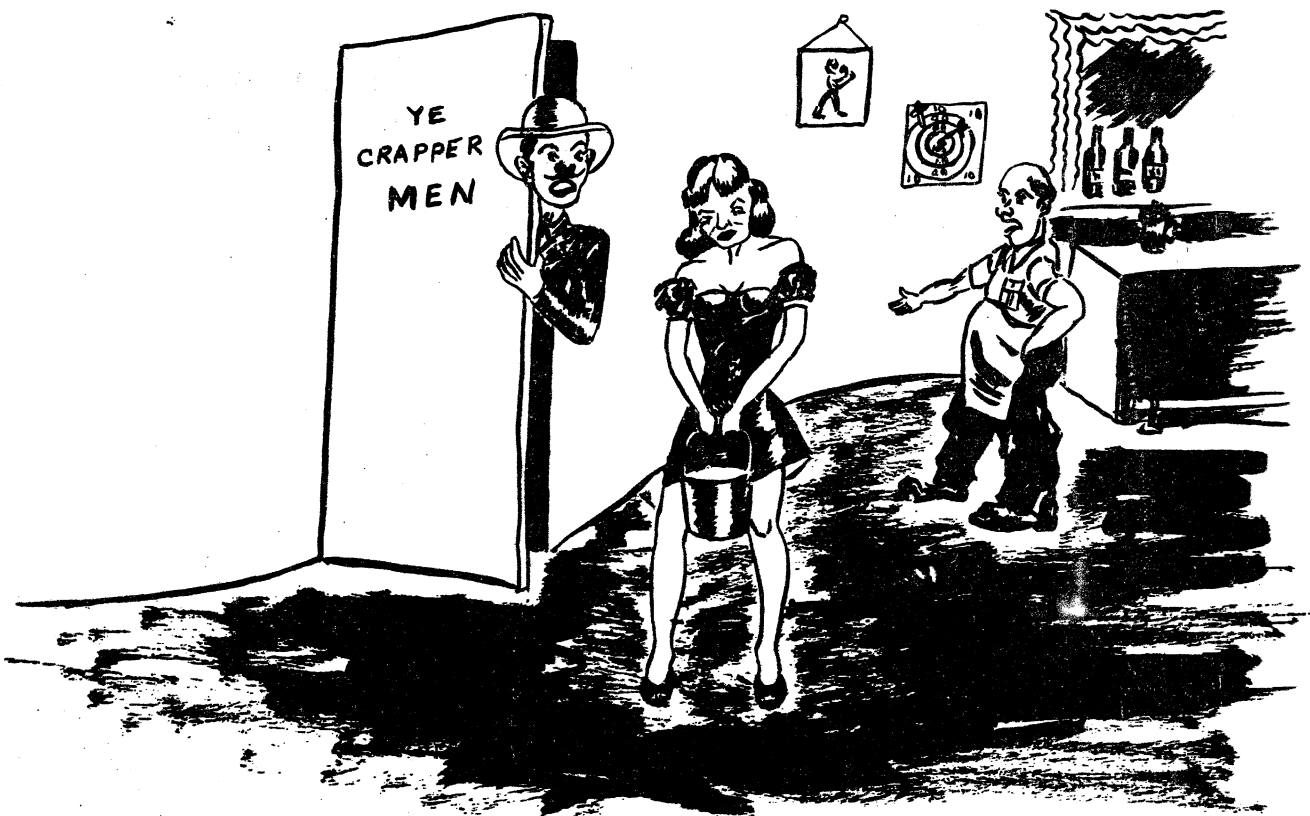


"Her Mother Never Told Her"

'Twas a cold winter's evening,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar —
When he turned 'round and said,
To the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are!"
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper leaned out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her, the things a young girl should know,
"About the ways of servicemen, and how they come and go,
"The years have taken her beauty, life has left a sad scar,
"So think of your sisters and mothers, boys, and let her sleep
under the bar!"



"The Landlady's Daughter"

*There once were three students who came o'er the Rhine,
And enter'd an inn for a flagon of wine.*

*"O landlady, keep your good vintages, pray?
And where is your pretty young daughter today?"*

*"My vintages all are as good as can be;
My daughter is lost now for ever to me!"
The students craved leave to behold the fair dead,
And stood in her presence, whose spirit had fled.*

*The first raised the veil that was drawn o'er her face,
And gazed on the form wrapt in Death's cold embrace.
"Ah me! if on earth thou wert fated to stay,
Fair maid, I would love thee henceforth from today!"*

*The next o'er her face drew the veil once again,
And murmured these words in a sorrowful strain:
"Oh! take from my heart this sad tribute of tears!
Fair maid, I have loved thee most fondly for years!"*

*The third, thereupon, drew the veil from her brow,
And, kissing her, cried, "Oh, how beautiful thou!
I loved thee, yea, always; I love thee today;
And still shall I love thee forever and aye!"*

SAMMY SMALL

(Bless Them All)

Oh my name is Samuel Small, Bless 'em all
Oh my name is Samuel Small, Bless 'em all
Oh my name is Samuel Small and I'm only
nine feet tall, but 'tis Better than none
at all, Bless 'em all

Oh they say I shot a man, Bless 'em all
Oh they say I shot a man, Bless 'em all
Oh they say I shot his dead with a piece
of blessed lead.
Well I hope the beggers dead, Bless 'em all.

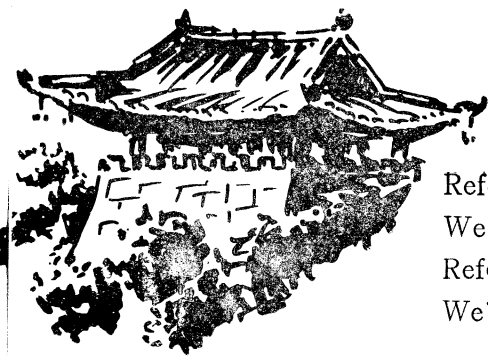
Oh they say that I must swing, Bless 'em all
Oh they say that I must swing, Bless 'em all
Oh they say that I must swing from a piece
of blessed string, What a silly blessed thing,
Bless 'em all.

I saw Nellie in the crowd, Belss 'em all
I saw Nellie in the crowd, Bless 'em all
I saw Nellie in the crowd and she looked so
blessed proud
That I had to shout out loud, BLESS 'EM ALL.



REFORM

Reform reform we'll reform the world
We'll reform the world from sin
Reform reform, we'll reform the world
We'll reform the world from sin.

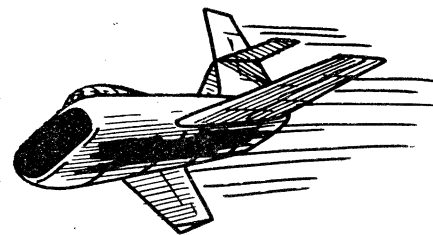


KOREA & ANTUNG

(Cigarettes & Whiskey & Wild, Wild Whiskey)

Victorville was a camp.
Training

Once I was happy and had a good deal
I flew 86 s in old Victorville
They asked for volunteers and said son
you will do
The next thing I knew I was in old Taegu



CHORUS:

Krorea and Antung and wild, wild Pongang
They'll drive you apeshit they ll drive
you insane.

Korea and Antung and wild wild Pongang
They'll drive you apeshit they ll drive
you insane

The Chosen was frozen and covered with
ice

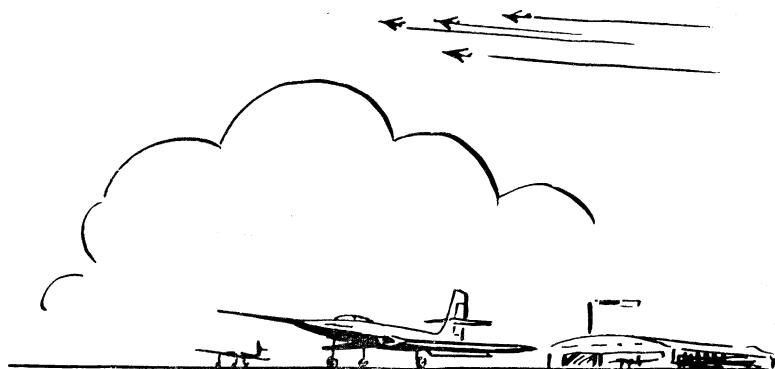
From 35,000 it looked mighty nice
But ask any foot soldier he'll set you
plum stright

It's covered with Red s blood and
bedded with hate.

CHORUS:

The MIG is a blot on the whole human race
A man is a monkey to give one a chase
Here's my advise take warning dear
brother

There's fire on one end and connons on
t'other.



JUST MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38
with props that counter rotate
She'll loop, roll, and spin But she'll
soon auger in Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS

Just make me Operations Way out there
on some lonely atoll For I'm too young
to die I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-38
With an Allison mounted behind
Etc Etc Etc

CHORUS

Don't give me an ole thunderjug
The ship that lands with a thud
Etc Etc Etc

CHORUS

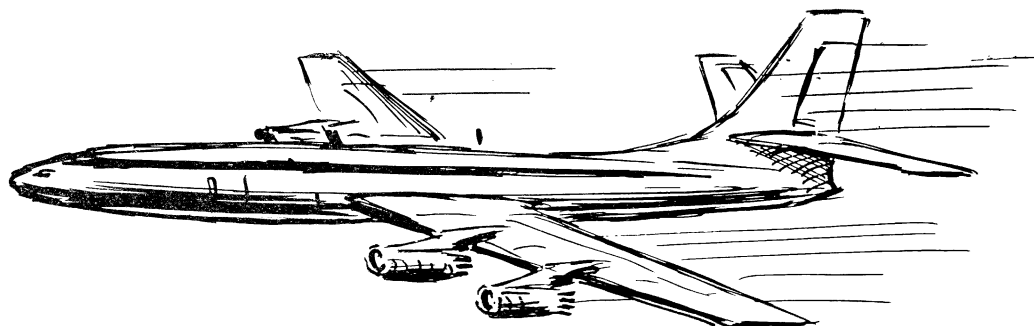
Don't give me a P-51
The ship that's built just for fun
Etc Etc Etc

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-80A
With ailerons that lock every day
Etc Etc Etc

CHORUS

Don't give me an ole Thunder jet
The ship with no prop pitch to set
Etc Etc Etc



There's not a single thing to do but sit
around and sing
And all our crews are women...
Oh death, where is thy sting.
Oh death, where is thy sting a ling, a
ling,
Oh death, where is thy sting...
The bells of hell will ring a-ling,
a-ling
For you but not for me.

NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

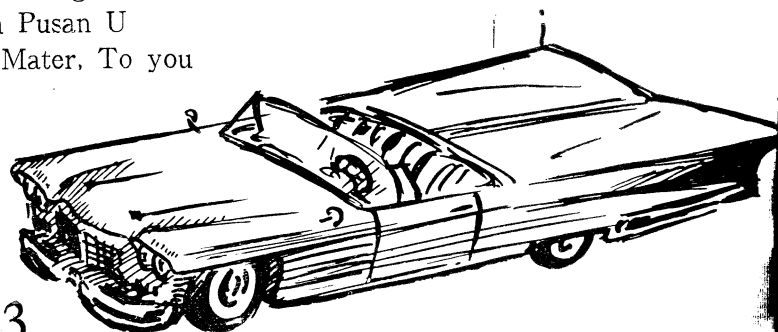
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in
hell, There are no fighter pilots down
in hell,
The place is full of queers, navigators,
bombadiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in
hell.

PUSAN U

We were roaring around the country side
T'was down near Pusan Bay
We stopped into a bar
Just to pass the time away
I met a girl who said "How'd Do"
She hailed from old Chin Ju
I as'ed here what her school was
She said "OH PUSAN U"

CHORUS:

Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The University that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater, To you
Oh Pusan U



EARLY ABORT

Oh, my name is Col Thomas, I'm the leader of
the group

Just step into my briefing room, I'll give
you all the poop

I'll tell you where the bogies are and how
to dodge the flak

I'll be the last one to take off, the first
one to get back

CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush

Early abort, avoid the rush

Early abort, avoid the rush for better
days are coming bye and bye

Now we'll all line up and take off and set
our course at ten

And when we reach ole Migrate we'll all
turn back again

We'll call the tower and get a steer, we
don't know where we've been

Drop your tanks and conopies, peel off and
belly in

CHORUS:

Oh we fly those Delta Daggers at a
hundred bloody feet

We can fly them in the rain and fog and in
the bloody sleet

We think we're flying bloody high, instead
we're bloody low

And we hit the marker beacon such an awful
bloody blow

THIS "EARLY ABORT" SONG HAS HUNDREDS OF VARIATIONS.
EVERY FLYING SQUADRON "ABORT" IS THE
BEST A UNIT HAS ONE. AS EXPLANATION "ABORT" IS THE
RETURN TO BASE BEFORE ENGAGING THE ENEMY. A WEAK
SOUL MAY HAVE "LOW OIL PRODUCE" OR FAKE EXCUSE
TO RATIONALIZE AN ABORT.

