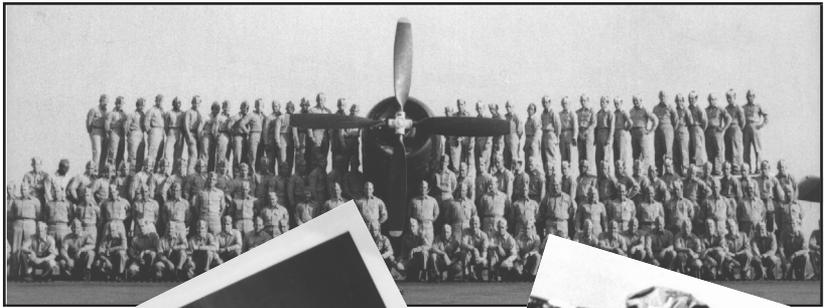


MELODIES FROM VMA 251 K-6 KOREA



TRIPLE SIPPERS

Oh we're the jolly triple sippers
of old two fifty one,
We don't have much money, but we
sure have lots of fun.
We don't bitch, and we don't gripe,
Don't care what people think.
We've got this routine by the ass,
Lets have another drink---
HEY, BOY--SAN!

To the Tune of: **BUTTONS AND BOWS**

The sights are rare
The butts are bare
as they climb into the steam,
The water scalds as it hits their balls
And the nights are filled with horrible screams
And the Cho-San laughs at the boiled Marine.

You'll love them in Kimonos
And evening dresses too,
But you'll love them longer, stronger
With their bare butts pressed to you.

My bones denounce
The bean bag bounce
And the straw mat hurts my toes.
So lets go down
To Itami town
With the slant eyed girls
and the saddle back nose
And I'm all yours
In rubbers and pros.



OLD NUMBER NINE

T'was a dark and stormy night
Not a star was in sight
All the mustangs were tied
down to the line

When a lonely volunteer
Dressed in shit up to his ears
Had his orders to fly OLD NUMBER NINE

His ass was racked with pain
As he climbed into his plane
And his ass hole was puckered fit to tie.
And he whispered a prayer
As he climbed into the air
For he knew that it was his night to die.

As he flew over Hagaru
He could see a school or two
And the women and children very well.
But how was he to know
That he'd fly so Goddamn low
What his bomb blast would blow him all to hell.

In the wreckage he was found
Thinly spread o'er all the ground
And the crunchies they raised his weary head
With his life almost spent
Here's the message he sent
to his buddies who'd be sad to see him go.

I used an eight to ten delay
But it didn't work out that way,
Now without a tail an AD-4 won't fly.
Tell the skipper for me
That he now has twenty three,
You can roll up the ladder SEMPER FI!

I LOVE MY GIRL

I love my girl, yes I do, deed I do, know I do.
I love her truly,
I love that hole, she pisses through.
I love her ruby lips,
Her lilly white tits
And her nut brown ass hole.
I'd eat her shit,
Chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp,
With a wooden spoon.

LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE

I flew through a Mig covered valley
With the Red Noses flying so near
And I hear a voice within me saying
LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

For there is the town of Sinaju
And those black clouds began to appear
And again that voice within me whispers
LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

So when the flack gets heavy
And my wingmen, they all disappear
I'm going to take that whispered warning
and GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

GOOD NIGHT LADIES

Good night ladies, good night ladies,
Good night ladies, its time to go to bed.
Merrily we climb in bed, tuck the covers, make like lovers
Merrily we climb in bed, thinking thought of sin.

RESERVES LAMENT (Mr. & Mrs Sippi)

I can't forget Korea, I can't forget ol' Guam
For Syngman Rhee and Joe Stalin have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bomb line and got a hole or two
But all I get is a bunch of shit from you & you & U.

Chorus:

Oh I was born to risk my ass and save the UN too,
But all I get is a bunch of shit from you & you & U.

The AA was terrific, the small arms were intense
While the fly-boys bombed the front lines
The Division did the rest.
While the regulars hold their desk jobs
The Reserves were called en masse.
For the UN knew the Marine Reserves were the
ones to save their ass.

Chorus:

I love you dear old USA with all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damned Reserves we'd never have to part.
But we won't cry and we won't squawk for we are not alone.
And one of these days the regulars will come and we can all go home.

Chorus:

Now we don't mind the hardships, we've faced them in the past.
But we wonder if our Congressmen have 40's up their ass.
We have to fight to save the peace, that's what the bastard said
But when it comes to casualties, you'll find no Senators dead.

Chorus:

I hope to raise a family when this damned war is through.
I hope to have a bouncing boy to tell my stories to.
But some day when he grows up, if he joins the damned Reserves.
I'll kick his ass from down to dusk, for that's what he'll deserve.

I TOUCHED HER ON THE KNEE

I touched her on the knee, Ow ashymed I was,
I touched her on the knee, 'ow ashymed I was.
I touched her on the knee, she said, Ay God yer gettin free
Oh poor blimey 'ow ashymed I was.

I touched 'er on the thigh, Ow ashymed I was.

I touched 'er on the thigh, 'ow ashymed I was.
I touched 'er on the thigh, she said, Ay God yer gettin High,
Oh poor blimey 'ow ashymed I was.

I touched 'er on the spot, Ow ashymed I was.
I touched 'er on the spot, 'ow ashymed I was.
I touched 'er on the spot, she said, Ay God yer gettin 'ot,
Oh poor blimey 'ow ashymed I was.

And after I 'ad come, 'ow ashymed I was,
And after I 'ad come, 'ow ashymed I was.
And after I 'ad come, she said, Ye 'as it up me bung!
Oh poor blimey 'ow ashymed I was.

BANQUETS, PARTIES AND BALLS

Banquets, parties and balls - boys,
Banquets, parties and balls.
As Harry S. Truman once said before,
This is the way to stay out of the war.
So its banquets, parties and balls - boys.
Banquets, parties and balls.
So its banquets and parties, and parties and banquets,
and BALLS, BALLS, BALLS.



NO FLAPS AT ALL

Come listen my children, come listen to me,
I'll tell you a story, 'twill fill you with glee.
It tells of a pilot, so handsome and tall,
Who tried to take off with no flaps at all.

Chorus:

No flaps at all, no flaps at all,
A wide open throttle and no flaps at all.

He went to his 'U' bird to look at his load
Two napalms with wing bombs, 'bout all she would hold.
He said to himself, I've gots lots on the ball,
I'm sure I can take off with no flaps at all.

He moved his plane out to the end of the strip,
4000 foot runway with never a dip.
He checked with the tower, and heard a voice drawl,
No wind, you can't take off with no flaps at all.

Our Hero was cocky, his ego was hurt
For what was the word of an ignorant squirt
He's probably a Corporal, knows nothin at all
I know I can take off with no flaps at all.

He poured on the throttle and lined up with care.
Gave the flap handle an arrogant stare.
Then on the radio we all heard his call.
14-1 scrambling with no flaps at all.

At the end of runway with no speed to spare.
He pulled back the stick, staggered into the air.
About fifty feet up he went into a stall.
And when he hit the deck, he had no flaps at all.

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.
The place is filled with 'queers, navigators, bombardiers.
But, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.



Oh, there are no Air Force pilots in the fray.
Oh, there are no Air Force pilots in the fray.
They're all in USO's, wearing ribbons,
fancy clothes,
but there are no Air Force pilots in the fray.

**HOW MUCH IS THE JOSAN IN
THE BEANBAG
(Doggie in the Window)**

I was ordered to duty in Korea
And left my true love far behind
It's been so long since I've seen a roundeye
That a new love I surely must find

Chorus:

How much is the Josan in the beanbag
The one with those big brown eyes.
How much is the Josan in the beanbag
I'd like to try that one for size.

I was sent to a night fighter squadron
An ex-transporter pilot was I,
The checkout and fam hops were Skoshi
Not a mission for weeks did I fly.

Then the first night the weather was lousy
T'was a night when no Major would fly
They launched this poor old transport pilot
Far north of the bomblines went I.

Chorus:

I was cruising up north near the Yalu

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And the APS 21 wouldn't fire.
Then the RO cried HANGOVER BAKER
To get home was my fondest desire.

I told my sad story to Watch Case
They relieved me and ordered me home
Then they called they were painting a boggie
Heading south high and fast all alone.

Chorus:

I was holding my course and my airspeed
And tried to calm all my fears
When I knew by those pretty red flashes
The bastard was buzzing my ears

After many evasive maneuvers
I got home without shedding my blood
But I didn't get back to the flightline
Cause I burrowed the beast in the mud.

Chorus:

Now I must take a trip to Takarazuka
And leave all my morals behind
I'll spend seven nights in the beanbag
And each night a new Josan I'll find.

Chorus:

ON TOP OF OLD PYONG YANG

On top of old Pyong-Yang
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wing man
He never came back.

For flying's a pleasure
But crashing is grief
And a quck triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you
and take what you save
But a quick triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave.
The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not one Mig in a thousand
A corsair can trust.

They'll chase you and kill you
And send out more lead
Then cuts in a railroad
Or migs overhead

So come all you pilots
And listen tto me
Never go to Sinan-Ju
Or old Kun'r-ri

For the planes they will splatter
And the pilots will die
You'll stay in Korea
And never know why.

The moral of the story
Can plainly be seen
Stay east of Old Diego
BE a STATESIDE MARINE

NOW the moral of this story
As I've said before
Never join the Marine Corps
Or you'll fight over war.

NELLY
(Sung to “Ah Sweet Mystery of Life”)

Oh, your asshole’s like a stovepipe, Nelly Darling
And the nipples of your tits are turning green
There’s a million crabs a’bounding on your pussy
You’re the ugliest, fucking bitch, I’ve ever seen

There’s a yard of lint protruding from you naval
When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
There’s enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your ass.

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING
(Sung to “My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean”)

A poor aviator lay dying
At the end of a cold winter’s day
His comrades had gathered around him
To carry his fragments away

The airplane was piled on his breastbone
The Wright was wrapped all around him
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow
‘Twas plain he would shortly be dead

He spit out a valve and a gasket
and stirred in the sump where he lay
To mechanics who ‘round him were gathering
These brave parting words did he say

Take the magnet out of my stomach
And the butterfly valve off my neck
Extract form my liver the crankshaft
There’s lots of good parts in this wreck

Take the manifold out of my larynx
And the cylinders out of my brain
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again

CALL OUT THE RESERVES

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're willing to serve
But let them get into the fracas
And they call out the Goddamn Reserves

Call out, call out, they call out the Goddamn Reserves

LETS HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go 'round
Parties make the world go 'round
Parties make the world go 'round
So, lets have a party.

LITTLE BIRD

There was a little bird
No bigger than a turd
A sittin on a telegraph pole
He stretched his little neck
And he shit about a peck
And he puckered up his little ass hole,
Ass hole, ass hole, ass hole, ass hole
And he puckered up his little ass hole

He's a wise old owl, he's a feathered ass hole
Oh he sits on a limb and he hoots and he howls
And he says bullshit, bullshit
And I think he means me, Oh yes, I think he means me.

SALLY

Sally's in the garden sifting cinders
She lifts up her leg and farts like a man
The blast of the gas breaks forty windows

The cheeks of her ass go BAM-BAM-BAM!

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sittin' in O'Reilly's bar
Thinkin of tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Oh why not shag O'Reilly's daughter

Fiddley i ee, fiddley i oh
Fiddley i ee, for the one ball Reilly
Rigga jig jig, balls and all
Rub a dub dub, shag on.

I grabbed that she bitch by the tit
And then throw my left leg over
Shag, shag, shagged some more
Shagged until the fun was over.

Chorus:

There came a knock at the door
And who walked in but her Goddamn father
Two horse pistols at his side
Looking for the man who shagged his Daughter

Chorus:

I grabbed that bastard by the balls
Shoved his head in a bucket of water
Rammed those pistols up his ass
A hell of a lot further than I shagged his daughter

Chorus:

So I go walking down the street
The people shout from ever corner
There goes the Goddamned S.O.B.
The man who shapped O'Reilley's daughter

Chorus:

WOODPECKERS HOLE (Dixie)

I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said, Goddamn your soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
Reeeeeemove it.

I took my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said, Goddamn your soul
Put it b ack, put it back, put it back.
Reeeeeerplace it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said Goddamn your soul
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around,
Reeeeeevolve it.

I revolved my finger in t he woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said Goddamn your soul
The other way, the other way, the other way,
Reeeeeeverse it.

I reversed my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said Goddamn your soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
Reeeeeemove it.

I removed my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said Goddamn your soul

Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff,
Reeeeeevolting!

SAM HOUSTON

A big black bull came down from the mountain
Houston, Sam Houston,
A big black bull came down from the mountain, a long time ago.
Long time ago, long time ago.
A big black bull came down from the mountain, a long time ago.

He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin,
Houston, Sam Houston.
He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin, a long time ago.
Long time ago, long time ago.
He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin, a long time ago.

He missed the heifer and pfft in the pasture
Houston, Sam Houston.
He missed the heifer and pfft in the pasture, long time ago.
Long time ago, long time ago.
He missed the heifer and pfft in the pasture, long time ago.

The big black bull went back to the mountain,
Exhausted, Exhausted
The big black bull went back to the mountain, long time ago
Long time ago, long time ago.
The big black bull went back to the mountain, long time ago.

R & R BLUES (Sung to "Banks of the Wabash")

When the ice is on the rice in southern Honshu
And the Saki in the cellar starts to freeze
And you whisper to your Josan, I adore you
then you're getting just a skoshi Nipponese

When the Colonel misses muster in the morning
And the Major gets the officers disease
And the pilots are all medically restricted

then you're getting just a skoshi Nipponese.

IT'S THE SYME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

She as poor, but she was honest
The victim of a rich man's whims
First he goosed her than seduced her
And she had a child by him

Chorus:

Its the syme the whole world over
Its the poor what gets the blyme
Its the rich what gets the grivey
Ain't it all a bloody shyme

Now he's in the house of commons
Making laws for all mankind
While she's in the streets of London
Selling chunks of her behind

Chorus:

Now he's in the house of Lords
Making laws to stamp out crime
While the victim of his fancies
Struggles on through shit and slime

Chorus:

SAMMY SMALL

My name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
My name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But its better than none at all, fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all
Oh, I hit him in the head
With a fuckin piece of lead
Now the silly fucker's dead, fuck 'em all

Oh, they say that I will swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say that I will swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say that I will swing
From a fuckin piece of string
What a silly fucking thing, fuck 'em all

Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh the sheriff'll be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too
With his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do, fuck 'em all

Oh the parson he will come, fuck 'em all
Oh the parson he will come, fuck 'em all
Oh, t he parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up h is bung, fuck 'em all

They say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all
They say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all
They say I greased the rope
With a fucking piece of soap
What a silly fucking job, fuck 'em all

I see Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I see Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I see Molly in the crowd,

RESERVES LAMENT Cigarettes and Whiskey

I was a civilian and flew on weekends
No sweat about clanks and no fear of the bends
But I am a retread and older I grow
Now I fly an ADM It's old and it's slow

Chorus:

Sinaju and anak and wild, wild Pyong-Yang
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you ape shit they'll drive you insane

Chorus:

Oh once I was happy and I flew a jet
At thirty five thousand how fat can you get
They sent me a Nellis for six weeks to train
They gave me a Corsair and it's no airplane

Chorus:

We straffed and we bombed and we shot up the air
then off to Korea, we're fucked up for fair
We came ion to K-6 to fly with this group
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop

Chorus:

I flew my first mission and it was a snap
Just follow the lead and don't look at you're map
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight
Go out on armed recco's and can't sleep at night

Chorus:

We went up to Mig alley, S-2 said no sweat
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet
Six Migs jumped our ass and our leader yelled break
Sixty-one and three thousand, how my knees did shake.

Chorus:

If I live through a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to shove it for my ass is sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a wing job a desk and a chair.