

Vietnam

Biên Hòa AB

3rd SPS
1969

Tell It Like It Is

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Tell It Like It Is, by A1C William C.Weber, Griffiss AFB, Rome, NY, 1969 (SAC Trained - Vietnam Tested!)

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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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