

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.