

A.I.D.E. Napalm Sticks to Kids

By Collectively written by the GIs of the First Air Cavalry in Vietnam

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

Ox cart rolling down the road,
Peasants with a heavy load,
They're all V.C. when the bomb explode,
Napalm sticks to kids.

A baby sucking on his mother's tit,
Children cowering in a pit,
Dow Chemical doesn't give a shit,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Blues out on a road recon,
See some children with their mom,
What the hell, let's drop the bomb,
Napalm sticks to kids.

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

They're in good shape for the shape they're in,
But, God I wonder how they can win,
With Napalm running down their skin,
Napalm sticks to kids.

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

Drop some napalm on the barn,
It won't do too much harm,
Just burn off a leg or arm,
Napalm sticks to kids.