

THE CHOPPER JOCKEY

By Paul Allen

I used to laugh at the chopper jockeys
And those things they travel in
I joked about how slow they were
And the way they pound the wind

Some o' the guys got hoppin' mad
Guess it hit a sour note
Especially one called "Shorty"
Man, I always got his goat.

Each mornin' I'd climb in my shinin' jet
And leave in a cloud of dust
And then each night in the chow hall
We'd meet- and there we fussed.

And then one day while makin' a pass
I heard a terrible clunk
And all of a sudden my shinin' jet
Was a mass of smokin' junk.

Somehow I managed to use my chute
And safely reach the ground
But I thought I was a goner
Charlie was all around.

Not far away, I heard some shots
And I knew I was lost for sure
But, then I heard that poundin' air
And that old familiar whir.

The chopper came in shootin'
Like he didn't even care
That the place was crawlin' with Viet Cong
And bullets filled the air.

I ran for his door and gave a leap
And found myself inside
Then "Shorty" turned, and grinned, and asked
"Hotshot! You need a ride?"

He brought me back and I guess you'd say
That's how the story ends
Except one point I have to make
Don't knock my chopper friends!