

BALLAD OF THE GREEN FLIGHT-PAY

Silver wings upon my chest
Fly my chopper above the best
I can make more dough that way
But I can't wear no Green Beret.

Tennis shoes upon his feet
Some folks call him sneaky pete
He sneaks around the woods all day
And wears that funny Green Beret.

It's no jungle floor for me
I've never seen a rubber tree
A thousand men will take the test
While I fly home and take a rest.

And as I fly my chopper home
I'll leave him out there all alone
But that is where Berets belong
Deep in the jungle writing songs.

And when my little boy is grown
Don't leave him out there all alone
But let him fly and give him pay
Cause he can't spend no Green Beret.

And when my little boy is old
His silver wings all lined with gold
He'll also wear a Green Beret
In the big parade on Saint Patrick's Day.