

# EXTRACAMOUFLAGILISTIC SUPER CONSTELLATION

Tune: Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

It's the extracamouflagilistic Super Constellation,  
Even though the sound of it will cause you consternation,  
If you fly it long enough it'll give you constipation,  
Extracamouflagilistic Super Constellation!

When I was in Texas a'flyin' One-Three-Os,  
My Wing Commander told me, "Oh J.J., you must go  
Up to the far off northland, the land of ice and snow  
You'll fly the Lockheed Speed Brake, it's very, very slow!

We fly and fly and fly and fly, and fly and fly and fly,  
Because it takes so long for us to climb up in the sky,  
But even after all of this we still aren't too high,  
That's why the pilots sit around and all they do is cry!

One day the engineer yelled out, "We blew a PRT!  
The AC calmly turned around and said, "Feather number 3,"  
The young stud in the right seat screamed, "Oh dear Lord, why me?  
To think I finished high enough to get an F-4C!"

The BUFF it doesn't have much speed, it really is quite slow  
It won't go anywhere if on its nose the wind does blow  
We fly around in circles, we go and go and go,  
That is until the firelights begin to buzz and glow!

Now that we're in Thailand we share the base with Thuds,  
Oh, see them gaily walk around in all their fancy duds,  
They sit upon the bar stools just sipping up the suds,  
Oh, gee! I wish that I could fly that great big ugly Thud!

Here's the story of speckled BUFF, Lockheed's Super R,  
It's gained less fame in the air than it has in all the bars,  
But if you jeer a Connie man he'll answer without fail,  
"I bet you mothers standing round can't handle that much tail!"

We spend our monthly earnings out chasing Thai pooyings,  
And nightly lifting mugs of cheer while dirty songs we sing,  
We've learned our lesson very well on how to be a stud,  
By watching all the throttle jocks who fly the Super Thud!

We have our own great heroes, each a wondrous guy,  
And if you'll hear their hairy tales the drinks they'll gladly buy,  
Once a mighty major brave was up where the VC roam,  
He saw two shots of triple-A and brought the mother home!

We fly our speckled BuFs away up in the sky,  
That's how we spend the whole damn week, just fly and fly and fly,  
We fly in tiny circles round over near the fray.  
But will we ever join the fight? You'll never see the day!

The flak that Charlie throws at us while in the darken hours,  
It's really such a pretty sight with all its sparkling showers,  
Does it really scare us, or chill us to the bone?  
Hell, half the crew is sound asleep while the rest eat ice cream cones!

One day I got a call from C-B-P-O,  
“An assignment now we have you, it's called a 1-3-0,  
“You'll go across the deep blue sea to the land of old Soho,  
“You'll fly it with the R-A-F, I hope your liver will hold.”

I long for the time to come when I can get some rest,  
And go back home to the big BX where the loving is the best,  
Till the job be done, or tour complete, should either be the same,  
And these damn BUFFs go to TWA, the place from whence they came!

It's the extracamouflagilistic Super Constellation,  
Number one priority in all of the nation,  
McNamara chose it in a fit of desperation,  
Extracamouflagilistic Super Constellation!