

The Road to Vietnam is Paved With ...

TELL IT LIKE IT IS!

Bien Hoa AB, 3rd APS

1969

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SAC Trained - Vietnam Tested!

Tell It Like It Is

Tell It Like It Is
When The Man Says,
"What's Your Problem?"

Tell It Like It Is

Last night I worked a mid-shift
It was pouring rain!
I was posted as a close-in Walking
'round a plane.

I was super pissed off Wet
as I could be.
With rain spots on my glasses I could
hardly see!

I hadn't had a skate, man, In
almost seven days.
I thought I saw my flight chief
Coming through the haze.

He had a rider with him. The
duty officer was out. This had
to be "The Man" Without a
doubt!

He pulled up right beside me
Cracked his window and he said, "Is
it raining out there airman?" And
then my face got red.

I must have lost my temper Cause I
grabbed him by his shirt.
I pulled him out the window
And I laid him in the dirt!

I called him a dirty bastard And a
rotten S.O.B.
And I hit him in the face
Before the flight chief got to me!

He relieved me of all duty,
Took my weapon on the spot.
He must have thought me crazy
Cause I told him "Thanks a lot!"

I saw my commanding officer
The very first thing today.
He said "Airman, what's your problem?"
And I had this to say:

I said, "Sir, you don't know what it's like To
walk around a plane,
While the sky is spreading misery In
the form of cold, wet rain!

A hundred thoughts go through your mind
Of things you'd like to do,
And then some guy comes on your post
And makes his fun of you!

I did it, sir, I hit him, I'm as
guilty as can be,
And I'd do the same to any man
Who'd make a joke of me!

It's not a laughing matter, sir, To
stand out in the weather
When everyone else in the Air Force Has
a job you know is better!"

I looked at him - he looked at me And
nothing more was said.
I started to speak, but he cut me off,

It was he who spoke instead. In
a voice that left no doubt
That he was truly in command, He
handed down my judgement And
this is how he began:

He said, "Son, I know you've got it hard But
don't cry on my shoulder!

You'll realize the job you've done
When you're a few years older!
For it takes guts to guard an airplane
Every single day,
But to strike from anger takes no guts at all
And for this, you'll have to pay!

And just so you'll remember
This lesson that you've seen,
I'll give you the carbon copy Of your Article 15!

Just take this pen and write your name
You don't have to be neat!"
I meekly signed my name Upon that paper of defeat!

Tonight I'll walk the line again Just like all the rest,
But this time it'll be different Cause I'm wearing
one stripe less!

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