Thanks!

Thanks to the AFROTC Detachment 150 at the University of Florida for providing the basic layout and many of the jodies contained herein. Thanks to the cadets and cadre of detachment 158 for their support in typing, proofreading, and editing this version.

Note:
Some of the following jodies may have several possible variations. Always use jodies that present a professional and positive image of the Air Force, AFROTC, and your detachment.

Optional lines are indicated with [brackets].
Air

Force

Jodies
**AIR FORCE**

F-15 rolling down the strip.
Eagle driver gonna take a little trip.
Rev it up, taxi up, count to four,
Push the throttle forward, hear the engines roar.

Thirty thousand feet up in the air,
Flying this baby is a natural high.

Take a look at six o’clock and what did I see,
A Mig-21 was coming after me,
Pulled it up, rolled it out, much to his surprise,
Should’ve seen the look in that turkey’s eyes.

Got behind him, set my sights, let my missile fly,
Blew that twenty-one out of the sky.
When you see and Eagle driver he will say,
“Flying and fighting is the Air Force way.”

**WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN** *(Double Time)*

When I get to heaven
St. Peter’s gonna say,
“How’d you make your livin’,
How’d you earn your pay?”

I’ll reply with a whole lot of anger,
“I earned my pay as an airborne ranger,
Blood, guts, and a little bit of danger.
Death’s no stranger to an airborne ranger.”

**POP! GOES THE WEASEL** *(Sung to the tune of the same name)*

All around the SAM site
The missile chased the weasel.
The weasel got missed, the SAM got zapped,
Pop! Goes the weasel.

Ladyfingers did their jobs
And more just to tease them.
The Russian techs got all teed off,
Pop! Goes the weasel.
UP JUMPED AN AIRMAN

Up jumped an airman from a powder pit,
Said when it comes to fighting, you know I'm fit.
He lined a hundred fighters up against a wall,
Said I bet five dollars, I can beat 'em all.

Well, he beat ninety-seven, then he fell to one knee,
Looked around, turned around, beat the other three.
When he died, he went straight to hell,
He beat up the devil and his demons as well.

On his tombstone, written in green,
It says “Here Lies a Hard-charging Airman Machine.”

**************************************************************************
If I die in a combat zone
Box me up and ship me home
Put me in a set of dress blues
Comb my hair and shine my shoes
Pin my medals upon my chest
Tell my mamma I did my best
Mama, mama don’t you cry
In the Air Force you either do or die
**************************************************************************
I don’t know, but it’s been said
Navy wings are made of lead
I don’t know, but I’ve been told
Air Force wings are made of gold
**************************************************************************
Everywhere we go-o
People wanna know-o
Who we a-are
So we tell them
We’re not the Army
The ground poundin’ Army
We’re not the Navy
Deck swabbing Navy
We’re not the Marine Corps
Jarhead Marine Corps
We’re not the Coast Guard
They don’t even work hard
We are the Air Force
Mighty Mighty Air Force
High Flying Air Force
AIR FORCE CADENCE  \textit{(marching)}

\begin{center}
\begin{tabular}{ll}
FLT/CC: & Count cadence, delayed cadet, Air Force cadet count! \\
Flight: & U \\
FLT/CC: & I can’t hear you, \\
Flight: & S \\
FLT/CC: & Little bit louder now \\
Flight: & Air \\
FLT/CC: & Roll your shoulders back \ [sound like girl scouts] \\
Flight: & Force \\
FLT/CC: & Little bit prouder now. \ [in the shower] \\
Flight: & U \\
FLT/CC: & Hit it! \\
Flight: & S \\
FLT/CC: & Hit it! \\
Flight: & Air \\
FLT/CC: & Hit it! \\
Flight: & Force \\
FLT/CC: & Hit it! \\
Flight: & US Air Force, United States Air Force \\
& We finally found a home \\
FLT/CC: & A what? \\
Flight: & A home! A home away from home. HUA! \\
\end{tabular}
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Two old ladies laying in bed, \\
One looked over to the other and said, \\
I want to be an Airborne Ranger, \\
I want to live a life of danger. \\

\textit{Chorus:} \hspace{1cm} One mile \\
\hspace{1cm} No good \\
\hspace{1cm} Two miles \\
\hspace{1cm} So good \\
\hspace{1cm} Three Miles \\
\hspace{1cm} Better Yet \\
\hspace{1cm} Four miles \\
\hspace{1cm} No Sweat \\

I can run all day just like this \\
I can run anywhere just like this. \\
\textit{Repeat Chorus}
I want to be a navigator,
I want to fly in the F-15,
I want to fly with the canopy open,
So I can hear those commies scream.

Feeling fine and looking good,
Like we know we always would.
We don’t mind, and we don’t care,
Cause we’ll stick together everywhere.

I want to be a bomber pilot,
I want to fly the new B1,
I want to give Moscow a present,
Something about five mega tons.

*************************************************************************
Who’s that girl standing over there,
Slim and trim and long, blonde hair?
_______ wants to know are you free tonight.          [Smith, Jones, etc]
How about dinner with candlelight?
Am I right or wrong,
Is ________ weak or strong?
Sound Off
Count Down
Bring ’em on down now!
**************************************************************************

C-130 Rollin’ Down the Strip (Double Time)

C-130 rolling down the strip,
Airborne daddy on a one-way trip.           [Air Force daddy...]
Mission top secret, destination unknown,
Don’t even know if they’re ever comin’ home.

Stand up, hook up, shuffle to the door,
Jump right out and count to four.          [Jump right out and shout “Air Force!”]
If my main don’t open wide,
I’ve got a reserve by my side.

And if that one should fail me too,
Look out ground, I’m coming through.
If I die in the old Drop Zone,
Box me up and ship me home.

Pin my medals on my chest,
Tell my mamma I did my best.
AIR FORCE BASIC

CHORUS  (Repeat between verses)
Am I right or wrong?  You're right!
Ain't we going strong?  You're right!
Sound off — One, two, three, four
One, two - - - - three, four.

Basic, basic don't feel blue,
Six more weeks and you'll be through.
When you get there you will know
The Air Force is the way to go.

Look up, look up in the sky,
F-15 goes flying by.
Joined the Force to wear the blue
So I can fly an Eagle too!

CHOW  *(Quick and Double Time)*

I don't like it, no way!
Up in the morning before day!
Eat my breakfast too soon!
I'm hungry again before noon!

Went to the mess hall on my knees,
I said, “Mess sergeant, mess sergeant, feed me please!”
The mess sergeant said with a mighty grin,
“If you wanna be Airborne, you gotta be thin.

Down in the mess all on my knees,
Nothing to eat but a bowl of beans.
The bread was moldy and the meat was fat,
You know darn well I couldn’t eat that.

THE MEXICAN FOOD JODY

O Chee lay lee,
Chilay lee chimmichanga,
O chee wa wa
Chimmie Chimmie Chonga
Waza waza wazi
LOOK SHARP, BE SHARP  *(Quick Time)*

Look sharp, be sharp is the word
At 158 it’s always heard.
Hey, Hey, What do you say?
Doing my best in every way.

Look sharp, be sharp is our cry.
At Tyndall 1 we aim for the sky.
Hey, Hey, what do you say?
Doing our best in every way.

Look sharp, be sharp - - it’s pretty rough.
If you wanna be an LT, you gotta be tough.
Hey, Hey, what do you say?
Doing our best in every way.

AIR FORCE VS. ARMY  *(Quick Time)*

I don’t know but I been told,
The Marine Corps thinks it’s mighty bold.
They don’t know what the Air Force can do,
We are proud of our history too.

Our looks and style may not be smooth,
But man, you ought to see this Air Force move!
Look to your left and what do you see?
A bunch of jar heads looking at me.

Sing it out and sing it loud,
I’m an airman and mighty proud.

NUMBER ONE

Max3 cadets are Number One,
We run two miles just for fun.
Make three miles, it’s getting right—
We run until we’re out of sight.
Hey, hey, Maxwell 4, you can hide your face,
Because Maxwell 3 will set the pace.
WHERE’RE YOU GOING TO?

I saw an old lady marching down the street,
She had a pack on her back and boots on her feet.
I said, “Hey, old lady, where’re you going to?”
She said, “US Air Force Parachute School.”
I said, “Hey, old lady, you’re too darn old,
Leave that training for the young and bold.”

I saw an old man coming down the track,
He had fins on his feet and tanks on his back.
I said, “Hey, old man, where’re you going to?”
He said, “The US Air Force Survival School.”
“Watcha gonna do when you get there?”
“I’m gonna swim under water, never breathe the air.”

I saw a young man coming down the road,
He had a knife in his hand and a ninety pound load.
I said, “Hey, young man, where’re you going to?”
He said, “the US Air Force Parachute School.”
“Whatcha gonna learn when you get there?”
“How to jump, swim and kill, without a care.”

HI HO DIDDLY BOP (Quick Time)

CHORUS  (Between all verses)
Your left, your left, your left, right, left, your military left.
Your left, your right, now pick up the step, your left, your right, your left.

Hi, ho Diddly Bop
I’m glad I’m not back on the block
With my suitcase in my hand
Looking for a helping hand,
A helping hand.

Hi, ho Diddly Bop
I’m glad I’m not back on the block
With an empty wallet in my hand.
I don’t want to be an unemployed man,
Unemployed man.

Hi, ho Diddly Bop
I’m glad I’m not back on the block
With my beer in my hand,
Wishing I was an Air Force man,
An Air Force man.
Looking good in my dress blues,  
I'm a part of the blue machine.  
Shine that brass and shine it right,  
Shining in the morning and late at night.
************************************************************************
I was born on a mountain top,  
And raised in a cave,  
Being in the Air Force is all I crave.
************************************************************************
With my rifle and bayonet,  
Ayatolla I'm gonna get.  
Old and Ugly, You're a heck of a man —  
You better hope I don't get to Iran.
************************************************************************
My granddaddy was a brave old man,  
And I'm trying as hard as I can,  
To be like him in every way —  
Runnin' and fightin' the Air Force way!
************************************************************************
Sitting on the beach looking up at the sun,  
Along came an Air Force Pilot out on the run.  
Running 'cross the beach, kickin' up the sand,  
Saying “Don’t mess with me, I’m an Air Force man.”
************************************************************************
Heaven is great, to my surprise.  
There’s a lot of Air Force guys.  
There stood St. Peter on the crest —  
He had Air Force wings upon his chest.
************************************************************************
Here we go again,  
Same old stuff again,  
Walking down the avenue,  
A few more days and we’ll be through.  
I won’t have to look at you,  
Ugly, ugly, ugly you.  
You won’t have to look at me,  
Handsome, handsome, handsome me.
************************************************************************
Air Force, Air Force, Where've you been?  
Around the world and going again.  
What’re you going to do when you get back?  
Going to get a new bomb rack.
************************************************************************
Every night I hit the sack,  
On my aching Air Force back.
A LETTER FROM MY RECRUITER  *(Quick and Double Time)*

I was sitting at home watching TV,
Drinking beer at a quarter to three.
Up walked the postman and dropped the bomb,
He handed me my letter from the Pentagon.

My knees got shaky, and I began to sweat,
I said, “I know they haven’t started the draft up yet.”
I opened up the letter and what did I see?
A whole lot of big words that I couldn’t read.

This Air Force is supposed to be good for me,
And so I went downtown to see.
The Air Force Recruiter said, “Don’t despair: Opportunities unlimited and treatment that’s fair.”

Pay is good, advancement is great,
Get out of bed early, go to bed late.
I mean what I say, and say what I mean,
Air Force life is the best I’ve seen.

**MOOSE**  *(Double Time)*

There once was a moose,
He liked to drink a lot of juice.
There once was a moose.
He liked to drink a lot of juice.

**Chorus:**
Singing Woah-oah
Way-oh way-oh way-oh way-oh
Waay-oh waay-oh
Way-oh way-oh way-oh way-oh

The moose’s name was Fred,
He liked to drink his juice in bed.
The moose’s name was Fred,
He liked to drink his juice in bed.
(Chorus)

He drank his juice with care,
But then he spilled some in his hair.
He drank his juice with care,
But then he spilled some in his hair.
(Chorus)

Now he’s a sticky moose,
He’s a moose,
On the looooinoose.
(Chorus)
WHAT THE AIR FORCE'S DONE TO ME  *(Quick Time)*

Joined the Air Force to get a degree,
And now I’ve got my PhD.

Momma, momma, can’t you see,
What this Air Force is doing for me?

They took away my worn out shoes,
Now I’m wearing Air Force blue.

They took away my gin and rum,
Now I’m up before the sun.

Thought I’d get to have some fun,
Now all I do is shoot my gun.

Joined the Air Force to get in shape,
Now all I do is hurry and wait.

Used to drive a Chevrolet,
Now I’m walking all the way.

Used to drive a Cadillac,
Now I pack it on my back.

Captain, Captain, can’t you see,
What this Air Force’s doing to me?

Airman, Airman don’t be blue,
The Air Force’s gonna take care of you.

[Chorus]

COMBAT CONTROL

We come in the night and steal your soul,
That’s because we’re the Combat Control.
(Chorus)
Paint my face black and green,
Do it well so I won’t be seen.
(Chorus)
I come by land, air and sea,
You can call me the CCT!
(Chorus)
You run in the bush and try to hide,
But that’s where I live; you’re gonna die!
(Chorus)
A flash and bang will be your fate,
You won’t know I’m here, ‘til it’s way too late!
(Chorus)
Carry my ruck upon my back!
Locked and cocked, I’m gonna attack!
(Chorus)
Standing’ tall in my red beret, I’m the best in the USA!
**BOLD AVIATION**

I don’t know but I’ve been told,  
Aviators are mighty bold.  
Look up over there in the sky —  
Huey gunships are flying by.

Aerostarts are in the brush.  
Cobra snakes are in a rush.  
Pilots say it’s killing me —  
Waiting for the Infantry.

Flat-iron ships are very well read —  
We go where others won’t dare to tread.  
Cranes go in to pick up the wreck.  
Where the pilots have hit the deck.

Chinooks are coming with grunts in flight  
They want to hurry and join the fight.  
Aviators are mighty bold—  
That’s the story I’ve been told.

**HUMILITY**

Far above the rest,  
Aviators are the best.  
True and proven by test,  
Aviators above the rest.

Pilots when given any test,  
Always prove to be the best.  
If you doubt what I say,  
Ask a pilot any day.

**SOLEMN VOW**  (*Double and Quick Time*)

Through the desert, across the plains,  
Steaming jungles, and tropic rains.  
No mortal foe can stop me now —  
This is gonna be my solemn vow.

I have honor, and I have pride —  
Winning serves me as my guide.  
This Air Force shocks our enemies,  
Brings them crashing to their knees.

Basic Training is plenty rough —  
To make it through you must be tough.  
Squad Leader, don’t be blue,  
They’ll make you an Airman, too.
**UP EVERY MORNING** *(Quick Time)*

Up on your left foot, down on your right,
Up every morning, out late at night.
Airman, Airman, where do you roam?
On the streets of Maxwell 2, far, far from home. [insert your FTU]

Up on your left foot, down on your right,
Up every morning, out late at night.
Airman, Airman, where have you been?
Out to the CATM range and back again.

Up on your left foot, down on your right,
Up every morning, out late at night.
Airman, Airman, where can you run?
All over Maxwell, doing it for fun.

Up on your left foot, down on your right,
Up every morning, out late at night.
Airman, Airman, what do you see?
I see a Drill Sergeant staring back at me.

**THEY SAY THAT IN THE AIR FORCE** *(Marching)*

They say that in the Air Force the coffee’s mighty fine
It looks like muddy water and tastes like turpentine

*Chorus:*

Oh Lord, I wanna go/ But they won’t let me go
*All together:* Hoo-hoo-hoooome HEY!

They say that in the Air Force the chow is mighty fine
A chicken jumped off the table and started marking time *(Chorus)*

They say that is the Air Force the biscuits are mighty fine
One rolled off the table and killed a friend of mine *(Chorus)*

They say that in the Air Force the training’s mighty fine
Last night there were ten of us, now there’s only nine *(Chorus)*

They say that in the Air Force the pay is mighty fine
They give you a hundred dollars and take back ninety-nine *(Chorus)*
“By no means does the outcome of a battle depend upon numbers, but upon the united hearts of those who fight.”
-Kusunoki Masashige (14th Century A.D.)

“In war, everything depends on morale...”
-Napoleon I (1769-1821)
AIRBORNE PT

Early one morning in the pouring rain,
First Sergeant said it was time for pain.
Grab your ruck and follow me,
It’s time to do some PT!
We jogged nine miles and we ran three,
The First Sergeants yelling “Follow me!”
We walked two miles and then ran eight!
Airborne PT sure is great!

I don't know but I've been told,
Our FTO is getting old.
See how his knees wobble when he walks,
Hear how his voice cracks when he talks.

DOG TAGS

Rollin, Rollin, Rollin,
Ohhh my feet are swollen.
Don’t let your dog tags dangle in the dirt.
Pick up your dog tags, tuck ’em in your shirt.

Rollin, Rollin Rollin,
Ohhh my knee is swollen.
Don’t let your dog tags dangle in the rocks.
Pick up your dog tags, put ’em in your socks.

Rollin, Rollin Rollin,
Ohhh my back is swollen.
Don’t let your dog tags dangle in the sand.
Pick up your dog tags, hold ’em in your hand.

Rollin, Rollin Rollin,
Ohhh my head is swollen.
Don’t let your dog tags dangle in the mud.
Pick up your dog tags, hand ’em in your bud.

One mile,
No sweat.
Two miles,
Better yet.
Three miles,
Gotta run.
Four miles,
To the sun.
CAUSE HE’S AIRBORNE, RANGER, ALL THE WAY  (Running)

CHORUS  (Repeat between verses)
“Cause he’s Airborne, Ranger, all the way!

Jesse James said before he died,
There’s four things he wanted to ride.
Bicycle, tricycle, automobile,
A bow-legged horse or a ferris wheel.

Down in the jungle where coconuts grow,
There’s a mean motor-scooter, Ranger Joe.
He’s in all the way up to his knees —
He’s an Airborne Ranger coming through the trees.

GRANNY
When my great granny was 91
She did PT just for fun
When my great granny was 92
She did PT better than you
When my great granny was 93
She did PT better than me
When my great granny was 94
She did PT more and more
When my great granny was 95
She did PT to stay alive
When my great granny was 96
She did PT just for kicks
When my great granny was 97
She up, she died, she went to heaven
When my great granny was 98
She met St. Peter at the Pearly Gate

HOLD IT HIGH
Hey you!
Yeah you,
Over there.
Run with us.
Everyday,
All the way.

Hold your head,
Hold it high.
Air Force is runnin’ by.
(repeat)

Is running by.
Is running by.
ARMY LIFE  *(Quick Time)*

Oh, I joined the Army ranks  
Just so I could see a tank.

Oh, I left a nagging wife  
Just to lead this Army life.

Oh, this Army is for me —  
It's the only place to be.

You know this Army life is best —  
It's made to put you to the test.

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA

I used to date a beauty queen,  
Now I've got an M16.

I used to drive a Chevrolet,  
Now I'm running every day.

Used to drive a Cadillac,  
Now I'm marchin' there and back.

Used to drive a Coupe De Ville,  
Now I'm running up the hill.

AIRBORNE RANGER

Two old ladies were lying in bad.  
One rolled over to the other and said,  
"I wanna be an Airborne Ranger,  
Live the life of guts and danger"  
Guts and danger,  
Airborne Ranger.

Same two ladies were lying in bed.  
One rolled over to the other and said,  
"I wanna be a scuba diver;  
Dive right into murky water"  
Scuba diver, murky water,  
Guts and danger, Airborne Ranger.

Same two old ladies lying in bed.  
One rolled over to the other and said,  
"I wanna be a mountain climber,  
Climb that mountain, higher and higher"  
Mountain climber, higher and higher,  
Scuba diver, murky water.  
Guts and danger, Airborne Ranger.
KOREAN TOUR

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)
Am I right or wrong?
Am I right or wrong?
Ain’t this short tour long?
Ain’t this short tour long?

Wind and snow is all I get,
I will win this country yet.

Kimchi that and kimchi this—
I can’t tell you what I miss.

Seoul is a city like the one back home,
Smog and traffic wherever I roam.

The countryside is best I guess—
The rice is plenty, but my stomach’s a mess.

We march all day ‘til the curfew comes,
Then it’s time to oil our guns.

Take a shower in water that’s cold,
Clean our boots from the monsoon mold.

Stateside, stateside, where are you?
Will the world be there when we get through?

Mid tour home is all too quick,
Spent one week at Osan sick.

Red Cloud, Yongsan, Hovey, too,
Don’t forget Page and big Taegu.

The roads are curved, buses are fast,
But we don’t care just as long as we last.

We’ll fight those commies at the DZ line,
Blow their tanks with a hidden mine.

Our choppers can see them from miles away,
Those guys at “Reach” will then relay.

If their tunnels let ’em move too fast,
We’ll patrol our border to the very last.
AYATOLLAH KHOMENI  *(Tune of C130 Rollin’ Down the Strip)*

Ayatollah Khomeni
What’cha gonna do with our embassy?
America is a peaceful land,
But when we’re pushed we take a stand.

Ayatollah, you old fool,
You have gone and lost your cool.
Land of the free, and home of the brave,
We’re gonna put you in your grave.

Bomb Iran, Bomb Iran,
If they’re not careful, we’re taking that land.
Nuke’em, nuke’em ‘til they glow,
If they don’t let our people go.

Iran, Iran, Parliament,
You haven’t even made a dent.
Free our hostages today,
Or we will have to earn our pay.

*************************************************** ***********************

TINY BUBBLES  *(Quick Time)*

Tiny bubbles,
In my Sprite,
Makes me happy,
Fills me with delight.

Tiny bubbles,
In my root-beer,
Make me happy.
While I’m here.

*Other verses may reference alcohol and should only be done once approved by your COC or FTO.*

*************************************************** *********************

Out every morning at a quarter to six,
Walking and running through the broken sticks.
Clapping and a-yelling and a-making noise,
Trying to make the commies fight again.
AIRBORNE #1

CHORUS  (Between all verses)
Use SOUND OFF, etc.

Stand up! Hook up! Stand in the door!
Stood up, then collapsed on the floor.

Jumpmaster picked me up and then,
Stood me in the door again.

“Trooper do you mind the drop?”
“No, it’s just that sudden stop!”

Jumpmaster tapped me out at least,
Jumped out in the old prop blast.

Fell on down, my mouth open wide,
Couldn’t have counted if I tried.

Hit the ground with my feet apart,
In my stomach, felt my heart.

Started to drag and then I thought
Cost me ten if I get caught.

AIRBORNE #3

Soldier, soldier, have you heard?
I’m gonna jump from a big iron bird.

Up in the morning in the drizzling rain,
Packed my chute and boarded the plane.
Raining so hard that I couldn’t see —
Jumpmaster said, “You can count on me.”

I look with fear at the open door,
Then I stood up and fainted on the floor.
When I woke up, I was hooked up again,
And that is when I fainted again!
IN THE EARLY MORNING RAIN

Got a letter in the mail,
Got to war or go to jail.
Got a letter in the mail,
In the early morning rain.

I packed my bags, I kissed my wife.
And headed for the Air Force life.
I packed my bags, I kissed my wife,
In the early morning rain.

I told my son not to cry,
But I had tears in my eyes.
I told my son not to cry,
In the early morning rain.

With my weapon in my hand,
And a pocket full of sand,
With my weapon in my hand,
In the early morning rain.

Got the enemy to my front,
And the ocean to my rear.
Wounded dying’s all I hear,
In the early morning rain.

As I’m laying here to rest,
Caught a bullet in the chest,
Even though I’ve done my best,
In the early morning rain.

Tell my darling not to cry,
Cause I’ll never say good-bye.
Tell my darling not to cry,
In the early morning rain.

Many a soldier will die today,
Guess there’s nothing left to say.
So our children, they can play,
In the early morning rain.

Yes, now Sergeant I can see,
Why this training’s good for me.
Forever more we will be free,
In the early morning rain.
C-130 running down the strip,
Air Force daddy on a one way trip.
Mission top secret, destination unknown,
Don’t even know if I’m ever comin’ home.
Stand-up, hook-up, shuffle to the door,
Jump right out and count to four.
If my main don’t open wide,
I got a reserve by my side.
If that one should fail me too,
Look out ground, I’m comin’ through.
If I die on the old drop zone,
Box me up and send me home.
Pin my medals on my chest,
Tell my mamma I did my best.

I wanna be in the in-fan-try,
Fighting is the thing for me.
M16 running down the street,
Not the people you wanna meet.

1, 2, 3, 4
Run a little, run a little, run some more.
Sittin’ on the hilltop beatin’ my drum,
I beat so hard till the MPs come.
I cry MP, MP don’t arrest me,
Arrest that man behind the tree.
He stole whiskey, I stole wine,
And all I ever do is double time.

AIRBORNE PT

Early one morning in the pouring rain,
First Sergeant said it was time for pain.
Grab your ruck and follow me;
It’s time to do some PT.
We jogged nine miles and we ran three,
The First Sergeant yelling following me!
Then we walked two miles and ran eight!
Airborne PT sure is great!

The sun is shining, the sky is blue;
I’ve got no money, what can I do?
YOU CAN RUN, BUT YOU CAN’T HIDE

When those ships start steaming
And the radar starts beaming,
When those missiles start flying
And the jets start striking,

Chorus:
We will teach you how to fight.
We will show you all our might.
You can run, but you can’t hide.
We will show you how to fight.

When those troops start loading,
And the plans start flying,
When those troops start jumping,
And the tanks start rolling,

(Chorus)
When those jets start strafing,
And the bombers start bombing,
When those troops start landing,
And the Bradleys start rolling,

(Chorus)
We will teach you how to fight.
We will show you all our might.
You can run, but you can’t hide.
We will show you how to fight.

*************************************************** **********************
Sergeant, Sergeant, I have my doubts,
What is making your gut stick out,
Is it whiskey or is it wine,
Or is it missing that PT time?
**************************************************************************

Don’t you know, rock and roll,
In my heart, in my soul.
Gotta go, all the way!
Rock and roll is here to stay.
**************************************************************************

Well, here we go,
We’re at it again,
We’re marching out,
We’re marching in,
We’re marching to,
We’re marching fro,
We’re always marching (clap)
On the go!
ALL THE WAY

Hey! Hey! All the way,
We love to run every day.
If I were President and had my way,
There wouldn’t be a fat man in the Army today.
Everyone would be fit to fight,
Whether you test them day or night.

When I jumped onto the old drop zone,
Most of the enemy had already gone.
Those that remained weren’t fit to fight,
So enemy contact was really light.
We ran the straggler off the old drop zone,
Everything is quiet and they’re all gone.

I ran towards and improved machine gun nest,
Spraying lead, I was really at my best.
The enemy tried to bob and weave,
My blood curdling screams like to made him heave.
I snatched him out of his well-dug hole
And really fixed him, God bless his soul!

DOWN BY THE RIVER

Down by the river,
We went for a walk.
And we met those ____________
And we had a talk.

Those Georgia peaches
Are mighty sweet,
But the mighty (your group)
Are hard to beat.
Gonna hit ‘em in the head,
Gonna stomp ‘em on the toe,
Gonna win this (game, war, etc.)
And away we go,
And away we go.
Yiedy, yiedy, yiedy, yiedy,
Yibbity, yibbity, yibbity yay,
And away we go.
BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS

Fighting soldiers from the sky
Fearless men who jump and die
Men who mean just what they say
The brave men of the Green Berets
Silver wings upon their chests
These are men, America’s best
One hundred men will test today
But only three win the Green Beret
Trained to live off nature’s land
Trained to combat hand-to-hand
Men who fight by night and day
Courage taken from the Green Beret
Silver wings upon their chests
These are men, America’s best
One hundred men will test today
But only three win the Green Beret
Back at home a young wife waits
Her Green Beret has met his fate
He has died for those oppressed
Leaving her this last request
Put Silver Wings on my son’s chest
Make him one of America’s best
He’ll be a man they’ll test one day
Have him win the Green Beret

**************************************************************************

Standing in the sun all wet with sweat,
Drill Sergeant’s the meanest man I ever met.
Got a face like a monkey and legs like a cat,
Didn’t know anybody every looked like that.
MY GIRL’S A PRETTY GIRL  (Quick Time)
My girl’s a pretty girl,
She is a city girl.

CHORUS  [Repeat between verses]
But I'll buy her anything,
To keep her in style.

She has a head of hair,
Just like a grizzly bear.

She has a pair of eyes,
Just like two custard pies.

She has a long, long nose,
Just like a garden hose.

She has a pair of lips,
Just like potato chips.

She has a pointed chin,
Just like a safety pin.

She has a pair of thighs,
Just like railroad ties.

She has a pair of hips,
Just like two battleships.

She has a pair of knees,
Just like the summer breeze.

She has a pair of feet,
Just like a parakeet.

LITTLE MOUSE
A little mouse,
With little feet,
Was perched upon,
My toilet seat.
I pushed him in,
I flushed him down,
I watched him spin,
‘round and ‘round.
NOT TITLED

Here we go again,
The same old stuff again.
Running [or marching] down the avenue,
(Two more days) and we’ll be through.
(Two more days) and we’ll be home.
I won’t have to look at you,
Ugly, ugly, ugly you!
************************************************************************

YELLOW BIRD

A yellow bird,
With a yellow bill,
Was sittin’ on,
My window sill.
I lured him in.
With a piece of bread,
And then I stomped his [pause] little head.

A shaggy dog,
With big brown eyes,
Came on my porch,
To my surprise.
I lured him in,
With a piece of meat,
And then I stomped his [pause] little feet.

MICHAEL

CHORUS  (Repeat between verses)
1, 2, 3, 4
1 2, Give me some more.
5, 6, 7, 8,
We’re gonna job through the pearly gate.

I don’t like it no way,
I’m gonna run ‘til Judgment Day.
If that judgment don’t come,
I’m gonna run and run and run.

Devkio don’t like it, that’s no lie,
That’s ‘cause we just passed him by.
Left him tin the dirt, that’s true —
That’s why he is feelin’ blue.

Gabriel is blowing reveille,
But we’re already doing PT.
Angel Michael is having FUN.
“Cause he’s the one leading the run.
GET ON BACK HOME *(Marching)*

I don’t know why I left,
But I know I done no wrong.

CHORUS *[repeat after each verse]*
And it won’t be long.
*Till I get on back home.

Got a letter in the mail,
Go to war or go to jail.

Sat me in that barber’s chair,
Spun me around, I had no hair.

Used to drive a Cadillac,
Now I’m runnin’ there and back.

Dress it right and cover down,
Forty inches all around.

6 to the front and 3 to the rear,
That’s the way we do it here.

Used to date a beauty queen,
Now I date my M-16.

Ain’t now use in lookin’ down,
Ain’t no discharge on the ground.

They took away my gin and rum,
Now I’m up before the sun.

Mama, Mama, can’t you see,
What the Air Force’s done for me?

**************************************************************************

Lift your head and hold it high,
[_Air Force_] is passing by. _[Golf]_ Flight
Lift your head and hold it proud,
They’re running hard and yelling loud.
**************************************************************************

First to rise and last to sleep,
We will keep our country free.
We shoot to the moon and ride the sky,
For our country, we will die.
**************************************************************************

My old granny is seventy-two,
Knows karate and a little kung fu.
Busting boards and breaking bricks,
Knocks big trees into pickup sticks.
**YELLOW RIBBON** (Marching)

Around her hair she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the springtime, in the merry month of May.
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,
She wore it for her airman who was far, far away.
Far away,
Far away.

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage,
She pushed it in the springtime, in the merry month of May.
And if you asked her why the heck she pushed it,
She pushed it for her airman who was far, far away.
Far away,
Far away.

Behind the door, her daddy kept a shotgun.
He kept it in the springtime, in the merry month of May.
And if you asked him why the heck he kept it,
He kept it for her airman who was far, far away.
Far away,
Far away.

Around his grave she laid the pretty flowers,
She laid them in the springtime, in the merry month of May.
And if you asked her why the heck she laid them,
She laid them for her airman who was far, far away.
Far away,
Far away.

**MEAN FIRST SERGEANT**

Woke up this morning 'bout a quarter to four,
Couldn't believe what I saw as I stood in the door
My First Sergeant with his feet on his desk,
Had the LT in the front leaning rest.

Hey, First Sergeant, can't you see?
This little run ain't nothing to me.
Hey, First Sergeant, you're turning green,
Must be what's in your canteen.
LONG DISTANCE DADDY

Mamma and Papa were layin’ in bed,
Papa rolled over and this is what he said…
P.T.
It’s good for you,
It’s good for me.
We’ll get up in morning with the rising sun,
We’ll run all day till the day is done.
Mile one,
Havin’ fun.
Mile two,
Good for you.
Mile three,
Good for me.
Mile four,
I want some more.
Mile five,
Keep me alive.
Mile six,
Great kicks.
Mile seven,
This is heaven.
Mile eight,
This is great.
Mile nine,
Mighty fine.
Mile ten,
Let’s do it again.

SUPERMAN

Me and Superman got in a fight,
I hit him in the head with some Kryptonite.
I hit him so hard I busted his brain,
And now I’m datin’ Lois Lane.

Well, me and Batman, we had one too,
I hit him in the head with my left shoe.
Right in the temple with my left heel,
And now I’m driving the Batmobile.
**DOUBLE TIME RUN** *(Double Time)*

Double time, double time up the hill,
Everybody gonna get a two mile thrill.
Double time, double time everyone will,
Everybody gonna get their fill.

Double time, double time, two miles long,
How in the hell can we go wrong?
Double time, double time to this song,
Everybody's gonna make it strong.

Double time, double time, going strong,
Who ever though we could run so long?
Double time, double time, all the way,
We get up and run all day.
Double time, everybody's having fun,
We can't wait for the four mile run!

*************************************************** **********************

**ONE MILE**

One mile,
No sweat..
Two miles,
Better yet.
Three miles,
Gotta run.
Four miles,
To the sun

*************************************************** **********************

Whiskey Whiskey Jack Jack
Meet me down by the railroad track track
With a 40 in your hand
I'm gonna be a drinkin' man
Whiskey Whiskey Jack Jack
Meet me down by the railroad track track
With my girlfriend in my hand
I'm gonna be a lovin' man.
ONE MILE, NO SWEAT

One mile no sweat,
Two mile better yet,
Three miles think about it,
Four miles thought about it,
Five miles feeling good like I should,
In my legs,
In my head,
In my chest,
Feeling good,
Super troop.

**************************************************************************

Drill Sergeant, Drill Sergeant, can’t you see —
This PT is killing me!
I’ve got pain all in my chest —
I might die, but I did my best!
**************************************************************************

Second Lieutenants are at it again —
Trying to win the war with a fountain pen.
**************************************************************************

(Marching)

These boots were made for walkin’
And that’s just what they’ll do.
If all you’re doing is markin’ time,
They’ll walk all over you.

These guns were made for shootin’
And that’s just what they’ll do.
And if we get the mission,
We’ll drill a hole in you.

This Air Force’s trained for fightin’
And that’s just what they’ll do.
If you pick a fight with us,
We’ll walk all over you.
**************************************************************************

How many days ’til I go home?
How many days ’til they leave me alone?
Cut your hair and shine your shoes,
Keep on singing those summer camp blues.
**************************************************************************

I don’t know, but I’ve been told,
The _______[Maxwell chow]_____________ is getting old.
But if you want to be the best,
You darn well better give us the test.
EVERYWHERE WE GO

Everywhere we go-oh,
People wanna know-oh,
Who we are,
So we tell them,
We are ____[Alpha Flight]______  [Alpha used as example below]
Mighty, Mighty Alpha,
Rough-n-tough Alpha,
Straight-shooting Alpha.
Better Than Bravo,
Big baby Bravo,
Better than Charlie.
Chicken, chicken Charlie,
Better than Delta,
Dumb-dumb Delta.
Better than Echo,
Icky icky Echo.
We are Alpha,
Mighty Mighty Alpha.

FOUR WINDS

Let 'em blow, let 'em blow,
Let the four winds blow.
From the East to the West,
[Alpha] flight is the best.  [Alpha, for example]
Dress it right and cover down,
Forty inches all around.
From the east to the west,
[Alpha] flight is the best!

Birdie, Birdie, in the sky,
Dropped a little white wash in my eye.
Ain’t no sissy, I won’t cry —
I’m just glad that cows don’t fly.
**TYPEWRITER**

Typewriter, typewriter, where’re you at?
I'm a office worker, so I must be fat.

The Colonel said that I must run,
And he thinks I'm having fun.

If I could, I'd surely hid,
And try to work from eight to five.

Typewriter, typewriter, please be true,
For I'll be coming back to you.

If I don’t and you need me,
Look underneath the nearest tree.

I'll be there, if I can hide,
Watching the rest run on by.

Typewriter, typewriter, remember me,
As I run for mile three.

I'll be in the office soon,
For sure I'll hurt 'til afternoon.
Feeling good, looking good, must be good...

**SING IT (Running)**

CHORUS. (Repeat between lines)
Whiskey—No good!
Women—No good!
Smoking—No good!
P.T.—So good!

Sing it in the morning...Hurry up!  Hurry up!
Sing it in the evening...Hurry up!  Hurry up!
Everybody sing it now...Hurry up!  Hurry up!
Singing while they’re running...Hurry up!  Hurry up!
Everybody sing it now...Sha na na na na!
Sha na na na...Sha na na na...Sha na na na!

**************************************************************************
One, Two, Three, Four,
If you don’t sing, we’re gonna run some more.
One mile—Won’t get it.
Two miles—Stickin’ with it.
Three miles—Lookin’ good
Four miles, ____________________ knew you could.
RIGHT OR WRONG

Am I right or wrong?
Air I going strong?
Sound of (1 - 2), sound of (3 - 4)
Break it on down (1—2—3—4) (1—2 ——3—4)

Jody this and Jody that,
Jody is a real cool cat.

Ain’t no use in calling home,
Jody’s on your telephone.

Ain't no use in going home.
Jody’s got your girl and gone.

Ain’t no use in feeling blue,
Jody’s got your sister too.

Ain’t now use in looking back,
Jody’s got your Cadillac.

If old Jody is six feet tall,
I won’t mess with him at all.

Might as well hide that frown,
Jody’s beat you hands down.

Hody, Jody, six feet four,
Jody’s never been whipped before.

I’m gonna take a three-day pass,
Can’t wait to get Jody in my grasp.

Jody is the one who’s mad—
Basic training ain’t that bad!

**************************************************************************
Standing tall and looking good,
We should be in Hollywood.
**************************************************************************

Up every morning at a quarter to six,
Jumping and running and getting sick.
Bending and stretching like a rubber band,
Lord, Oh Lord, won’t you give me a hand.
**************************************************************************

The sun is shining, the sky is blue;
I’ve got no money, what can I do?
**************************************************************************

Up in the morning at the break of day,
Bustin’ my head just to earn my pay.
Going to run and run all day,
Hope to heck I get that raise in pay.
HONEY BABE #1

CHORUS  (Repeat between verses)
Honey, oh baby, be mine.
Go to your left, your right, your left.
Go to your left, your right, your left, hey!

You get a line and I'll get a pole,
Honey, honey.
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
Babe, babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole—
We'll go down to the crawdad hole.
Honey, oh Baby, Mine

I had a girl who lived on a creek,
Honey, honey
I had a girl who lived on a creek,
Babe, babe.
I had a girl who lived on a creek —
Looking at her will make you weak
Honey, oh Baby, Mine.

I had a girl, looked good in blue,
Honey, honey.
I had a girl, looked good in blue,
Babe, babe.
I had a girl, looked good in blue,
She can make a fool of you.
Honey, oh Baby, Mine.

CHORUS  (Same as previous)
I've got a girl in New Orleans,
Honey, honey
I've got a girl in New Orleans,
Babe, babe
I've got a girl in New Orleans, Told her bye and joined the Marines,
Honey, oh Baby, Mine.

I've got a girl nine feet tall,
Honey, honey
I've got a girl nine feet tall,
Babe, babe
I've got a girl nine feet tall,
Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall
Honey, oh Baby, Mine.
CAPTIAN JACK

Hey, hey Captain Jack,
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With that rifle in my hand,
I'm gonna be a shootin' man.
A shootin' man,
The best I can,
For Uncle Sam.

Hey, hey Captain Jack,
Meet me down by the railroad track,
With that knife in my hand,
I'm gonna be a cutting' man.
A cutting' man,
A shootin' man,
The best I can,
For Uncle Sam.

Hey, hey Captain Jack,
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With that grenade in my hand,
I'm gonna be a killin' man.
A killin' man,
A cutting' man,
A shootin' man,
The best I can,
For Uncle Sam.

Hey, hey Captain Jack,
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With that bottle in my hand,
I'm gonna be a drinkin' man.
A drinkin' man,
A killin' man,
A cutting' man,
A shootin’ man,
The best I can for Uncle Sam.

Hey, hey Captain Jack,
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With that book in my hand,
I'm gonna be a studyin' man.
A studyin' man,
A drinkin' man,
A killin' man,
A cutting’ man,
A shootin’ man,
The best I can,
For Uncle Sam.
My girl's a vegetable,
She lives in a hospital.

CHORUS (repeat after each verse)
I'd do most anything,
To keep that girl alive, yeah!

She's got her own T.V.,
They call it an EKG!

She's got no arms or legs,
All she's got are wooden pegs!

One day I'll play a joke,
Pull the plug and watch her choke!

My girl ain't got no nose,
Just a piece of rubber hose.

My girl ain't got no hair,
Just patches here and there.

My girl ain't got no skin,
Just a bag to keep her in.

My girl ain't got no heart,
Just play-doh from Wal-Mart.

My girl means a lot to me,
A million dollar policy.
I wouldn't do anything,
To keep her alive

A-10 PILOT
A-10 pilot, A-10 pilot, where have you been?
Around the world and back again.

A-10 pilot, A-10 pilot, how did you go?
In an A-10 Warthog, flyin' low.

A-10 pilot, A-10 pilot, what did you see?
A thousand Iraqis starin’ back at me.

A-10 pilot, A-10 pilot, what did you do?
I locked, and I loaded had a barbeque. [I locked, and I loaded, and I protected you.]
AIR FORCE PILOT
I wanna be an Air Force pilot,
I wanna fly an F-16.
I wanna fly with the cockpit open,
I wanna hear Al-Qaeda scream.
AHHHH!
AH-HA.

I wanna be a navigator,
I wanna back seat to the show.
I wanna fly with a map and compass,
Tell that pilot where to go.
AHHHH!
AH-HA.

I wanna be a missileer,
I wanna live in a deep dark hole.
I wanna push the big red button,
Nuke those commies 'til they glow.
AHHHH!
AH-HA.

PEOPLE WANNA KNOW
People wanna know,
Who we are,
So we tell them,
We are the Air Force.
Mighty, mighty Air Force,
Better than the Army,
Ground-poundin' Army.
Better than the Navy,
Deck-swabbin' Navy.
Better than Marine Corps,
Jarhead Marine Corp.
Better than the Coast Guard,
Lazy, lazy Coast Guard.
We are the Air Force,
Mighty, mighty Air Force.
Rough tough Air Force,
Lean and mean Air Force.
Mighty, mighty Air Force,
United States Air Force.
HEY THERE WE’RE GONNA FLY
Hey there we’re gonna fly,
Fly all day til the day be night.
Flyin’ up and flyin’ down and flyin’ up and flyin’ around.
Hey there we’re gonna fly,
Fly all day til the day be night.

AIR FORCE
Like runnin’
Like bein’
Really somethin’
So I joined,
The Air Force.
Much wiser,
Better course.
A way of live,
I’ve learned to love.
Defendin’ freedom,
From up above.
To all of those,
Who served and died,
I dedicate,
This song of pride.
Air Force,
The place to be.
Air Force,
The place for me.
Air Force,
The place to be.
Air Force,
The place for me.
[repeat]

HEY, HEY EVERYDAY [clap along]
Hey, hey everyday,
Air Force all the way.
Flyin’ low and feelin’ mean,
Spot the enemy by a stream.
Drop my load and make my turn,
Hear ‘em scream, watch ‘em burn.
Hey, hey everyday,
Air Force all the way.
Used to date a beauty a queen,
Now I love my M-16.
Standin’ tall and lookin’ good,
Part of bein’ Hollywood.
I CAN RUN TO CALIFORNIA
I can run to California just like this,
All the way to California and never quit.

[other verses: New York, Texas, Heaven]

CHAIRBORNE RANGER
It’s one thirty now on the strip,
Chairborne daddy gonna take a little trip.
Stand up, lock up, shuffle to the door,
The club for lunch and home by four.
If there’s something to decide,
Close your door and try to hide.
Every time you get a call,
You’re out playing racquetball.
First revise the SOP,
Make a change in policy.
Ours is not to wonder why,
It’s written down in the LOI.
God forbid we go to war,
All that paperwork would be a bore.
Let me stay behind my desk,
Anything’s better than the leaning rest.
Chairborne Ranger, that’s what I am,
One of a kind, I’m an AG man.

COON SKIN
Coon skin and alligator hide,
Make a pair of jump boots just the right size.
Shine ‘em up, lace ‘em up, put ‘em on your feet,
A good pair of jump boots can’t be beat.
Birdy, birdy in the sky,
Dropped some white wash in my eye.
Ain’t no sissy, I won’t cry,
I’m just glad that cows don’t fly.

COON SKIN
Sitting on a mountain top beating a drum,
Beat so hard that the MPs come.
MP, MP, don’t arrest me,
Arrest the grunt behind the tree.
He stole the whiskey, I stole the wine,
All I ever do is double time.
Cause I’m hardcore,
Mean and lean,
Cut clean,
Looking good.
Aught to be,
Hollywood.
If found, please return to:

Cadet ________________________________
Detachment _________, Squadron ________, Flight ________

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