

ODE TO THE LEFT HAND BANK CLUB

Tonight we gather to thank the Stingers
They fly with a yoke in their stubby little fingers.
Their flight suits all covered with grease and oil,
They climb in their birds for a night of toil.
The ship that they fly is an old machine,
Fresh out of retirement, the AC-119.
Their primary job is to find and kill trucks,
But flying low and slow, now that really sucks!
Each man's job in this old bird is highly specialized,
But it's got to be the most fouled up system ever devised.
You fly the bank and I'll fly the pitch,
Someone else get the throttles of this _____ !
When their sierras all together and they've lined up their sights,
Their guns shatter the silence of the clear still night.
If everything's right and the guns don't misfire,
There'll be another truck driver forced to retire.
In closing, I've got a question,
Though to you it may sound trite,
Can this fouled up airplane – turn to the right?

By Francisco Rivera-Rodrigues and Friends