

# The Parachute Songbook

A compilation of songs, poems,  
and other stuff that only  
skydivers would understand.

# Table of Contents

<b>60 PLUS DELAY .....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>AT THE FAIR.....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>BANNED FROM THE ZONE .....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>BEAUTIFUL STREAMER .....</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>BIG WIDE WONDERFUL BOWL .....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>BLOOD ON THE RISERS.....</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>BY THE BOOK.....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>CANOPY WRAP .....</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>CANOPY WRAP-SODY .....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>CARDINAL PUFF SONG .....</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>CHORUS GUYS .....</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>DIVER.....</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>DIVERS OF THE SKY.....</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE AIRPLANE .....</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>DON'T WORRY...BE HAPPY.....</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>FEELIN' STUPID .....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>FRANCINE MCFILTHY .....</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>GHOST JUMPER IN THE SKY .....</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>HIGH FRIGHT.....</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>HOTEL ARIZONA.....</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>I KNOW WHAT BOYS LIKE.....</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>I WANT A P.C. ....</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>I WILL NEVER MARRY .....</b>	<b>36</b>
<b>JUMP SIXTEEN.....</b>	<b>38</b>
<b>JUMPING DOWN TO VICTORY.....</b>	<b>39</b>

<b>MY LAST JUMP .....</b>	<b>40</b>
<b>NO WORD OF FAREWELL .....</b>	<b>41</b>
<b>NORSEMAN.....</b>	<b>42</b>
<b>ODE TO DIABLO SKYDIVERS.....</b>	<b>43</b>
<b>OH, HOW I HATE TO JUMP OUT OF AN AIRPLANE .....</b>	<b>44</b>
<b>ORANGE PRAYER.....</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>PARATROOPER'S SONG.....</b>	<b>46</b>
<b>ROSES FOR A FLAT LADY .....</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>SIDE BY SIDE.....</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>ST. JAMES INFIRMARY.....</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>T'WAS THE LOAD BEFORE CHRISTMAS.....</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>TAKE ME OUT TO THE DROP ZONE.....</b>	<b>53</b>
<b>TAUNTON MEN .....</b>	<b>54</b>
<b>THE BALLAD OF SKYLAR BUZZ .....</b>	<b>55</b>
<b>THE HERMIT .....</b>	<b>56</b>
<b>THE HUSTLER.....</b>	<b>58</b>
<b>THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS...AT THE DZ!.....</b>	<b>60</b>
<b>THE PELICAN SONG .....</b>	<b>62</b>
<b>THE SAILWING IS THE CHUTE TO JUMP.....</b>	<b>63</b>
<b>THE STUDENT JUMPERS PSALM.....</b>	<b>64</b>
<b>THREE PINS ON MY RIPCORN .....</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>UNSAFE.....</b>	<b>66</b>
<b>WHERE I MUST GO.....</b>	<b>67</b>
<b>WIND GETS IN YOUR EYES.....</b>	<b>68</b>
<b>WRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE .....</b>	<b>69</b>

## 60 Plus Delay

by Bob Hartman

To the tune of "Wabash Cannonball".

He jumped out at thirteen-five  
for a 60 plus delay.  
He had no way of knowing  
it was his fateful day.  
He did a left 360,  
and then he did a right.  
Burned on through his series,  
really racked it tight.

Then he did a barrel roll,  
and broke into a track.  
But when he pulled he pulled that ripcord,  
he was flat upon his back.  
His pilot chute did not come out.  
His main would not deploy.  
For he had not remembered  
what he learned as a boy.

The packing pins were in the cones.  
What a terrible mistake he'd made.  
He should have packed his parachute  
before "Cardinal Puff" was played.  
He looked at his altimeter.  
His teeth began to chatter.  
He'd have to throw out his reserve,  
or upon the ground he'll splatter.

He pulled that ripcord handle,  
and much to his surprise,  
out popped his girlfriend's living bra,  
right before his eyes.  
Twin canopies inflated,  
much to his delight.  
He knew that he'd be able,  
to play "Cardinal Puff" tonight.

## **At the Fair**

by Hank Mc Carrick

To the tune of "Wait 'Till the Sun Shines, Nellie".

Wait 'til the sun shines fellas,  
at the Berkshire County Fair.  
We'll bide the stormy weather.  
Don't despair,  
with drink, and lots of laughter.  
Jumpers never cry.

Wait 'til the sun shines fellas,  
Son of a bitch, what a god damn day.  
Without the booze, we'd have wasted away,  
bye and bye.

## Banned from the Zone

To the tune "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood)

On the day I first jumped  
my JM came up to me  
said "Why'd you give me the finger  
as you hummed it through 3?"

I said "My AAD worked  
Now you leave me alone"  
I think he knew right away  
I'd be banned from the zone

banned from the zone  
b-b-b-b-banned  
b-b-b-b-banned  
b-b-b-b-banned  
banned from the zone

I pull at a thousand feet  
and then I do CRW  
Dive down to your four-way  
then I dump under you

My reserve's out of date  
so I packed it at home  
and if they ever find out  
I'll be banned from the zone

banned from the zone

Well I pack in the plane  
on the way to altitude  
They ask me to spot  
I make sure that they're screwed

Well, I was doin rotation  
now I'm jumping alone  
I think they're trying to tell me  
That I'm banned from the zone

banned from the zone

My teammates all suck  
but that don't bother me  
Every point that I turn  
becomes two or three

They're quotin' regulations  
but I'm makin' my own  
Why are they tryin' to tell me  
That I'm banned from the zone

banned from the zone

## Beautiful Streamer

[The other version of the classic - ED.]

Anonymous

To the tune of "Beautiful Dreamer".

Beautiful streamer open for me.  
Blue skies above me and no canopy.  
Counted nine thousand, waited too long,  
Reached for my ripcord, the damn thing was gone.

Beautiful Streamer, why must it be?  
White silk above me is what I should see.  
Just like my mother, looks over me.  
To hell with the ripcord, 'twas not meant for me.

Beautiful streamer follow me down.  
Time is elapsing and here is the ground.  
600 feet and then I can tell,  
if I'll go to heaven or I'll go to hell.

Beautiful streamer, this is the end,  
Gabriel is blowing "My Body Wont Mend".  
All you jump happy sons-of-a-gun,  
take this last warning, jumping's no fun

# **Big Wide Wonderful Bowl**

by Bill Dexter

To the tune of "Its a Big Wide Wonderful World".

It's a big, wide, wonderful bowl we jump in.  
Landing in sand, is much nicer,  
Than crashing and burning on hard rocky ground.

There's a nice, big, five meter circle to leap in.  
So just be careful and keep in  
the area marked by the trees all around.

Then there's always the pine trees, and radio towers.  
A swamp you can walk through, for hours.  
The river, and there's always the runway.

So please remember, if you jump a cheapo or P.C.  
Please bring it into the DZ.  
It's hell when you land in the trees.

## Blood on the Risers

To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

He was just a rookie trooper and he surely shook with fright.  
He checked off his equipment to make sure his chute was tight.  
He had to sit and listen to those awful engines roar.  
You ain't gonna jump no more!

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die  
and he ain't gonna jump no more.

"Is everybody happy?", cried the Sergeant looking up  
Our hero feebly answered 'yes', and then they stood him up  
He jumped into the icy blast, his static line unhooked,  
and he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock  
He felt the wind, he felt the cold, he felt the icy drop  
The silk from his reserve spilled out, and wrapped around his legs,  
and he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

The risers wrapped around his neck, the connectors cracked his dome  
Suspension lines were tied in knots around his skinny bones  
His canopy became a shroud, as he hurtled to the ground,  
and he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

The days he lived, and loved, and laughed kept running through his mind  
He thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left behind  
He thought about the medics and wondered what they'd find,  
and he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild  
The medics, they rolled up their sleeves, and then they laughed and smiled

For it had been a week or more, since last a chute had failed,  
and he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

He hit the ground, the sound was “**SPLAT**”, his blood went spurting high  
His comrades, they were heard to say, “a Hell-of-a-way to die”  
He lay there simply kicking, in the welter of his gore,  
and he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

(Slowly , with feeling)

There was blood upon the risers, there was brains upon the chute  
Intestines were a danglin' from his paratrooper suit  
The medics picked him up, and they poured him from his boots,  
and he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus:

## By The Book

by Frank Schoch

This is the tale of a daring young lad  
Who kept hearing reports of a brand new fad.  
Skydiving was the handle they gave this new game -  
A sure way to glory, perhaps even fame.

He rushed to the bookstore and there on the shelf,  
A magazine glared, "Skydiving, How to do it yourself"  
He paid for the book and away he went,  
To the nearest airport, his footsteps hell-bent.

He arrived at the field and told one and all  
I am here to make a one minute free fall.  
He put on a chute and climbed into a 182  
And he and the pilot went into the blue.

He opened the book and proceeded to read,  
Of proper spotting, its importance, its need.  
The book also told how to stand on the plane's landing gear  
See how easy!! There's nothing to fear.

He kicked off the wheel and on his back he spun.  
The book said 'twas wrong even though it was fun.  
The book said, arch hard and over you'll fly  
To look at the ground and not at the sky

So he tried it with gusto and lo and behold  
In a second it happened -- over he rolled  
He thought with wild glee, aint't this a scene?  
I'm doing tricks like a flying machine.

The book then said "Let's try a turn to the right  
Bring your right arm in, but not too tight  
Now counter a little, you're showing great style.  
A glance at your panel shows you've fallen a mile."

Our hero thought, this book's the McCoy  
Nothing I've done has provided such joy.  
I'm flying around with the greatest of ease  
Doing turns and backloops whenever I please.

He read further on to continue his lesson  
He knew he was nearing the end of this session  
On the next page were the words, unhappily written  
"Continue instruction in next month's edition".

## Canopy Wrap

with a rap beat

Last on the airplane wearin' their jeans  
Everybody knows just what that means.  
Canopy wrap, canopy wrap

Downplane, Pinwheel, Side by side  
Come along boys we're going for a ride.  
Canopy wrap, canopy wrap

Diamond just funneled, what a mess!  
This is what I call extreme duress.  
Canopy wrap, canopy wrap

Another bad spot, if you know what I mean  
We were so far out we weren't even seen.  
Canopy wrap, canopy wrap

Sew up your mains and pack your reserves  
You are only gettin' what you deserve.  
Canopy wrap, canopy wrap

Flesh and bone and nylon and lines  
You're bonding with friends it's quality time.  
Canopy wrap, canopy wrap

Snake to Accordion, Hook to Roo  
We're not scared we're doin' CREW  
Canopy wrap, canopy wrap

## Canopy Wrap-sody

(from Bohemian Rhapsody, by Queen)

(original concept by Glenn Connelly)

Is this the real life  
or is this Lost Prairie  
I'm coming to skydive  
to escape from reality  
just open your eyes, look up to the skies and see

I'm just a floater, I need no sympathy  
cause I'm leaving high, docking slow  
landing fast, hooking low  
Any way the wind blows  
doesn't really matter to me  
to me.

Momma just chopped my main  
thought she saw something wrong  
pulled that handle now it's gone

Hook turns I had just begun  
now she's gone and thrown them all away

Momma oohhh why'd you chop so high?  
if you can't find my main this time tomorrow  
I'll be gone, I'll be gone  
nothing else matters.

Too late  
now night has come  
and my canopy was black  
now I'll never get it back

Goodbye everybody  
I've got to go  
got to leave this boogie now and face my job  
Momma ooohhh I just wanna fly  
sometimes I wish you'd never even pulled at all

I see a little Stiletto on that man  
If you don't have a main you can jump my Fandango

Faster than a Lightning, very very frightening! Eek!

a Stiletto  
Turbo Z-oh  
a Stiletto  
Turbo Z-oh  
a Stiletto  
Magnifico!

I've got a Strato-Cloud nobody loves me  
He's just a poor boy with a big canopy  
Saving his life with that monstrosity

Easy come easy go, but will he still pull low?

he will not no  
he keeps on pulling low  
(is he low?) he will not no  
he scares the DZO  
(is he low?)  
keeps on pulling low  
(is he low?)  
scares the DZO  
(am I low?)  
no no no no no no no

(mamma mia mamma mia) tell them all I wasn't low!

Now John LeBlanc has a Sabre put aside for  
for me  
for me  
for me!

So you think you can tell me how I hafta fly  
So you think you can tell me to pull by 2.5  
oh baby  
can't do that to me baby  
just gotta get out  
just gotta get right out of here

Anything is OK  
as long as it's ZP  
Doesn't really matter  
Doesn't really matter

to me.

## Cardinal Puff Song

by Frank Carpenter  
To the tune of "Mac Namara's Band"

(Chorus:)

Up, up, up, up, you is a Cardinal.  
Up, up, up, up, you ain't no fink.  
Up, up, up, up, you is a Cardinal.  
And to prove it mister,  
you can buy us all a drink.

Oh, you drank your beer,  
and you hit your nose,  
and you tapped your frosted glass,  
and you whapped and tapped and stomped your feet;  
and you bounced upon your chair.....(chair)  
We never thought you'd make it,  
but you fooled us somehow.  
Without a flub, you joined the club;  
You is a cardinal now.

(Chorus)

## Chorus Guys

(From "Piano Man" by Billy Joel)

It's nine o'clock on a Saturday  
time for the chorus to begin  
there's Deathgrip standing next to me  
staring down at the songs that we'll sing

He says "John can we sing us that drinking song  
I'm not really sure how it's sung  
But it's long and it's loud and I'd sing it right now  
If I only wasn't so drunk"

la la la de di da  
la da de di da da dum

"Sing us a song you're the chorus guys  
sing us a song tonight  
cause we're here for the songs and the alcohol  
and you've got us feeling all right"

Mad John in the front is a friend of mine  
He gets all his jumps for free  
and he's yelling at Big John who wants to get in on  
the jump at the Lang Brewery

He says "Bill I believe this is killing me"  
as the smile ran away from his face  
"Well I'm sure that I could run an orchestra  
If I could get out of eighth grade"

(chorus)

Now Fubs is an freefalling wireman  
who never had time for a life  
and he's talking with Amy who's still doing two-ways  
and probably will be for life

Well Bonnie is chasing the Canadians  
and Fairchild is spilling his beer  
Courtney and Star go to dive off the bar  
wearing shirts that will soon disappear

(chorus)

It's a pretty good crowd for the 30th  
and the DZO gives us a smile  
cause he knows that it's us they've been coming to see  
to forget about life for a while

And the chorus sounds like an argument  
and the portajohns all smell like beer  
So we stand near the bar and we sing to the stars  
And think "Man what are we doing here?"

(last chorus)

Sing us a song you're the chorus guys  
sing us the songs you've made  
cause we're here for the songs and the alcohol  
and if you're lucky you might just get laid

## Diver

From the Norman Kent video "From Wings Came Flight"

Poem

(Incomplete due to the inability to decipher the video)

I am the diver  
Who sails upon the wind  
In aerial companionship  
To float among my friends.

And you who are the faint of heart  
Can now be born with wings.  
The song of love unfolds to you  
As mother nature sings.

And I am the wind  
Who cradles freedom's heart  
To kiss your face good morning  
To forge a brand-new start.

Caress my fingertips  
Cradle me in velvet power  
Press your grace upon my lips.  
That I may know what freedom's wrought

And burn the hottest desire.  
To ride the sky into journey's end  
And quench the fire

And to all of you who live below  
In life's confusing undertone

...

We are soon to triumph

We reach beyond ...  
And call to you from up above  
"Spread your wings on high!"  
And invite you to come fly.

## **Divers Of The Sky**

by Hank McCarrick  
To the tune "Auld Lang Syne"

The plane is here; the time is near  
We'll soon be climbing high  
Then jump we must, come hell or bust  
We're divers of the sky.

May all go well; our fall will tell  
The chutes should open fine  
If one be done, 'twas worth the fun  
For Auld Lang Syne.

As years are gone we'll carry on  
Till time to turn to dust  
Though weak and maimed, we can't be blamed  
For jump by surely we must.

So toast we may though old and gray  
Our glasses raised on high  
We'll take a sip for all the rip cord  
Divers of the sky.

## Don't Worry About the Airplane

By Russ Gunby, and others.  
To the tune of "Wabash Cannonball"

One day while at the airport.  
With nothing to do.  
I saw a man come falling,  
streaming down from out of the blue.  
I knew this man was surely dead.  
I stood there frozen mute.  
'Till heard the snap and the crack,  
of his openin' parachute.

(Chorus:)

Don't worry about the airplane.  
You're leavin' it behind.  
Don't worry about the altitude,  
it's up there all the time.  
Don't worry about your parachute,  
it'll always stop your fall.  
But if you're slow, you're headed low,  
to a smashing, crashing fall.

His canopy was black and gold;  
great holes were showing through.  
He glided north, he glided south,  
he turned and stalled it too.  
He landed at the target,  
stood up so easily.  
I asked him how he did it,  
and this is what he said to me...

(Chorus)

When you hear the engines fading,  
and dive out through the door,  
and your speed builds up to terminal,  
and you hear the wind's loud roar,  
then you're flying free, and life's carefree,  
'till the earth comes rushing fast.  
Don't wait too long, 'till the ripcords gone,  
or this jump will be your last.

(Chorus)

When you're reaching for your ripcord,  
you know your time is running out.  
You're headed down to eighteen hundred,  
and your burble's not shook out.  
Horizon's gone, you start to roll.  
You spiral and zap out.  
Unless you sprout some feathers, boy,  
you better whip it out.

(Chorus)

Now all you men who drink a lot,  
have not a thing to fear.  
You jump on Sunday mornin'  
full of whiskey, gin, and beer.  
Pull out the chocks, load up the plane,  
let's hear that Nordsmen's call.  
And ride to the graveyard drop zone,  
in a smashing, crashing, fall.

(New chorus:)

New worry about the airport,  
you're leavin' it behind.  
Don't worry about the lousy spot,  
you can't track back in time.  
Looking for the ripcords,  
you can't find them at all.  
The lake, the dump, the power lines;  
one will stop our fall.

## Don't Worry...Be Happy

by Duncan Mc Ewan (C) 1990  
To the tune of the same name.

In incident reports it wrote,  
But when you read it, just take note, but...

Don't worry...Be happy!

If your main should have some trouble,  
If you panic, you just make it double.

Don't worry...Be happy!

(Speak) Don't worry, be happy now!  
(Speak) Don't worry...Be happy!  
(Speak) Don't worry...Be happy!  
(Speak) Don't worry...Be happy!  
(Speak) Don't worry, be happy!

Ain't got nothin' above your head,  
that doesn't mean you will end up dead, So...

Don't worry... Be Happy!

A 'functioned main is not too late,  
So when you think it's sealed your fate...

Don't worry...Be happy!

(Speak) Look at me, I'm happy!

(Speak) Don't worry, be happy.

(Speak) Ain't got nothin' above your head to make you happy?  
Pull your reserve, it make you happy.

(Speak) Don't worry, be happy.

A snivelly op'nin' not your style,  
End cell closures don't make you smile...

Don't worry...Be happy!

'Cause while you worry, you zoom right down,  
And very soon you will hit the ground, so...

Don't Worry...Be Happy!

(Speak) Don't worry, be happy now!

(Speak) Don't worry...Be happy!

(Speak) Don't worry...Be happy!

Don't worry...Be happy!

(Speak) Don't worry, don't worry, don't worry...be happy.

(Speak) Pull your reserve, don't let yourself hit the ground.

(Speak) Don't worry.

(Speak) You can cut it away, whatever it is.

(Speak) Don't worry, be happy.

(FADE, END)

## Feelin' Stupid

by Duncan Mc Ewan (C) 1994  
To the tune of "Feelin' Groovy."

Slow down, and let the dive last.  
You don't need to get in that fast.  
Or else, next thing you know,  
you've gone below, and you're...

Feelin' Stupid!  
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
Feelin' stupid.

Hello lamp post, you're where I'm goin'  
'Cause these damn ground winds keep a-blowin'  
And since I spotted for this load,  
I'm off the airport, and...

Feelin' Stupid!  
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
Feelin' stupid.

Hello ground, into which I burn.  
'Cause I made too low a hook turn.  
The ambulance gave me a new cast,  
Now I can't jump, 'cause I

was Stupid!  
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
I was stupid.

I got no jumps to do, no loads to make.  
I'm injured, and laid up, and grounded this week.  
Let them all go and jump there without me this week.  
All because, I

was so stupid.  
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
I was stupid!

## Francine McFilthy

Here is another of those all time favorites.  
The references to Cardinal and Bishop are about Cardinal Puff, the skydivers pastime.

Composed exclusively by Little David  
Complete and unabridged  
Sung to the tune of "Street of Laredo"

There was a young maiden of age fifty seven  
Who drove a blank gore like you've never seen before  
She drank and she cussed and she smelled to high heaven  
That Francine McFilthy, the skydivers whore.

We went to a jump meet in Carson Nevada  
The troops were all lined up at the moonlight ranch door  
But out in the bushes one went for a quarter  
That Francine McFilthy, the skydivers whore.

Old Francine the queen of barnstorming banditos  
Would punch out S.O.S. 'til her knuckles were sore  
She'd make Pope and Bishop in seventeen seconds  
Then take on nine jumpers, that Skydivers whore.

Way back in the old barnstorming days I flew an old Jenny  
The struts were all broken, the fabric was tore  
And out on the jumpstep stood Francine McFilthy  
The pride of Milpitas, that Skydivers shore.

Old Francine was lovely, she smiled at the preacher  
A Pioneer jumpsuit, the gown that she wore  
Behind her sweet back she gave us the finger  
That raunchy old bastard, that Skydivers whore.

The marriage was short lived and so was old Ernie  
He crashed through a church roof and died on the floor  
Francine missed the funeral for a night jump at Chico  
So what's more important to a Skydiving whore

Then one day it happened, her Navy rig failed her  
She tracked for Lake Merrit, but just made the shore  
She closed bloodshot eyes and smiled through her asshole  
And that was the end of our Skydiving whore

So hang your head low boys and cry in your muscat

The pride of Milpitas is with us no more  
And the voice that you hear at twelve-five is not thunder  
But the voice of old Francine, our Skydiving whore.

And now somewhere on that eternal drop zone  
Stands one who hollers and beats on the door  
Won't you break down and hand out a drink there St. Peter  
To Francine McFilthy, the Skydivers whore.

## Ghost Jumper in the Sky

By Rigger Mortis

Sung to the tune of "Ghost Riders in the Sky"

An old skydiver went flying out one dark and windy day  
Upon the strut he waited as he flew along his way  
When over top the exit point he pushed off hard and strong  
And as he plunged on through the sky, he sang this happy song

Yippee-I-Oh, look out below  
Skydiver on delay

Five thousand feet on down he fell his arms and legs outspread  
His back was arched and as he fell the wind roared past his head  
When at two thousand feet he frogged and came in for the string  
He groped along the harness fast and then began to sing

Yippee-I-Oh, Where did it go?  
My ripcord can't be found

On down he fell the Earth grew large, His time was running out  
He came in fast for his reserve and gave a dismal shout  
The Sunday papers fluttered by and through his fevered brain  
Ran the awful certainty his hopes were down the drain

Yipp-I-Oh, at least let them say  
Stable all the way

Now when days are dark and cold, the sky is black with clouds  
You'll see that lonely jumper fall struggling with his shrouds  
He falls through space eternally to make this message clear  
No matter how stable you are, your life hangs with your gear

Yippee-I-Oh, when he says go  
Think of the gear you wear.

## High Fright

A Poem parody by Duncan Mc Ewan, C-19645  
(C) 1994.

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
and danced the skies with nylon sleeves for wings.

Earthward I've plummeted,  
and joined the tumbling mirth of first jump students;  
and done a hundred things, you would not be caught dead.  
Spins, and loops, and tracked, high in the sunlit silence.

Spotting there, I've chased the relative winds along,  
and flung my eager bod' through footless halls of air.

Down, down from the long, delirious, burning blue,  
I've punched the windswept clouds with easy grace,  
where never lark, nor even eagle flew.

And, with silent, lifting canopy, I've trod,  
the high untresspassed sanctity of space;  
reached out my hand,  
and gripped the sleeve of God.

## Hotel Arizona

(from Hotel California, by the Eagles)

On a lone desert runway  
Hot wind in my face  
Old parts from our Cessna  
thrown all over the place

Up ahead in the distance  
I saw two landing lights  
My rig grew heavy and my sight grew dim  
It somehow seemed the wrong size

Then it rolled up before me  
I heard that turbine hum  
and I was thinking to myself  
"this ain't our Cessna but this looks like fun"

Then they opened that big door  
and they showed me the way  
There were voices from inside the plane  
Thought I heard them say

Welcome to the Eloy Super Otter  
Such a lovely plane  
such a lovely plane  
such a lovely plane

Plenty of slots in the Eloy Super Otter  
What a nice surprise  
When your Cessna dies

The throttles on the ceiling  
The bench seats on the side  
And he said "We are all just skydivers here  
On our way to 12.5"

How they jam in the doorway -  
"Float goes on set"  
Some of them may remember  
Most are gonna forget

So I yelled to the spotter

"Hey, when is jump run?"  
He said "No human being has spotted this plane  
since 1991"

And still the jumpers keep coming from far away  
Camping out in the desert overnight  
Just to hear them say

Welcome to the Eloy Super Otter  
Such a lovely plane  
such a lovely plane  
such a lovely plane

Plenty of slots in the Eloy Super Otter  
Any time of year  
You could find it here

It's got the GPS spotting  
it's got the dash thirty fours  
It's got an awful lot of gaffer's tape  
Holding stuff to the floor

And in the back of the Otter  
they gather for the count  
They try seven different exit keys  
but they just can't work it out

Last thing I remember  
I was running for the door  
I was doing big-ways now  
and I was number 24

"Relax" said the pilot  
"We are planning to return  
Your Cessna won't be fixed tonight  
And we have time to burn"

## I KNOW WHAT BOYS LIKE

by the Waitresses, an old 80's song.  
written for the crack choir, lost prairie 1997

I know what boys like

I know what guys want

I know what boys like

I know what guys want

boys like boys like speed

I got a fall rate  
that so upsets them  
long legs and big suit  
fun to frustrate them

I'll find a two-way  
say I'll jump with them  
they try to dock me  
I never let them

(chorus)

they get so angry  
when I'm above them  
they say I'm floaty  
I laugh right at them

we did a big way  
the base was women  
the guys all went low  
we stayed above them

(chorus)

let's do a four way  
(I will fall fast)  
I really want to

(I won't hose you)

I'll even wear weights

(I will fall fast)

I got a fast suit

(I won't hose you)

I have a girlfriend

(you can trust us)

she can fall fast too

(we won't hose you)

we'll really hum it

(you can trust us)

we'll stay down with you

(we won't hose you)

sucker!

## **I Want a P.C.**

Anonymous  
To the tune of "Humoresque"

Pioneer, Pioneer come and tell me.  
How can I get a special color P.C.  
Without buying a twenty-five canopy lot.

I want my design so badly.  
But my bank account looks sadly.  
Won't you please put something in the pot.

So I'm taking up a collection.  
Buying my P.C. section by section.  
So far I've bought a connector link.

If things keep going at this rate.  
Date of completion should not be too great.  
Twenty years should do it, I should think.

P.I., P.I. come to save me.  
Sold me a special color P.C.  
Its a beautiful black and blue.

Made a down wind crash and burn.  
Guess that I will never learn.  
Now, my body's black and blue too.

## **I Will Never Marry**

Anonymous, no tune reported.

Some say that love is a gentle thing.  
But it's only brought me pain.  
And the only girl i ever did love,  
is gone on that midnight train.

Chorus:

I will never marry.  
I'll take no wife.  
I'd rather stay single,  
all the rest of my life.

Train pulled out, and the whistle blew,  
with a low and mournful moan.  
She's gone, she's gone, like the winter wind,  
and left me all alone.

(Chorus)

There's many a change in the winter wind,  
and a change in the cloud's design.  
There's many a change in a young girl's heart,  
but never a change in mine.

(chorus)

JUMP BUMMIN' AROUND  
by Mule Ferguson  
To the tune of "Just Bummin' Around"

Got a ole P.C.  
Got my rig on my shoulder.  
Got nothing to lose when I hit the blues,  
jump bummin' around.

(Chorus:)  
Whenever people start buggin' me,  
I grab my rig, my Bell X-5,  
and head for the ole DZ.  
I ain't got a dime.  
Just spend it on jumpin'.  
I'm free as a breeze, and I do what I please,  
jump bummin' around.

Well, I've jumped in DeLand,  
Stone Mountain and Lakewood,  
Elsinore, and The Inn.  
I've made lots of friends,  
jump bummin' around.

(Chorus)

Got a million friends,  
All over the country.  
Sometimes I get a DZ.  
Sometimes I land in a tree.  
Jump bummin' Around.

(Chorus)

## JUMP SIXTEEN

By Mako Eaves

Twin Otter ride feel the anticipaion,  
Heart pounding hard, no hesitation  
Jumped out hard, looked up at the plane  
Skydiving again, I must be insane  
First altitude check, I'm at zero  
Arching hard, fuck what a hero  
Time to make a turn, cool little spin  
Look at that cloud, let's do it again  
Left turn, right turn, time to track  
Get to that cloud, this is better than crack  
Time to wave off, wait, how high am I  
6000 feet, I've still got time to fly  
5000 feet, OK now do it  
I like this shit, everything else, aw screw it

## **JUMPING DOWN TO VICTORY**

Anonymous

To the tune of "Song of Burgundy".

We are the men in chutes,  
tough men in jumping boots,  
jumping down to victory.

We are the paratroops!  
hard hitting parachuters,  
jumping down to victory.

Stand up, hook up:  
Hit the door and go!  
Downward, earthward,  
our silken banners flow.

Lift your heads  
and shout it-  
There's no doubt about it;  
jumping down to victory.

**GERONIMO!**

## MY LAST JUMP

"Anonymous"

Sung to the tune "Beautiful Dreamer"

Please help me I'm falling.  
I'm out of control.  
Left the plane at 10,000,  
and started to roll.

I tried to get stable,  
by arching my back.  
I arched so hard,  
I passed my back pack.

Oh I clawed at the ripcord,  
blind as a bat.  
Got a hold of the harness,  
Started jerking on that.

Then I grabbed for my chest pack,  
with my left hand.  
please help I'm falling  
into the sand.

I just passed 200,  
hurtling down.  
The ants look like people,  
here comes the ground.

I hollered "take pictures"  
as I augured in.  
There's no more fallin'  
for this is the end.

## NO WORD OF FAREWELL

by Bill Dexter and Terry-Oh

To the tune of ???

[No tune name was provided - ED]

It's a lesson too late for learning,  
made of sand, made of sand.  
in the wink of an eye, my heart's turning,  
in your hand, in your hand.

(Chorus:)

Are you going away with no word of farewell?  
Will there be not a trace left behind?  
I could have loved you better;  
didn't mean to be unkind.  
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

You've got reasons a-plenty for a-going.  
This I know, this I know.  
For the grass has been steadily a-growing'.  
Please don't go, please don't go

(Chorus)

When I wake in my bed in the morning.  
Without you, without you.  
Every song in my heart dies a-burning.  
Without you, without you.

(Chorus)

## NORSEMAN

by Linda Moore  
To the tune of "Freight Train"

Norseman, Norseman, dronin' so loud.  
Norseman, flying up over the clouds.  
Please don't tell them what flight I'm on,  
so they wont know, 'till I'm down.

Norseman, Norseman, comin' round the bend.  
Norseman, Norseman, circle again.  
One of these days, fly that plane straight on  
away from my home town.

Just one place I'd like to be.  
Only one place in this world for me.  
In the door of a Nordsman plane,  
getting ready to jump again.

When I die don't bury me deep.  
Bury me under runway concrete.  
So I can hear ole seven-nine-five,  
as she heads for the sky

## ODE TO DIABLO SKYDIVERS

by Little David  
A Poem

Cartridge shell beside the freeway,  
How came you there of little shell?  
Could it be Diablo's finest  
Passed this way to raise some hell?

Broken, bullet riddled stop signs,  
Tell a tale of carefree drinking.  
Could it be Diablo's finest  
Passed this way to raise some hell?

Sparkling beer cans dot the roadside.  
Reflected in them, star that shine.  
Could it be Diablo's finest  
Might have switched from beer to wine?

Forest fire beside the freeway,  
Smell of smoke profanes the air,  
Could it be Diablo's finest  
May have lost a day night flare?

## OH, HOW I HATE TO JUMP OUT OF AN AIRPLANE

Anonymous

To the tune of "Oh, How I Hate to get Up in the Morning"

Oh, how I hate to jump out of an airplane!  
Oh, how I'd love to remain on the ground!  
For the hardest thing I know  
Is to hear that man yell "GO"!  
You gotta jump out, you gotta jump out,  
you gotta jump out of the airplane!

Someday I'm going to murder that jumpmaster.  
Someday they're gonna find him dead;  
and then I'll get the other pup,  
the guy who takes the airplane up.  
You gotta jump out, you gotta jump out,  
you gotta jump out of the airplane!

## ORANGE PRAYER

by Hank Mc Carrick  
To the tune of "Waltzing Matilda"

First time at orange, get a welcome hand from Lew.  
Meet all the rest of his jolly good crew.  
Then just dress up, and chute up,  
and climb into the jumping ship.  
If you are a jumper, then we'll pray for you.

(Chorus:)

Rib busting chest straps, ball busting leg straps.  
Leg busting landings may break up a few.  
But if God ain't a God, and Heaven ain't a place at all.  
Just worship jumping and we'll pray for you.

Up climb the jump ship, working for some altitude.  
Out goes the door when the DZ's in view.  
Then a hard right, a hard left, a couple dozen changes more.  
Terry-Oh's spotting, so we'll pray for you.

(Chorus)

Out went Goyen waiting for a falling man.  
Third out was Gorgie, his chute full of dew.  
His main didn't open, his second did, but kinda low.  
If you're like Georgie, then we'll pray for you.

(Chorus)

Back on the DZ, tummy says "it's dinner time".  
Head for the chow house and 'Norsemen Stew'.  
Just don't ask how it's made, anything that moves may be inside.  
Neva's the cook, so we'll pray for you.

(Chorus)

If you're a novice, training isn't very long.  
Start in at one, and by four you're through.  
So you watch, and you listen, practice.

## PARATROOPER'S SONG

(The New Infantry march)

Anonymous

Oh, it used to be in the infantry.  
Did nothing but march all day;  
these dusty guys, with mud in their eyes,  
went slogging along their way.  
But times have changes,  
and now we range,  
the sea and the sky of blue;  
we fly a bit, and then we hit  
the silk of a parachute, Oh...

Chorus:

Airborne we fly the sky.  
Paratroopers do or die.  
Ski troops like the wind we go-  
We're sons of guns,  
We won't take "no" for an answer.  
Can't stop those paratroops.  
Hurling down into the fray.  
Oh it's not the way it used to be-  
A bigger and better infantry,  
comes in air today.

## ROSES FOR A FLAT LADY

"Anonymous"

Wrap up some red roses for a flat lady  
Send them to the valley of the moon  
She had a slight malfunction the other day  
I hope the medics washed the blood and guts away

I want some red roses for a flat lady  
Send them to the crematorium  
'Cause she forgot to tug on that old crossbow plug  
How come broads get to be so damned dumb?

## SIDE BY SIDE

by Curly Roe.

Replace the parts of the song ##### with the names of the people on the load.  
Sung to the tune "Side by Side"

Today I'm gonna tell ya a story  
'Bout some jumpers and all of their glory  
On the day that they died  
They were takin' a ride

Side by Side

Now ##### been in lots of biplanes  
And ##### been in lots of stacks  
But the day the jumped with #####  
They all hit the ground and their bodies went SPLAT

To all you young jumpers a warning  
When all of those big stacks are forming  
When the fucker comes down  
All the bodies are found

Side by Side

Well they didn't want a big hassle  
But they kinda liked the canopy wrassle  
And I tell you one fact  
The cause of death was impact

Side by Side

## ST. JAMES INFIRMARY

by Terry-Oh  
To the tune of the same name.

I went down to St. James Infirmary,  
to see my baby there.  
She was stretched out on a big white table.  
So cool, so sweet, so fair.

I went up to see the doctor.  
She's might low he said.  
I went back to see my baby,  
My God, she's lying there dead!

It was on one Sunday morning.  
Not many miles from here.  
The winds were softy blowing,  
And the weather was so clear.

She went up to make a sixty.  
A sixty plus delay.  
And now you'll hear my singing.  
About my baby's cut-a-way.

I went to old Tom's barroom.  
On the corner by the square.  
They were serving drinks as usual.  
And all of the jumpers were there.

On my left, stood old Joe MacKennedy.  
And his eyes were bloodshot red.  
He turned to the crowd gathered round him.  
And these were the words he said...

"Let her go, let her go, God bless her."  
"Wherever she may be."  
"We cannot forget her double malfunction.  
And you'll never find a sadder man than me.

When I die please bury me.  
In a towering white summer thundercloud.  
Let me wear a black Pioneer jumpsuit.  
Let my faithful P.C. be my shroud.

Now this is the end of my story.  
Let's have another round of booze.  
And if anyone should ask, you just tell them,  
I've got the St. James infirmary blues.

# T'WAS THE LOAD BEFORE CHRISTMAS

by Curly Roe  
Poem

T'was the night before Christmas, and out at the zone,  
all the jumpers had gathered, even Curly was home.  
The Manta's were packed in the Racer's with care,  
in the hope that some students might show on a dare.

The jumpers were nestled all snug in their beds,  
while visions of Sabers danced all through their heads.  
They had all settled down for a mid-winters snooze,  
their eyelids were heavy from two kegs of booze.

When outside the hangar there arose such a clatter,  
we sprang from our beds to see what was the matter.  
As we ran from the clubhouse we were all told to drop,  
we were met by a G-man and eight local cops.

This G-man was clever, so lively and quick,  
he yelled, "boy's, it's Christmas, just call me Saint Nick".  
When we were all captured, he stepped forward to say,  
"I'm just here to help boy's, I'm from the F.A.A."

"The records don't lie boy's, I should get a noose,  
I've got definite proof you've all jumped from the goose.  
The jump door's illegal, there's no STC,  
you'd all be in jail, if t'wer left up to me."

From his head to his toe he was all dressed in black,  
as he read our citations from a really big stack.  
"The jump step is faulty, the cowling is cracked,  
I've checked your reserves and their all pencil-packed."

His eyes how they twinkled as he read from his list,  
I sensed in my heart, we were in some deep shit.  
As chapter and verse he recited our crimes,  
I remembered the statue, how justice was blind.

He began signing the paperwork, his face looked like death,  
I let out a belch in spite of myself.  
"The goose has been grounded, it's owner arrested,  
He's been taken to jail and his rear end molested."

I shuddered to think, I started to vomit,  
To imagine Ron's rear like a number 8 grommet.  
Then one cop laughed out and said, "hey I'll bet,  
This bust will be featured in next months Gazette."

"Arrest the mechanics, the pilots and riggers,  
Suspend all their privileges and tear up their tickets."  
And I heard the Fed say as he walked out of sight.  
"Civil penalties for the rest, and to all a good night."

## **TAKE ME OUT TO THE DROP ZONE**

by Little David

To the tune of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game"

Take Me Out to the Drop Zone

I'll be damned if I jump.

Bring me some bandages and iodine.

A case of beer and a bottle of wine.

For it's "play it cool" at the drop zone.

Were we'll be safe and sound.

And watch all those heros jump out of the plane,  
and cream in...to...the ground.

## TAUNTON MEN

by Hank Mc Carrick  
To the tune of The Green Beret.

Greasy Guineas from the sky.  
Irish drunks on whiskey high.  
Portuguese who bitch and pay.  
Taunton men, with no beret.

Sloppy Limeys at their best.  
Silly Frenchmen like the rest.  
Horny Greeks who've gone astray.  
Taunton men, with no beret.

Some are red men, some are white.  
Some just can't be seen at night.  
All are bums who never pay.  
Taunton men, with no beret.

Jumping gear upon their chest.  
Climbing high, with bowels unrest.  
Smelly cockpits. every day.  
Taunton men, with no beret.

Trained on drink, and sleepless nights.  
Men who think, all is wrong is right.  
Jumping bums, who'll never sway.  
Taunton men, with no beret.

Wives and sweethearts have to wait.  
Jumping neb, are always late.  
Bless them all, we love their way.  
Taunton men, with no beret.

## THE BALLAD OF SKYLAR BUZZ

On this day in 62, Skylar Buzz invented CREW  
PC downplane, hook to Roo, I cut away, Skylar should of too.

At 50 feet he was heard to shout  
No problem, Don't worry! I can get out.

Alas he was wrong on that fateful day  
As he hit the ground, the crowd turned away.

The earth did heave with a mighty quake  
A wet thud resounded with Skylars mistake.

The men were sad and the women cried  
The day that Skylar said good-bye.

He's buried here on this hollowed ground  
At the very spot where his body was found.

So remember my children when you are doing CREW  
The spirit of Skylar flies with you.

## THE HERMIT

Stolen by Terry-Oh  
A Poem

There once was a hermit  
Who lived in a dell.  
I'll swear by the truth,  
Of this story I tell.  
My grandfathers's grandfather  
Knew him quite well,  
That hermit...

He lived all alone  
by the side of a lake.  
Concoctions and herbs  
for his food he would make.  
And naught but a fish,  
would the good man partake.  
On a Friday...

Now to ordinary mortals  
His portals were closed.  
Once a year he bathed  
Both his body and clothes.  
How the lake stood it  
The Lord only knows.  
And he won't tell...

One morning he rose  
All dripping and wet.  
His horrified vision  
Two young maidens met.  
In feminine matters  
This boy was no vet.  
So he blushed...

He reached for his hat  
Were it lay on the beach,  
To cover up all,  
That its broad rim would reach.  
And he called to the girls,  
in a horrified screech.  
Go Away!! [Bug off!!]

But the girls only laughed.  
At his piteous plight.  
And begged him to show them  
That wonderful sight.  
But he clenched to his hat  
And held it so tight,  
To hide it...

And at that moment  
A wondering gnat,  
Made the hermit forget,  
Just where he was at.  
He struck at the insect,  
And let go the hat,  
Oh horrors...

Of the truth of this story  
There's no doubt at all.  
The Lord heard his prayer,  
And answered his call.  
Though he let go the hat,  
The hat did not fall.  
A blessed miracle...

## THE HUSTLER

Originated by Bev Galloway  
Additional verses by Dan Poynter  
To the tune of "Bimini"

The sixth world meet. she started out slow.  
The winds were high and the clouds were low.  
When the weather cleared, it was too late,  
the whole damn meet was a weather date.

(Chorus:)

Oh, I wanna jump in the hus-i-ler.  
This chute is beautiful.  
I'm tired of crashing and burning,  
in a T-U, in a T-U.

The U.S. team, they have no fear.  
All of them smoke, and all of drink beer.  
Stay out each night 'till quarter past three...  
They plan to win on strategy.

(chorus)

Our friend Loy Brydon worked very hard.  
'Till he invented the double-T.  
Along came P.I.; cut some more from her.  
And now they call it the hus-i-ler.

(Chorus)

The P.C. opening is a sight to see.  
"Malfunctionitis" in a lo-po canopy.  
A drop and pop or thirty second delay.  
Damn P.C. openings scare the students away.

(Chorus)

The crossbow is the chute for me.  
it is nearly as good as the new P.C.  
I have given both a thorough test,  
and I'm satisfied with second best.

(chorus)

The suspicious nature of the P.C.A.,  
makes you wonder if they're throwing your money away.  
The P.C.A. commissioner said "absurd".  
made his get-a-way in a thunderbird.

(chorus)

I get in a card game with the West Point Cadets.  
A lousy pair of deuces was the best I could get,  
so I hock my plane ticket for the money I lack.  
I'll use the sail wing to get me back.

(Chorus)

Lyle Cameron is the editor of a jump publication.  
To the skydivers of the world he tries to give an education.  
He sells many copies, that is easily seen,  
of his "Yellow journal Jump magazine".

(Chorus)

I made my first jump at Orange this year.  
When my chute up I was frozen with fear.  
Maybe the riggers were playing a prank.  
'Cause over my head was a twenty-six gore blank.

New Chorus:

Oh, I wanna jump a hus-i-ler.  
This chute is beautiful.  
I'm tired of landing downwind  
in a P.C., in a P.C.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS....AT THE DZ!

By Tracy Gasperini

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the loft,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a moth;  
Our rigs were all hung on the rack with such care,  
In hopes that real soon we'd be back in the air;

The jumpers were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of freefall danced in their heads;  
And you in your sleeping bag, someone else on the couch  
had just settled down or simply passed out;

When out on the tarmac there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my air mattress to see what was the matter.  
Away to the gate I flew like a flash;  
grabbed up my rig and kicked you in the ass.

The moon on the runway, one-six or three-two,  
Gave the lustre of mid-day and jumping to do,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature tailgater and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old pilot, so lively and quick,  
I knew in moment it must be Saint Nick.  
More rapid than eagles, this jumpship it came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

Now Vector, now Racer, now Dolphin, and Javelin,  
On Batwing, on Stiletto, on Raven and Falcon!  
To the top of the club, to the top of the wall!  
Now dash-m, now dash-m, now dash-m 'em all!

As dry leaves that before the grounding winds fly,  
Or as quick as a jumper avoiding a pie,  
So up to the club roof the coursers they flew,  
With the ship full of gear and Saint Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard Saint Nick say,  
"Let's dirt dive that hot little reindeer eight way"!  
I was checking my handles, but as I turned around,  
Into the manifest came Saint Nick with a bound.

He was dressed in a Bevsuit, red from his head to his foot,  
And I thought he had frapped, but was just covered with soot;  
A bundle of gear he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a rigger doing a tandem repack.

His eyes...how they twinkled, like when seeing new gear  
His cheeks were like zero-p, the red that came out just this year!  
His rig, it was spotless, he looked ready to go,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

I believe it was a stow he held tight in his teeth,  
And his pull up cord encircled his head like a wreath;  
He wore a great smile and had a round little belly,  
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
"Man, what a fall rate", I thought to myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to work,  
Filling skydiver's wishes, then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
I heard him whisper..."hope you don't get hosed!".

He sprang to his tailgater, for his reindeer ride too,  
And checking the windline, away they all flew;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere away he did fly.....  
"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL...BLUE SKIES"!

## THE PELICAN SONG

by Mule Ferguson  
To the tune of "Jamaica Farewell"

Down the way where the jumpers say.  
That the Pelicans are quite a lot.  
They jump from morn to night.  
When you become a Pelican, you've reached the top.  
(Chorus)

And I'm glad to say I'll never change my ways.  
I'm a Pelican all the way.  
My heart is bound...I'll never put them down.  
Pelican...'till I'm on the ground.

All the way from Main to Florida,  
everybody comes to attend the meets.  
You'll never find a more serious bunch.  
But when it comes to clowning  
they're all like geech.  
(Chorus)

Down to Florida they did go.  
With their P.C.'S to steal the show.  
They let Tinker out to do his track.  
And all they brought was a chicken back.  
(Chorus)

Where they say you-all with a southern drawl.  
In South Carolina we had this meet.  
The Pelicans were in force.  
And the demolition team was hard to beat.  
(Chorus)

Anywhere they go under the clear blue skies.  
They jump all day 'till the sun goes down.  
When the jumping done, it's time for fun.  
In any beer joint they can be found.  
(Chorus)

## THE SAILWING IS THE CHUTE TO JUMP

Anonymous

To the tune of "The Shaefer Song".

Sailwing is the chute to jump.  
When you're more than one.  
Buckle on that reserve chute,  
then get set for fun.  
'Cause it's a thrill a minute won-der-ing,  
if it will ever o-pen up.  
Sailwing is the chute to jump.  
When you're jumping more than one.

## THE STUDENT JUMPERS PSALM

By Dick Olmstead

The jumpmaster is my shepherd  
I shall not want  
He maketh me to step out on the tire,  
He leadeth my hand to the wing strut  
He quieteth my panic;  
He leadeth me in the joys of jumping for his name's sake.

Yea, though I jump into the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no malfunction;  
For thou art with me,  
Thy faith in my reserve -  
It comforteth me.

Thou preparest a back pack before me  
In the presence of my fellow students;  
Thou covereth my head with plastic;  
My knees knocketh together.  
Surely fortune and kindness shall follow me  
Every second of my delay,  
And I will dwell in the harness of the chute forever.

## THREE PINS ON MY RIPCORD

by Rigger Mortis

To the tune of "Three Coins in the Fountain"

Three pins on my ripcord.  
Each one twisted and bent awry,  
Caught in the cones so snugly.  
I think that I'm gonna cry.

My reserve is useless,  
Stuffed with rags and comic books.  
I didn't care about safety,  
Only with neat appearing looks.

Three cars on the drop zone,  
One of them due for a surprise,  
When through its top I go plunging.  
Screaming out of cloudy skies.

## UNSAFE

Anonymous

To the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

My helmet's a world war I relic.  
My boots are three sizes too big.  
I give everybody the willies,  
when I strap on my rusty old rug.

Chorus:

Unsafe, unsafe, and unsafe jumper am I, am I,  
Unsafe, unsafe, and unsafe jumper am I.

One day a nervous first jumper,  
remarked at my great deal of nerve.  
I told him that only a coward,  
would bother to wear a reserve.

(Chorus)

My capewells are very corroded.  
My risers are frayed all to hell.  
Because of the burns and blown panels,  
my chute doesn't open too well.

(Chorus)

I do not believe in long freefalls.  
Ten seconds, or so, is enough.  
Up 500 feet when I exit;  
it's great, but the landings are rough.

(Chorus)

## WHERE I MUST GO

By Jon Guignard

Sung to the tune of "Baby The Rain Must Fall"

Some men must climb mountains  
Others must sail the sea  
Some must fly above in the sky  
They are what they must be.

Chorus:

Baby the rain must fall  
Baby the wind must blow  
Wherever my heart leads me  
Baby, that's where I must go.

Now I'm not rich or famous  
But who can ever tell  
Who knows where I'm headed  
Maybe heaven, maybe hell.

Chorus (above)

Some men must climb mountains  
Others must sail the sea  
Some fly like birds way up in the sky  
They are what they must be.

Chorus (above)

Now I'm not rich or famous  
But who can ever tell  
Maybe I'll make the US team  
Or maybe I'll go to hell.

New Chorus:

Baby the rain must fall  
Baby the wind must blow  
Wherever weather is jumpable  
Baby that's where I must go.

## WIND GETS IN YOUR EYES

by Rigger Mortis, 1981  
Sung to the tune "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"

They  
Asked me how I knew  
My wind line was true  
I of course had known  
That the plane had flown  
Strictly on its own.

They  
Said someday you'll find  
Jumpmasters are blind;  
You must realize, while falling through the skies,  
Wind gets in your eyes.

So, I chafed them, and I gaily laughed,  
To think they could doubt my spot...  
Yet today, the target's far away,  
I'm hung up in a tree...

Now  
Friends laughing with glee  
Have got me from the tree  
So I smile and say,  
On a long delay,  
Wind gets in your eyes.

## WRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE

(to the tune of Stuck in the Middle With You)  
originally written by Joe Egan and Gerry Rafferty  
originally performed by Stealers Wheel circa 1974  
reworked by Trevor G. Fitzpatrick, 1995

Well I know just why I came here tonight  
Need that diamond gotta get it right.  
Over there I see the base pin  
When they get the wedge I'm comin' in.  
Nylon to the left of me, nylon to the right  
Here I am - wrapped in the middle with you  
Here I am - wrapped in the middle with you

Now I don't know what I'm gonna do  
I'm in quickly spinning mal with you.  
Should we ride it should we cut it away?  
We're at ten grand and it's hard to say.  
Jack knife in my left hand, zak knife in my right  
Here I am - wrapped in the middle with you  
Here I am - wrapped in the middle with you

HARD OPEN'S WHAT WE'RE GETTING  
SO WE STAY ON AIRPLANE HEADING YEAH. (do do do do....da-do do do do.....)

NASSERED HARD INTO THE SLOT  
NOW JUST LOOK AT WHAT WE GOT.

We said We ee ee ee eeeee

We said We ee ee ee eeeee

Well it only took a second or two  
We decided what we're gonna do.  
We looked and then we counted to three  
Cut away and we were fallin' free.  
One dude on the left side, one dude on the right  
Here I am - doin' a two way with you  
Here I am - doin' a two way with you

We turned and started trackin' at three  
Just how hard will this opening be?  
Pulled the silver handle and wham!  
Reserve canopy oh man.

Risers on the left of me, risers on the right  
Here I am - riding reserve with you  
Here I am - riding reserve with you

WELL WE HAD THIS BIG FORMATION  
WAS THE BIGGEST IN THE NATION HUH. (do do do do....da-do do do do.....)

WE KNEW WE'RE GONNA WRAP  
WHEN IT STARTED GOIN' TO CRAP

We said Je ee ee ee eeezzz

We said Je ee ee ee eeezzz

Now that we're addicted to crew  
There's one more thing we gotta do.  
Gotta get another base pin  
Used the Raven two's and slammed them in.  
Dacron on the left of me, dacron on the right  
Here I am - another bi-plane with you  
Here I am - another bi-plane with you

This cool jump isn't over just yet  
There's one more thing we gotta get.  
Turned it to the airport to see  
If we could hit that pit of peas.  
Honked it to the left, then honked it to the right  
Here I am - dead center landing with you  
Here I am - dead center landing with you

Can't find our freebags cuz we cut 'em free  
But our buddies found them stuck in the trees.  
Got our rigger and we packed up again  
Geared up and then we jumped in the plane.  
Wing span on the left of me, wing span on the right  
Here I am stuck in the Otter with you  
Here I am wrapped in the middle with you  
Here I am doin' a two way with you  
Here I am riding reserve with you  
Here I am dead center landing with you  
Here I am stuck in the Otter with you.....