

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Napalm Sticks to Kids

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We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,
We do our best to maim,
Because the kills all count the same,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chorus: Napalm sticks to kids,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low across the trees,
Pilots doing what they please,
Dropping frags on refugees,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Goods in the open, making hay,
But I can hear the gunships say,
"There'll be no Chieu Hoi today,"
Napalm sticks to kids.

See those farmers over there,
Watch me get them with a pair,
Blood and guts just everywhere,
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've only seen it happen twice,
But both times it was mighty nice,
Shooting peasants planting rice,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Napalm, son, is lots of fun,
Dropped in a bomb or shot from a gun,
It gets the gooks when on the run,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some napalm on a farm,
It won't do them any harm,
Just burn off their legs and arms,
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire,
Montagnards around a fire,
Napalm makes the fire go higher,
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've been told it's not so neat,
To catch gooks burning in the street,
But burning flesh, it smells to sweet,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Children sucking on a mother's tit,
Wounded gooks down in a pit,
Dow Chemical doesn't give a s***,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Bombadiers don't care a bit,
Just as long as the pieces fit,
When you stuff the bodies in a pit,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a No Fire Zone,
Rooks under arms and going home,
Last in line goes home alone,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chuck in a sampan, sitting in the stern,
They don't think their boats will burn,
Those damn gooks will never learn,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Cobras flying in the sun,
Killing gooks is lots of fun,
Get one pregnant and it's two for one,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Shoot civilians where they sit,
Take some pictures as you split,
All your life you'll remember it,
Napalm sticks to kids.

NVA are all hard core,
Flechettes never are a bore,
Throw those PSYOPS out the door,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly over town,
By throwing candy on the ground,
Then grease 'em when they gather 'round,
Napalm sticks to kids.

"Frag"=fragmentation bombs. "Flechettes" are bits of tiny anti-personnel shrapnel sometimes coated with a strong blood de-coagulant. "PSYOPS" is Army-ese for psychological operations, which, coupled

with the references to the CIA, Montagnards, and gunships, makes me think this song came out of the "spook" community. PW

See also Strafe the Town and Kill the People. It was an unpopular war with many of the participants, too. RG

PW

apr96