

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 Goddam 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 everyone.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the Ranch Hands gone...
Sprayed by .50's every one...

Where have all the .50's gone...
Sprayed by (Fighter Squadron Call Sign) every one...

Where have all the (Fighter Squadron Call Sign) gone...
Drunk with Ranch Hands every one....

BLOWING 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:

How much Matous can a Ranch Hand drink, at the DaNang dining in.
And how many clubs can a Ranch Hand wreck, on only bottle of gin?

CHORUS:



PUT YOUR BEEPER ON THE AIR (Tune: Salvation Army)

It was midnight in Viet Nam, all the pilots were in bed,
When up stepped Westmoreland, and this is what he said,
"Pilots, gentle pilots, how I love them one and all,
Rescue, gentle rescue", when a pilot shouted, "Balls!"
Then up stepped a young pilot, and with a voice as bold as brass,
Said, "You can take These Rescue aircraft and shove them up your ass."

CHORUS:

Oh, Hallelujah, hallelujah, put your beeper on the air,
There's a rescue aircraft there.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, put your beeper on the air and you'll be saved.

Cruising round my orbit, doing one and thirty per,
When a call came from a Phantom, "Oh, won't you save me sir,"
I've got flak holes in my wingtips, and my tanks ain't got no gas,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! I've got six MIG's on my ass."

CHORUS:

I shot my traffic pattern and to me it looked all right,
The airspeed read two thirty, I really racked her tight,
When the airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Some Pedros for me please.

CHORUS:

Rolling down the runway, heading for the ditch,
Look at my propellers, MY GOD! They're in high pitch!
I pulled back on the yoke, and we rose into the air,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did we get there?

CHORUS:

It was split S on my bomb run when I got too gaddam low,
But I punched that bloody button, and I let those mothers go,
Put the stick back in my lap, when I hit a high speed stall,
Come get me Jolly Giant, I'm too young to die.

CHORUS:

They sent me up to Hai Phong, the frag said no ack-ack,
But by the time I got there, my wings were mostly flak,
So I punched out from my Voodoo, it was too cut up to fly.
Come get me Crown Alpha, I'm too young to die

CHORUS:

I punched from my Canberra, and I landed all alone,
With my E & E equipment, I made for a safe zone,
I tried to use my beeper, but the damn thing wouldn't go,
The squadron had 'en tested, but you know who didn't show.

CHORUS:

PUT THE BEEFER ON THE AIR (Continued)

That wily fighter pilot, he's a skillful man you know,
He can take those bombs and rockets, and make that target blow,
But when he gets shot up, and can make it to the sea,
I'll make a water landing, and take him home with me.

CHORUS:

LET'S ABORT (Tune: Be Prepared)

Let's abort, that's the Danang flying song,
Let's abort, there must be something wrong.
We'll start our engines with a cloud of smoke,
And tell the flight mech that they both are broke.

Let's abort, the target weather's grim,
The ceiling low, and I know the vis is dim.
If we get off the ground and we make our rendezvous,
And the FAC is up on freq, and the fighters are there too,
We'll tell them that the frag was a Snafu,
Let's abort.

390 TFS Song (Tune: Hi, Ziggy, Ziggy)

Hi, Ziggy, Ziggy, fat little piggy, Blue Boar,
The F-4 is a fat whore with-out 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 missles come, you're a lousy bum, SAM site,
Hope the burners light, we don't wanna fight, Knock, Knock. Bat Shit!
We'll drop all the bombs, on North Viet Nam,
We're going home empty tonight. Dump, Dump, Dump.