a Ranch Hand drink, at the Da Nang Ranch-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.

390th TFW SONG (Tune: Hi, Ziggy, Ziggy)

Hi, Ziggy, Ziggy, fat little piggy, Blue Boar,  
The F-4 is a fat whore without a bomb door.  
Two engines to go, to see Uncle Ho,  
And a tanker to feed her when dry. Suck, suck, suck.

Hey MIGgy, MIGgy, I'm a little piggy, Blue Boar,  
With your belly up, you're a sitting duck, Oh shit! I missed.  
It's back through the flak, with you on my back,  
And a seat that is covered with crap. Crap, crap, crap.

See the missiles come, you're a lousy bum, SAM site,  
None the burners light, we don't want to fight, Knock, Knock. Bat shit!  
We'll drop all the bombs, on North Vietnam,  
We're going home empty tonight, Dumb, Dumb, Dumb.

I'M A YOUNG RANCH HAND (Tune: Cowboy's Lament or Streets of Laredo)

I'm a young Ranch Hand, a rowdy young Ranch Hand  
I spray all the flowers until they do die.  
I spray in the valleys, I spray in the mountains  
I spray and I spray as long as I fly.

I spray up at Hoi An, I spray in the Delta  
I spray the whole country to help the G.I.  
I spray it with blue and I spray it with orange  
Get my purple provider as I say good-bye.

STRAFE/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 opphans,  
Watch them as they gather 'round,  
Use your twenty mill-i-meter,  
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?

WAY DOWN SOUTH IN THE LAND OF RICE (Tune: Dixie)

Way down south in the land of rice  
Where the Ranch Hands fly over once or twice  
It's dead  
It's dead  
It's dead, Ranch hands.

I'm glad I'm not on a high suppression  
That's just not my type of mission  
I'm scared  
Oh shit  
I'm hit, Ranch hands

BATTLE HYMN OF THE RANCH HANDS (Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

My eyes have seen the Ranch hands as they start a spray on base  
Dropping to low altitude as .50's come through the glass  
They've got one hand on the throttle  
And the other on a bottle  
Of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer.

Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray  
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray.  
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray.  
And I hope to do it again another day.