

RETURN TO HQ USAF/RRC MAXWELL AFB AL 36112-6678	168.9133-6 1942-1943
---	-------------------------



[MICROFILMED BY TIM]

ASHIYA

OFFICER'S CLUB

01080968

I HAD A DREAM

I HAD A DREAM DEAR
YOU HAD ONE TOO
MINE WAS THE BEST DREAM
BECAUSE IT WAS OF YOU
COME SWEETHEART TELL ME
NOW IS THE TIME
YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM
AND I'LL TELL YOU MINE

BROADWAY

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY
REMEMBER ME TO HERALD SQUARE
TELL ALL THE GANG ON 42ND STREET
THAT I WILL SOON BE THERE
TELL THEM OF HOW I'M YEARNING
TO MINGLE WITH THE OLD TIME THRONG
GIVE MY REGARDS TO OLD BROADWAY
AND TELL THEM I'LL BE THERE ERE LONG

I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
YANKEE DOODLE POOR DIE
A REAL LIFE NEPHEW OF MY UNCLE SAM
BORN ON THE 4TH OF JULY

I'VE A YANKE DOODLE SWEETHEART
SHE'S MY YANKEE DOODLE JOY
YANKE DOODLE WENT TO LONDON
JUST TO RIDE THE PONIES
OH I AM THAT YANKEE DOODLE BOY

IT'S A GRAND OLD FANG
IT'S A HIGH FLYING FLAG
AND FOREVER IN PEACE MAY IT WAVE
IT'S THE EMBLEM OF THE LAND I LOVE
THE HOME OF THE FREE AND THE BRAVE
EVERY HEART BEATS TRUE
FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE
AND THERES NEVER A BOAST OR BRAG
SHOULD OLD AQUAINTANGE BE FORGOT
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT GRAND OLD FLAG

THERE' A LONG LONG TRAIL AWINDING
INTO THE LAND OF MY DREAMS
WHERE THE NIGHTINGALES ARE SINGING
AND THE BRIGHT MOON BEAMS

THERE'S A LONG LONG NIGHT OF WAITING
UNTIL MY DREAMS ALL COME TRUE
TILL THE DAY WHEN I'LL BE STRULLING
DOWN THAT LONG LONG TRAIL WITH YOU

168.71 33-6 1942-1943	RECEIVED HQ USA MAY 11 1943
--------------------------	-----------------------------------

01080968

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING
WHILE YOUR HEARTS ARE YEARNING
THROUGH THE BOYS ARE FAR AWAY
THE DREAM OF HOME

THERE'S A SILVER LINING
THROUGH THE DARK CLOUDS SHINING
TURN THE DARK CLOUDS INSIDE OUT
TIL THE BOYS COME HOME.

MARY

FOR IT WAS MARY, MARY
PLAIN AS ANY NAME CAN BE
BUT WITH PROPRIETY, SOCIETY
WILL SAY MARIE

BUT IT WAS MARY, MARY
LONG BEFORE THE FASHIONS CAME
FOR THERE IS SOMETHING THERE
THAT SOUNDS SO SQUARE
IT'S A GRAND OLD NAME

IRISH EYES

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
SURE 'TIS LIKE A MORN IN SPRING
IN THE LILT OF OF IRISH LAUGHTER
YOU CAN HEAR THE ANGLES SING

WHEN IRISH HEARTS ARE HAPPY
ALL THE WORLD SEEMS BRIGHT AND GAY
BUT WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
SURE IT STEELS YOUR HEART AWAY

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE
THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS
YOU MAY SEARCH EVERY WHERE
BUT NONE CAN COMPARE
WITH MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE
THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS
AND SOME DAY FOR MY SAKE
THE MAY LET ME TAKE
THE DEW FROM MY WILD IRISH ROSE

RAGGED BUT RIGHT

I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU THAT
I'M RAGGED BUT RIGHT
A THIEF AND A GAMBLER AND I'M
DRUNK EVERY NIGHT
I EAT A PORTER HOUSE STEAK 3 TIMES
A DAY FOR MY BOARD
IT'S MORE THAN ORDINARY GAL CAN
AFFORD.

I GOT A BIG HANDSOME MAN TO PLAY
AROUND WITH MY FEET
A BIG ELECTRIC FAN TO KEEP ME COOL
WHILE I SLEEP
I'M JUST A RAMBLING WOMAN, A
GAMBLING WOMAN, DRUNK EVERY
NIGHT
JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU THAT
I'M RAGGED BUT RIGHT

MELEMCOLY BABY

COME SWEETHEART MINE, DON'T SIT
AND PINE
TELL ME ALL THE FEARS THAT MAKE
YOU FEEL SO BLUE
WHAT HAVE I DONE, ANSWER ME HON
HAVE I EVER SAID AND UNKIND WORD
TO YOU?
MY HEART IS TRUE AND JUST FOR YOU
I'D DO ALMOST ANYTHING AT ANYTIME
DEAR WHEN YOU SIGH OR WHEN YOU CRY
SOMETHING SEEMS TO GAIP THIS POOR
O OLD HEART OF MINE

CHORUS

COME TO ME MY MELENCOLY BABY
CUDDLE UP AND DON'T FEEL BLUE
ALL YOUR FEARS ARE FOOLISH FANCIES
BABY
YOU KNOW DEAR THAT I'M IN LOVE
WITH YOU
EVERY CLOUD MUST HAVE A SILVER
LINING
WAIT UNTIL THE SUN SHINES THROUGH
SO SMILE MY HONEY DEAR WHILE I
KISS AWAY EACH TEAR
OR ELSE I SEALL BE MELENCOLY, TOO

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING
WHILE YOUR HEARTS ARE YEARNING
THROUGH THE BOYS ARE FAR AWAY
THE DREAM OF HOME

THERE'S A SILVER LINING
THROUGH THE DARK CLOUDS SHINING
TURN THE DARK CLOUDS INSIDE OUT
TIL THE BOYS COME HOME.

MARY

FOR IT WAS MARY, MARY
PLAIN AS ANY NAME CAN BE
BUT WITH PROPRIETY, SOCIETY
WILL SAY MARIE

BUT IT WAS MARY, MARY
LONG BEFORE THE FASHIONS CAME
FOR THERE IS SOMETHING THERE
THAT SOUNDS SO SQUARE
IT'S A GRAND OLD NAME

IRISH EYES

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
SURE 'TIS LIKE A MORN IN SPRING
IN THE LILT OF OF IRISH LAUGHTER
YOU CAN HEAR THE ANGLES SING

WHEN IRISH HEARTS ARE HAPPY
ALL THE WORLD SEEMS BRIGHT AND GAY
BUT WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
SURE IT STEELS YOUR HEART AWAY

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE
THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS
YOU MAY SEARCH EVERY WHERE
BUT NONE CAN COMPARE
WITH MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE
THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS
AND SOME DAY FOR MY SAKE
THE MAY LET ME TAKE
THE DEW FROM MY WILD IRISH ROSE

RAGGED BUT RIGHT

I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU THAT
I'M RAGGED BUT RIGHT
A THIEF AND A GAMBLER AND I'M
DRUNK EVERY NIGHT
I EAT A PORTER HOUSE STEAK 3 TIMES
A DAY FOR MY BOARD
IT'S MORE THAN ORDINARY GAL CAN
AFFORD.

I GOT A BIG HANDSOME MAN TO PLAY
AROUND WITH MY FEET
A BIG ELECTRIC FAN TO KEEP ME COOL
WHILE I SLEEP
I'M JUST A RAMBLING WOMAN, A
GAMBLING WOMAN, DRUNK EVERY
NIGHT
JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU THAT
I'M RAGGED BUT RIGHT

MELENCOLY BABY

COME SWEETHEART MINE, DON'T SIT
AND PINE
TELL ME ALL THE FEARS THAT MAKE
YOU FEEL SO BLUE
WHAT HAVE I DONE, ANSWER ME HON
HAVE I EVER SAID AND UNKIND WORD
TO YOU?
MY HEART IS TRUE AND JUST FOR YOU
I'D DO ALMOST ANYTHING AT ANYTIME
DEAR WHEN YOU SIGH OR WHEN YOU CRY
SOMETHING SEEMS TO GAIP THIS POOR
O OLD HEART OF MINE

CHORUS

COME TO ME MY MELENCOLY BABY
CUDDLE UP AND DON'T FEEL BLUE
ALL YOUR FEARS ARE FOOLISH FANCIES
BABY
YOU KNOW DEAR THAT I'M IN LOVE
WITH YOU
EVERY CLOUD MUST HAVE A SILVER
LINING
WAIT UNTIL THE SUN SHINES THROUGH
SO SMILE MY HONEY DEAR WHILE I
KISS AWAY EACH TEAR
OR ELSE I SEALL BE MELENCOLY, TOO

THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE SECOND PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE THIRD PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE FOURTH PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE FIFTH PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE SIXTH PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE SEVENTH PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE EIGHTH PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE NINTH PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE TENTH PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE ELEVENTH PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

THE TWELFTH PART OF THE STORY
IS A STORY OF A BOY WHO
WAS A VERY GOOD BOY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY
AND WHO WAS VERY
NICE TO EVERYBODY

SATURDAY NIGHT

Please do to me what you did to Marie
Last Saturday night, Saturday night
I know twas real, cause I heard Marie squeal
Last Saturday night, Saturday night
Now I don't know what you two were doing
But must have been more than billin'
and cooing

So please do to me what you did to Marie
On the davenport Saturday Night.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMAKI

THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS IS THE SWEETEST GIRL
OF ALL THE GIRLS I KNOW
EACH SWEET CARRESS LIKE A RAINBOW TRAIL
FADES IN THE AFTER GLOW

TAE BLUE OF HER EYES AND THE GOLD
OF HER HAIR
ARE STARS OF THE WESTERN SKYS
AND THE MOONLIGHT GLEAMS ON THE GIRL
OF MY DREAMS
SHE'S THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMAKI

I DON'T WANT TO WALK WITHOUT YOU

ALL OUR FRIENDS KEEP KNOCKING AT THE DOOR
THEY'VE ASKED ME OUT A HUNDRED TIMES OR
MORE
BUT ALL I SAY IS LEAVE ME IN MY GLOOM
AND THEN I STAY WITHIN MY LONELY ROOM
FOR I DON'T WANT TO WALK WITHOUT YOU BABY
WALK WITHOUT MY ARMS AROUND YOU BABY
I THOUGHT THE DAY YOU LEFT ME BEHIND
I'D TAKE A STROLL AND GET YOU RIGHT OF
MY MIND

BUT NOW I FIND THAT I DON'T WANT TO
WALK WITHOUT THAT SUNSHINE
WHY D'CHA HAFTA TURN OFF ALL THAT
SUNSHINE
OH BABY PLEASE COME BACK OR YOU'LL BREAK
MY HEART FOR ME
FOR I DON'T WANT TO WALK WITHOUT YOU
NO SIR REE

FOR ME AND MY GAL

THE BELLS ARE RINGING FOR ME AND MY GAL
THE BIRDS ARE SINGING FOR ME AND MY GAL
EVERYBODY'S BEEN KNOWING TO A WEDDING
THEY'RE GOING
AND FOR WEEKS THEY'VE BEEN SEWING
EVERY SUSIE AND SAL
THEY'RE CONGREGATING FOR ME AND MY GAL
THE PARSON'S WAITING FOR ME AND MY GAL
AND SOME DAY WE'RE GONNA BUILD A LITTLE
HOME FOR OR THREE OR FOUR OR MORE
IN LOVE LAND FOR ME AND MY GAL

WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU

WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU
A PAL SO GOOD AND TRUE
I'D LIKE TO LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND
AND GOING FINE

A PLACE THAT'S KNOWN
TO GOD ALONE
JUST A SPOT
TO CALL OUR OWN

WE'LL FIND PERFECT PEACE
WHERE JOYS WILL NEVER CEASE
OUT THERE BENEATH THE WESTERN
SKY

WE'LL BUILD A SWEET LITTLE NEST
SOMESHERE OUT IN THE WEST
AND LET THE REST OF THE WORLD
GO BY

SWEET ADOLINE

SWEET ADOLINE MY ADOLINE
EACH NIGHT DEAR HEART FOR YOU I
PINE
IN ALL MY DREAMS YOUR FAIR FACE
BEAMS
YOUR THE FLOWER OF MY HEART
SWEET ADOLINE

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART I'M
IN LOVE WITH YOU
LET ME HEAR YOU WHISPER THAT
YOU LOVE ME TOO
KEEP THAT LOVE LIGHT GLOWING IN
YOU EYES SO BLUE
LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART I'M
IN LOVE WITH YOU

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

NOT A SOUL DOWN ON THE CORNER
IT'S A PRETTY CERTAIN SIGN
THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BRESKING UP
THAT OLD GANG OF MINE
ALL THE BOYS ARE SINGING LOVE SONGS
THEY FORGOT SWEET ADELINE
THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BRESKING UP
THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

THERE GOES JACK THERE GOES GILL
DOWN TO LOVERS LANE
NOW AND THEN WE MEET AGAIN
BUT THEY ALL DON'T SEEM THE SAME

GEE I GET THAT LONESOME FEELING
WHEN I HEAR THOSE CHURCH BELLS CHIME
THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BRESKING UP
THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

I ONLY WANT A BUDDY NOT A SWEETHEART

WHAT IS ROMANCE WUT TAKING A CHANCE
GAMBLING WITH MISERY
I WAS A FOOL BUT JUST LIKE IN SCHOOL
I LEARNED MY LESSON YOU'LL SEE
I ONLY WANT A BUDDY NOT A SWEETHEART
BUDDIE NEVER MAKE YOU BLUE
SWEET HEARTS MAKE VOWS THAT ARE BROKEN
BROKEN LIKE MY HEART IS BROKEN, TOO

DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME SAY YOU
LIKE ME
NO LOVER'S QUARRELS NO BUNGALOW FOR TWO
DON'T TURN DOWN LOVERS LANE
JUST KEEP RIGHT ON THE SAME
I ONLY WANT A BUDDY NOT A GAL

SOME BODY ELSE

SOMEBODY ELSE IS TAKING MY PLACE
SOMEBODY ELSE NOW SHARES YOUR
EMBRACE
WHILE I AM TRYING TO KEEP FROM CRY-
ING
YOU GO AROUND WITH A SMILE ON YOUR
FACE
LITTLE YOU CARE THE VOWS THAT YOU
MADE
LITTLE YOU KNOW THE PRICE I HAVE
PAID
MY HEART'S ACHING SOON WILL BE
BREAKING
FOR SOMEBODY'S TAKING MY PLACE

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW
I WONDER WHO'S TEACHING HER HOW
I WONDER WHO'S LOOKING INTO HER
EYES BREATHING SIGHS TELLING
LIES

I WONDER WHO'S BUYING THE WINE
FOR LIPS THAT I USED TO CALL MINE
I WONDER IF SHE EVER TELL HIM OF
ME
I WONDER WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER
NOW

IN THE EVENING

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
YOU CAN HEAR THOSE DARKIES SINGING
IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
YOU CAN HEAR THISE BANJOES RINGING
HOW THE OLD FOLKS WOULD ENJOY IT
THE OULD SIT ALL NIGHT AND LISTEN
AS THEY SANG IN THE EVENING BY THE
MOON LIGHT

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman
Is like a ship without a sail
Is like a boat without a rudder
Is like a kite without a tail
A man without a woman
Is like a wreck upon the sand
But if there's one thing worse, in this universe
It's a woman, I said a woman, I mean a woman without a man

Now you can roll a silver dollar 'cross the bar room floor
And it will roll, because it's round
A woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she let's him down
Now honey listen, my honey listen to me
I want you to understand
Like a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
So a woman goes from man to man.

INTO THE AIR

Into the air Army Air Corps
Into the air Pilots true
Into the air Army Air Corps
Keep your nose up in the blue
And when you hear the engines roaring
And the steel props start to whine
Then you can bet the Army Air Corps
Is along the fighting line.

ELMERS TUNE

Why are the stars always winking and blinking above
What makes the fellows stop thinking and falling in love
It's not the season, the reason is plain as the moon
It's just Elmers Tune

What makes a lady of eighty go out on the loose
Why does the gander meander in search of a goose
What puts the kick in the chicken, the magic in June
It's just Elmers Tune

Listen, listen, there's a lot you're liable to be missing
Sing it, swing it, any old time and any old way
The herdy gertie, the birdie, the cop on the beat
The candy maker, the baker, the man in the street
The city charmer, the farmer, the man in the moon
All sing Elmers Tune.....

A little boy, with a face
As bright as the sun,
Was playing in the park
When he saw a cat
That was as black as night,
And as quick as a cat,
He ran and hid behind
A tree that was old and fat.

The cat was very old,
And very much of age,
It had a long white tail,
And a pair of blue eyes,
It was as fast as a cat,
And as cunning as a cat,
It was a very old cat,
And a very much of age.

THE LITTLE BOY

The little boy was very
Happy and very free,
He was playing in the park
When he saw a cat
That was as black as night,
And as quick as a cat,
He ran and hid behind
A tree that was old and fat.

THE LITTLE BOY

When the little boy was
Playing in the park,
He saw a cat that was
As black as night,
And as quick as a cat,
He ran and hid behind
A tree that was old and fat,
The cat was very old,
And very much of age.

The little boy was very
Happy and very free,
He was playing in the park
When he saw a cat
That was as black as night,
And as quick as a cat,
He ran and hid behind
A tree that was old and fat.

GREEN DRAGON ANTHEM

Off we go, to meet the foe
Flying fast and flying low
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

Tho we bomb far from home
The Japs have lost another drome
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

For it's Hi-Hi-Hi, a merry band are we
You'll never meet another of our kind.
For where ere you go you will always know
That the Dragons are buzzing along.

On the trees, we're at ease
Over land or over seas
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

For it's HI-Hi-He, a merry band are we
You'll never meet another of our kind
For where ere you go you will always know
That the Dragons ge buzzing along.

Down past lae and Hansa Hay
Just another strafing day
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

There they are, at our feet
Watch those yellow sons retreat
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

For it's Hi-Hi-He, a merry band are we
You'll never meet another of our kind.
For where ere you go you will always know
That the Dragons are buzzing along.

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Oh, a little bit of heaven fell from out
of the sky one day
And it fell into the ocean many miles away.
The next day when the angels found it, it
seemed so sweet and fair
That they said why don't we leave it there?
Then they sprinkled it with stardust just
to make the shamrocks grow,
There's no other place you'll find them
No matter where you go.
Then they dotted it with silver just to
make its lakes so grand
And when they had it finished, sure they
Called it Ireland.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

(CHORUS)

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear how much I love you
please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night as I lay sleeping,
I dreamed I held you in my arms.
But when I awoke dear I was mistaken
and I hung my head and cried

(Chorus)

You told me once dear you'd never leave me
And no one else would come between
But now you've gone and found another
you have shattered all my dreams.

(CHORUS)

TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tippiary,
Its a long way to go.
It's a long way to Topperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye to piccadilly,
Farewell Leichester Square.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary
But my heart's right there.

I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU

I'm in love with you, honey
Say you love me too, honey
No one else will do, honey
Seems funny but it's true.

Loved you from the start, honey
Bless your little heart, honey
Every day will be so sunny
Honey with you.

HAIL THE SQUADRON

Hail to the Squadron
Hail to the Corps
Hail to all the airmen
Who braved the skies before.

We're on the road to victory
Thumbs up forever more
Hail to Squadrons flying high
Hail to the men who urle the Sky
Hail to the Army, the Army Air Corps.

" THE STOOGES "

I am the Co-pilot, I sit on the right.
I'm not important, just part of the flight.

I never talk back or I'll have regrets.
But I have to remember what the pilot for ets.

I fill out the forms and check on the weather.
Pull up the wheels and stand by to feather.

Check the mags and call the tower.
Milk up the flaps and adjust the power.

I call for my pilot and buy him cokes.
And always laugh at his corny jokes.

I'm the guy that does the reporting.
And flies the ole' crate when he's been out courting.

And on days when his landings are rusty.
I come through with- "Cawd but its gusty".

As you can see I'm only a stooge.
For the guy I always call sorooge.

Now maybe you think this is past under standing.
But maybe someday he'll give me a landing ; ; ; ; ;

CHAPTER II

I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on
I hope you are well and happy
I have been very busy lately
but I have managed to find some time
to write you a few lines
I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on
I hope you are well and happy
I have been very busy lately
but I have managed to find some time
to write you a few lines

STRAFERS (FLYING TRAPESE)

WHEN I WAS A CADET
AN INNOCENT LAD
THE CHAPLIN HE TOLD ME THE GOOD FROM THE BAD
OF ALL OF HIS WORDS THESE WERE HIS LAST
NEVER FLY HIGH AND NEVER FLY FAST

SO I JOINED UP THE STRAFERS WITH THESE ORDS IN MIND
AND OFF TO NEW GUINEA DID GO
BUT WHEN I GOT THERE IT WAS ONLY FIND
THE STRAFERS FLY TOO GOSH DARN LOW-OH!
WE FLY O'VER THE TREETOPS WITH INCHES TO SPARE
THERE'S SMOKE IN THE COCKPIT AND GREY IN OUR HAIR
THE TRACERS LOOK FINE AS ASTRAFING WE GO
BUT BROTHER YOU'RE FLYING JUST TOO GOSH DARN LOW!

HAIL 8TH FIGHTER!

(SPEAKER) HAND ON THE THROTTLE
(CROWD) HAND ON THE THROTTLE
(SPEAKER) MIND ON THE THROTTLE
(CROWD) MIND ON THE THROTTLE
(SPEAKER) BOTH FEET IN THEIR POCKET
(CROWD) BOTH FEET IN THEIR POCKET
(TOGETHER) OFF WE GO INTO THE WID BLUE YONDER
(YELL) CRASH!!!!
8TH FIGHTER GROUP!!!!

WHIFFEN POOF

TO A TABLE DOWN AT MOWRY'S
TO THE PLACE WHERE LOUIE DWELLS
TO THAR DEAR OLD TEMPLE BAR
WE LOVE SO WELL
WHERE THE WHIFFEN POOFS ASSEMBLE
WITH THEIR GLASSES RAISED ON HIGH
AND THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING
CUSTS A SPELL
YES THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING
OF THE SONGS WE LOVE SO WELL
HOW MY BONNIE LIES AWASTIN
AND THE REST
OH WE'LL SERENADE OLD LOUIE
FOR AS LONG AS LIFE SHALL LAST
THEN WE'LL PASS AND BE FOGOTTEN WITH THE REST

WHIFFEN POOF (CHORUS)

WE ARE LITTLE LAST SHEEP
WHO HAVE LOST OUR WAY
BAA! BAA! BAA!
JUST LITTLE BLACK SHEEP
WHO HAVE GONE ASTRAY
BAA! BAA! BAA!
GENTLEMEN SONGSTERS OUT ON A SPREE
DAMNED FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
GOD HAVE MERCY ON SUCH AS WE
BAA! BAA! BAA!

THE FIRST PART

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE LORD OF THE TREASURY
IN GREAT BRITAIN, AND OF THE
HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN
PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED, IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, BY
JOHN HANCOCK, ESQ.

THE SECOND PART

THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE LORD OF THE TREASURY
IN GREAT BRITAIN, AND OF THE
HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN
PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED, IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, BY
JOHN HANCOCK, ESQ.

THE THIRD PART

THE THIRD PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE LORD OF THE TREASURY
IN GREAT BRITAIN, AND OF THE
HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN
PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED, IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, BY
JOHN HANCOCK, ESQ.

THE FOURTH PART

THE FOURTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE LORD OF THE TREASURY
IN GREAT BRITAIN, AND OF THE
HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN
PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED, IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, BY
JOHN HANCOCK, ESQ.

NEW QU INEA BLUES (Tune-- Blues in the Night)

From Nadzab to Cusap, From Wewak to Dunpu, wherever the ramu flow.
I've seen me some big ships, and shot up a few nips, but there is onething
I know, a Tonies a bastard, a worrrysone thing who'll lead you to sing the New Quinea Blues.

Now the bombs are falling, now the secters calling, Shotgun--go up there
and get them, Now my guns are spitting, now my engines quite, Snafu--
This thundering ain't right, oh give me the green light, I'll turn in my wings
and come in and sing, the New Guinea Blues.

Minnie The Mermaid

Manys the nite I've spent with Minnie the mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea,
Minnie lost her morals down among the corral,
Gee boys but she was nice to me.

Manys the time I've seen the pale moon shining.
Down in her little bungalow,
Ashes to Ashes, dust to dust, Twin beds-- but only one must
You can easily see she's not my mother, For my mothers' forty-five,
You can easily see shes' not my sister cause I wouldn's show my such a wonderland
time.

You can easily see shes not my girl frien, for my girl friends too refined--
Shes just a slop of a kid who don't care what she did, shes just a personal friend of mine.

GIVE ME A P-47

Don't give me a p-38, the props they counter rotate,
There scattered and smitten from buna to Britten
Don't give me a p-38.

Don't give me a p-39, the engine is mounted behink,
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in, don't give me a p-39.

Don't give me a peter-four o, A hell of an airplane I know,
A ground looping bastard, You're sure be get plastered,
Don't give me a peter-40

Don't give me a p-51, It was alright for fightin the Hun,
But with collant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,
Doj't give me a p-51.
Don't give me a p-51, for nite flying is no fun,
They say its a lark, but Im scared of the dark. Don't give me a p-61.

Just give me a p-47, That airplane is straight from heaven,
With eight guns a spitten, Ol' Toges been smitten, Just give me a p-47.

BRAVE MEN

THIS STORY WHICH I TELL YOU DEPICTS THE BRAVERY BOLD
OF MEN WHO FLEW THE BATTLE BENEATH THE MOON SO COLD
THEY DRENCHED THEIR SOULS IN WHISKEY AND TO THEIR GODS THEY CURSE
THEY GAVE NO DAMN FOR ANY MAN**LIVE ON FOUR TWENTY FIRST

THEIR GUNS WERE HEARD AT NADZAB, THEY FOUGHT A BLOODY WAR
THEY LEFT THEIR MARK UP IN THE SKIES WHILE FLYING FROM SAIDOR
ON WADKI AND OWI THEIR NAMES ARE LOUDLY SUNG
THEIR FAME WHILE BASED ON LEYTE, CLIMBED UP ANOTHER RUNG

THERE WAS NO GREATER EFFORT, SO GIVE THE MEN THEIR DUE
JUST LIFT A GLASS OF WINE FOR THOSE WHO DIED ON PELELIU
THEIR GUNS GOT HOT ON LUZON, AND IE SHIMA SAW
SOME NIGHTS HARD CUT WITH HONOR, AND COURAGE IN THE RAW.

ALTHOUGH THE WAR IS OVER THERE STILL IS PLANE AND MAN
WHO SEARCH THE SKIES FOR DANGER IN OLD, GOD DAMMED JAPAN
DON'T FROWN UPON THEIR CRAVINGS DON'T ANGER AT THEIR THIRST
JUST STEP UP BOYS, AND HAVE A DRINK WITH THE OLD FOUR TWENTY FIRST.

THE FARMER AND THE MAIDEN

OH, THE FARMER AND THE MAIDEN
THERE WERE COURTIN I DECLARE
DOWN BY THE GARDEN GATE THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT I WAS THERE
OH, THE FARMER WAS BASHFUL, AND THE MAIDEN SHE WAS SHY.
HE ASKED HER IF HE COULD AND THIS WAS HER REPLY

YOU CAN DO IT IF YOU WANT TO
BUT YOU BETTER DO IT RIGHT
YOU HADN'T BETTER DO IT LIKE YOU DID THE OTHER NIGHT
FOR IF YOU DO IM TELLING YOU
I'LL NEVER LET YOU DO IT AGAIN.

THEY STAYED IN THE HOUSE FOR THE NIGHT AND IN THE MORNING THEY WENT TO THE BATHS AND TO THE GARDENS. THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES. THEY STAYED THERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND THEN THEY WENT TO THE CITY AND TO THE TEMPLE.

THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES. THEY STAYED THERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND THEN THEY WENT TO THE CITY AND TO THE TEMPLE. THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES. THEY STAYED THERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND THEN THEY WENT TO THE CITY AND TO THE TEMPLE. THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES. THEY STAYED THERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND THEN THEY WENT TO THE CITY AND TO THE TEMPLE. THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES. THEY STAYED THERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND THEN THEY WENT TO THE CITY AND TO THE TEMPLE. THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES. THEY STAYED THERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND THEN THEY WENT TO THE CITY AND TO THE TEMPLE. THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES. THEY STAYED THERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND THEN THEY WENT TO THE CITY AND TO THE TEMPLE. THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES. THEY STAYED THERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND THEN THEY WENT TO THE CITY AND TO THE TEMPLE. THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

NIGHT FIGHTER'S LAMENT

OH I HAVE A STORY TO TELL YOU
A STORY OF BOLD MEN AND BRAVE
WHO HAVE FOUGHT SOME HAVE DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY
WITH A BRIGHTLY BURNING PLANE FOR THEIR GRAVE

ON AN ISLAND WE CALLED IJIMA
WITH THE BROAD BLUE PACIFIC ALL AROUND
WE SET UP OUR TENTS AND OUR SHELTERS
AND DUG HOLES FOR OUR SAFETY ON THE GROUND.

AT NIGHT WHEN DAY FIGHTERS WERE SLEEPING
THE NOCTURNAL RAIDS WERE BEGUN
AND THE HEAVENS WERE SORE SPLIT AS SUNDER
BY THE ROAR OF OUR P-SIXTY ONES

ON A COLD MOONLESS NIGHT BACK IN AUGUST
THE ORDER WAS READ WITH A SIGH
AND A HAPPY GO LUCKY YOUNG PILOT
TOOK HIS PLANE AND HIS CREW OUT TO DIE

THEY WENT WITH A SMILE ALL UNKNOWING
'T WAS ONLY A ROUTINE PATROL
TOO BAD THAT THEIR DUTY INCLUDED
THEIR ANSWERING GOD'S FINAL ROLL

PINEAPPLE GAVE THEM THEIR VECTOR
SURVEILLANCE UP TO JAPAN AND BACK
THEY SAY THE LAST WORDS THEY TRANSMITTED
WERE "WE WISH WE WERE LYING IN OUR SACKS "

ONE HOUR STRETCHED OUT INTO SEVEN
IT WAS NO TIME TO JEST OR TO GRIN
THEY DREW AS THEY WAITED AND LISTENED
THAT ANOTHER NIGHT FIGHTER AUGURED IN.

THERE WAS NO ONE TO SEE AND REPORT IT
NO HELP FROM A SEARCHING SUBMARINE
JUST THREE NAMES WRITTEN OFF OF THE ROSTER
AND THREE FACES NO LONGER TO BE SEEN

SO LIFT UP YOUR GLASSES MY BUDDIES
IN HONOUR OF THOSE WHO FOUGHT THEIR FIGHT
THE SLEEP YOU ENJOYED OUT OF DANGER
WAS BECAUSE OF THE BOYS WHO FLEW AT NIGHT.

END

IN THE YEAR 1841, A PARTY OF AMERICAN
AND ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, WHO HAD BEEN
WITH A VIEW TO VISITING THE GREAT
AND THE SMALL ISLANDS OF THE ARCHIPELAGO

ON THE 15TH OF JANUARY, ARRIVED AT
THE ISLAND OF MANA, AND REMAINED
THERE UNTIL THE 25TH OF FEBRUARY,
WHEN THEY DEPARTED FOR THE ISLAND OF

AT MANA, THEY VISITED THE GREAT
AND THE SMALL ISLANDS, AND
OBTAINED A GREAT DEAL OF INFORMATION
RESPECTING THE HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

OF A POLYNESIAN ISLAND, AND IN
THE COURSE OF THEIR VISIT, THEY
OBTAINED A GREAT DEAL OF INFORMATION
RESPECTING THE HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

OF A POLYNESIAN ISLAND, AND IN
THE COURSE OF THEIR VISIT, THEY
OBTAINED A GREAT DEAL OF INFORMATION
RESPECTING THE HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

OF A POLYNESIAN ISLAND, AND IN
THE COURSE OF THEIR VISIT, THEY
OBTAINED A GREAT DEAL OF INFORMATION
RESPECTING THE HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

OF A POLYNESIAN ISLAND, AND IN
THE COURSE OF THEIR VISIT, THEY
OBTAINED A GREAT DEAL OF INFORMATION
RESPECTING THE HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

OF A POLYNESIAN ISLAND, AND IN
THE COURSE OF THEIR VISIT, THEY
OBTAINED A GREAT DEAL OF INFORMATION
RESPECTING THE HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

OF A POLYNESIAN ISLAND, AND IN
THE COURSE OF THEIR VISIT, THEY
OBTAINED A GREAT DEAL OF INFORMATION
RESPECTING THE HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

SYDNEY LEAVE

There once was a pilot to Sydney did stroll
He'd just gotten back from a raid on Rabaul
When an old MP Sgt. said pardon me please
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your sleeve.

Why Sgt, you bastard, you bloody damm fool
I've just gotten back from a place called Rabaul
Where the Ack Ack is flying and comforts are few
And brave men are dying for bastards like you.

Then the old Mp Sht. said pardon me Sir
On you Lt. I intended no slur.
But the girls here in Sydney are dammed hard to please
With blood on your tunic and muc on your sleeve.

Now listen here Sgt, you bloody dammed fool
The girls will all know I've just caom from Rabaul
I'll wine them and dine them and then we will go
Out to my flat where I'll tell them my woes.

And so the Lt. found him a girl
He wineed her and dined her and gave her a twirl
Then out to his flat where he told her his woes
And she felt sorry so she couldn't say no.

Twass nine months later the had a son
She wrote to her pilot—Oh? what' to be done.
With this fair baby that gave to me.
Who sits around and wets on my knee?

The pilot wrote back with this sad advice
The baby's not mine but its sure would be nice
If he'd be a pilot but he'd be a fool
If the bolldy young bastard e'er went o'er Rabaul.

There was a great deal of
the 1st of the month
which was the 1st of the month
There was a great deal of

There was a great deal of
the 1st of the month
which was the 1st of the month
There was a great deal of

There was a great deal of
the 1st of the month
which was the 1st of the month
There was a great deal of

There was a great deal of
the 1st of the month
which was the 1st of the month
There was a great deal of

There was a great deal of
the 1st of the month
which was the 1st of the month
There was a great deal of

There was a great deal of
the 1st of the month
which was the 1st of the month
There was a great deal of

There was a great deal of
the 1st of the month
which was the 1st of the month
There was a great deal of

There was a great deal of
the 1st of the month
which was the 1st of the month
There was a great deal of

CLOSING THE BAR

T' WAS A CLOD WINTER EVENING
THE QUESTS WERE ALL LEAVING
O'R ILEY WAS CLOSING THE BAR?
WHEN HE TURNED ROUND AND SAID
TO THE LADY IN RED, " GET OUT YOU CANT STAY WHERE YOU ARE "
SHE SHED A BIG TEAR IN HER BUCKET OF BEER
AS SHE THOUGHT OF THE COLD NIGHT AHEAD
WHEN A GENTLEMAN DAPPER STEPPED OUT OF THE CRAPPER
AND THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID
" HER MOTHEK NEVER TOLD HER THE THINGS A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT THE WAYS OF AIR CORPS MEN AND HOW THEY COME AND GO (AND COME)
SHE LOST HER YOUTH AND BEAUTY AND LIFE HAS DELT HERE A SCAR
SO REMEMBER YOUR MOTHERS AND SISTERS BOYS
AND LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR, (IF THERE IS ROOM)

CHAPTER THE NINE

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY
THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY
THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY
THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY
TO THE END OF THE DAY
THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY
AS SHE THOUGHT OF THE GOOD NIGHT
WITH A GREAT MANY OTHERS
AND THUS THE WOMAN HAD
BORN IN THE NIGHT
ABOUT THE WAY TO A KIDNEY MAN AND HOW THEY COULD
SHE GOT THE COLOUR TO BE A KIDNEY MAN
SO SHE WENT TO A KIDNEY MAN
AND SHE WENT TO A KIDNEY MAN

TUNE WASASH CANNON BALL

Beside the Guinea Waterfall,
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Kihyhawk
A young pursuiter lay,
His parachute hung from a near bytree
He was not yet quite dead.
Now listen to the very last words, this young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land,
Where everything is bright,
Where whiskey grows on telegraph poles,
Play poker every night,
Theres never anything to do
But sit around and sing
And all the crews are women
' Oh death where is thy sting.

RED ROUNDES IN THE SUNSET

On a farm near Yokohama, As a slant eyed mother cries,
Bewails the fate of her seven sons, that found death in the skies
And as she means her sad lament, she says a futile prayer,
She burns some futile incense, and tears some futile hair.

For who will milk the slant eyed cows when comes the day of grave,
And who will feed the slant eyed ducks, and save the slant eyed fave,
Her lean and famished fingers held, a message edged in black
A message telling her, that her sons would not be back.

Oh Shato was the eldest, to be none to wise,

He never saw the fifties, that closed his slant eyes,

Yomana was the next in line, he was slender, eager, wary,

A Thunderbolt flight came from the right, 't' was the same as Hari Kari.

The third in line was Kluso, a fine fat rice fed lad,

He flew right through some tracers, the results were very sad.

Born fourth to ma Hokiya, was short but Shoto,

He misjudged the Jugs ability to gage the proper lead

He was strafing little children when a thunder jug struck his zero.

Come we now to stout Shimetothel bravest of the clan,

This youngest son but a stammerer one never came from old Japan,

This warrior of the Shinto Shrine was fired with one ambition,

To liquidate the ones who caused his brothers demolition.

And as he flew his courage grew for he was a stout hearted buster,

While strafing a dock he hung his jock, so we'll give him the mustard cluster

Let's drink up our beers and give three cheers, for the Nanno's who wouldn't run,

The got no fame--just died in vain for the land of the rising sun.

and the other side of the road, the road was very narrow and the traffic was very heavy. The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy. The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy.

The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy. The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy.

The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy. The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy.

The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy. The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy.

The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy. The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy.

The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy. The road was very old and the surface was very rough. The road was very dangerous and the traffic was very heavy.

FOUR PROMINENT BASTARDS ARE WE

BY OGDEN NASH

THE BANKER

I'm an autocratic figure in these Democratic States
 I'm a dandy demonstration of hereditary traits.
 As the children of the baker bake the most delicious breads
 As the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds,
 As the Barymores, the Roosevelts and the other I could name
 Inherited the talents that perpetuate their fame,
 My position in the structure of society I owe
 To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
 My pappy was a gentleman and musical to boot.
 He used to play piano in a house of I'll repute.
 The marlani was a lady and a credit to her cult,
 She enjoyed my pappy's playing, and I was the result.
 So my nannym and my pappy are the ones I have to thank,
 That I'm chairman of the board of the National City Bank

THE BROKER

In a cozy little farm house, in a cozy little dell,
 A dear old fashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell.
 She was pretty, she was charming, she was tender, she was mild,
 And her sympathy was such that she was frequently with child.
 The year her hospitality attained a record high,
 She became the happy mammy of an infant, that was I.
 Whenever she was gloomy I could always make her grin,
 By childishly inquiring who my pappy might have been.
 The hired man was favored by the firs in nannym's set,
 That he might have been my pappy was even money bet,
 But such were nannym's morals and such was her share,
 That even Roger Babson wasn't altogether sure,
 Well, I took my nannym's morals and I took my pappy's crust,
 And grew to be the founder of a big investment trust.

THE SENATOR

On a lousy county chain gang on a dusty southern road,
 My late lamented daddy made his permanent abode,
 Now some were there for stealing, but daddy's only fault
 Was an overwhelming weakness for original assault.
 His philosophy was simple and free from moral tape,
 Seduction is for sisties, a he man wants his rape.
 Daddy's total list of victims was embarrassingly rich,
 And the one of them was mammy, he could never tell me which.
 Well, I don't go to college, but I got me a degree,
 I reckon I'm in the model of a perfect S O S.
 I'm a credit to my country and a credit to my dad.
 The most expensive Senator the country ever had.
 I remember daddy's warning that raping was a crime,
 Unless you rape the voters a million at a time.

AND I

I'm an ordinary figure of these democratic states
 A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits.
 As the children of the cops possess the flattest feet,

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

(CONTINUED)

As the daughter of a floosie has a wiggle in her seat,
My position at the bottom of society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
My father was a married man and what is even more,
He was married to my mother, a fact that I deplore
I was born in holly wedlock, consequently by and by
I was socked by every bastard with plunder in his eye.
I invested, I deposited, I voted every fall,
And if I saved a penny, the bastards took it all,
At least I've learned my lesson and am on the proper track,
I'm a self-appointed bastard and I'm out to get it back.

ZE SKUNK

I HUNT ZE BEAR, I HUNT ZE MOOSE
SOMETIME I HUNT ZE RAT
BUT YESTERDAY I'M TAKE MINE HAX
TO HUNT ZE SKUNK POLE CAT
NOW MY JOE HE SAYS GOOD FUR
SOMETIMES SHE'S GOOD TO EAT
I TELL MINE VIFE GET NEW FUR COAT
AT SAME TIME GET SOME MEAT
I VALK 4, 5, 6, DOZEN MILES
VEN I SMELL AN AWFUL SMELL
I'M TINK MAYBE SKUNK SHE'S DIE
AND FUR COAT GO TO HELL
BUT BY AND BY I'M SPY THAT SKUNK
ALL SIT BY ONE BIG TREE
I'M SNEAK UP WEARY, WEARY, CWOSE
I'M TINK SHES NO SEE ME
AND WHEN I'M WEARY, WEARY CWOSE
I'M RAISE MINE HAX UP HIGH
WHEN SCKS, BLOW, THAT GOD DAMN
SKUNK
THRAWS SOMETHING IN MINE EYE
I'M STAGGER ROUND AND ROUND AND AROUND
I'M BLIND I NO CAN SEE
I'M STRAGGER ROUND AND AROUND SOME MORE
AND BUMPS IN GOD DAMN TREE
AND BY AND BY I'M DROP MINE HAX
AND HIT OUT FOR THE SHACK
I'M TINK ABOUT A MILLION SKUNKS
HAVE CLIMB UPON MY BACK
AND VEN MINE VIFE SHE SEES ME COME
ON ME SHE SICKS ZE DOYS
SHE SAYS "NO SLEEP IN HOUSE TONITE
GO OUT AND SLEEP MIT HOGS
VEN I GET OUT TO PIG PEN WHAT
YOU TINK
ZE GOD DAMN HOGS NO STAND FOR THAT
BECAUSE OF AWFUL STINK "
NO MORE I HUNT ZE SKUNK
FOR ZE FUR OR ZE MEAT
CAUSE IF HIS PISS DONE SMELL SO BAD
JESUS CHRIST! WHAT IF HE SHEET

THE OLD MANS LEMENT

NOW I'M OLD AND FEELBE
MY PILOT LIGHT IS OUT
WHAT USED TO BE MY SEX APPEAL
IS NOW MY WATER SPOUT

I USED TO BY EMBARRASED
TO MAKE THE THING BEHAVE
FOR EVERY SINGLE MORNING
IT WOULD STAND AND WATCH ME SHAVE

BUT NOW I'M GROWING OLDER
AND IT SURE GIVES ME THE BLUES
TO HAVE THE THING HANG DOWN MY LEG
AND WATCH ME SHINE MY SHOES.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR WHISKY

OLD MR. BOSTIN TOLD JOHNNIE WALKER THAT HE SAW PAUL JONES
TAKE VIRGINIA DARE DOWN BY COBBS CREEK ON THE THREE RIVERS
BEHING THE OLD CRAB ORCHARD AND FOR A SILVER DOLLAR SHE SAID
SHE WOULD BOTTOMS UP. HE THEN TICKELED HER FOUR ROSES WITH
HIS OLD DRUM, GAVE HER A SHOT OF CREAM OF KENTUCKY, AND THAT MY
FRIENDS, STARTED THE WILKIN'S FAMILY.

TOASTS

CHEAP PAINT

MR. KRESS GI I GOT'S COMPLAINT
BOUT ONE DAMN CAN OF TEN CENT PAINT
MINE WIFE SHES BUY IT IN YOUR DAMN STORE
AND NOW BY GODS I'M GETTING SORE
YOU SEE LAST WEEK ZE SPRING TIME COMES
AND EVERYTHING SHE'S ON ZE BUM
ZE FLOORS, ZE WALLS, ZE WINDOWS TOO
DIRTY LIKE HELL, SACRA BLU
NOW MY VIFE SHE'S LIKE TO BE CLEAN AND NEAT
SO SHES BUY SOME PAINT FOR TOILET SEAT
AND FOR VONE WHOLE VEEK VE WATCH MIT EYE
THAT GOD DAMN PAINT SHE'S NO GET DRY

MY WIFE SHE'S SHORT AND KINDA FAT
BY GASH YOU SHOULD SEE WHERE SHE SAT
SHE'S GETS BIG RING, GOES ROUND COMPLETE
WHERE WHE SITS DOWN ON TOILET SEAT
MINE DAUGHTER TOO SHE'S GETS RING ROUND
VEN ON ZE SEAT SHE GOES SITS DOWN
FOR VONE WHOLE VEEK VE VAIT AND VAIT
AND NOW WE ALL GET CONSTIPATE
MINE WIFE SHE SITS AND CRY AND CRY
CAUSE THAT GOD DAMN PAINT SHE'S NO GET DRY
I SAY TO HER "IT SERVES YOU RIGHT
FOR TRY TO BE SO GOD DAMN TIGHT
AND GO BUY PAINT AT TEN CENT STORE
I TELL YOU PLENTY TIMES BEFORE
THAT DAMN CHEAP PAINT SHES NO DAMN GOOD
SHE'S NO GET DRY ON NO KIND WOOD
NOW DON'T YOU THINK I GOT COMPLAINT
FOR BUY FROM YOU THAT TEN CENT PAINT
I LIVE LONG TIME I NEVER SEE
A MAN GET SO DAMN MAD LIKE ME
AND WHEN I THINK ABOUT THAT PAINT
I GET SO MAD I ALMOST FAINT
THE PAINT IS USED I CAN'T BRING BACK
EXCUSE IF I GET OFF THE TRACK
BUT HOW CAN HOUSE BE NICE AND NEAT
IF PAINT DON'T DRY ON TO ILET SEAT

