

You've heard about the gunships,
the Spooky and the Puff.
But have you seen the Stinger
They've really got it rough.

They volunteered for gunships,
It was their hearts delight.
But then they saw the 119,
And lost their will to fight.

They fly the Ho Chi Trail,
And go on T.I.C.s,
They dodge the 37s
And brave the 23s.

The pilots in the left seat
He really doesn't care
He's got his lucky bubble gum
Stuck beneath his chair.

Co-pilots in the right seat
He keeps us in the air
When the going gets a little rough
He's supposed to say a prayer.

The F.E. has got the hardest job,
But really keeps his cool.
When the tracer comes to close
He just yells, "Bingo Fuel"

The Nav is going cross-eyed,
From looking at his map.
But when he finds out where he is,
He'll grab a little nap.

The FLIR is really on the ball,
Picking out those craters.
He must really get his kicks,
From shoot'in alligators!

The NOS is quite a different story
He looks through a sight
But those shadows we keep shooting at
Just refuse to light.

They take off from the runway
The co-pilot says a prayer
But then you give a little sigh,
Cause now you're in the air

But when we're over target,
And start another pass
The V.C. start to shiver
Cause "Stinger's" kick'in ass

They fire their 37,
And sometimes 23.
Then it suddenly dawns on us,
We're shooting at a tree.

The gunners are the back bone,
For they work in the back.
But when they see that triple "A",
They dive behind the rack.

The IO Has the launcher,
Full of pretty flares.
He can do most anything,
But no one really cares.

So now you know the real story
Of pilots and the crew
It wouldn't really be so bad
But most of it is true.

Written by Jeffery "Donkey" Winter & found in "Uncle Bill" Reffner's papers