

The SAC Song

as sung by Rod Taylor in the movie "A Gathering of Eagles" (1963)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Here at SAC we're filled with pride,
There's just one thing we can't decide:
Which we'd rather get clobbered by ---
An enemy attack or an O. R. I.

Our Wing Commander's got a racket,
Though sometimes it's hard to hack it.
Whenever he gets his wife alone ---
Ding-a-ling-a-ling goes the little red phone.

We love the seven-day alert,
For a week we will not see a skirt.
We know it's part of SAC's main goal ---
To test our positive control.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Whatever became of the wild blue yonder?
How we wish the good old days were back --
In SAC!

The SAC Song (extra lyrics – not used)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Inspector Generals don't scare *me*,
'Cause I've got job security,
No sweat -- no need to cry and sob ---
'Cause what kind of nut would want *my* job?

Let the guys who fly commercial airlines
Get ulcers and receding hairlines.
We stay calm when things are looking black ---
In SAC.

Now if SAC figured *me* for married life,
They would have *issued* me a wife!
There's no essential that we ever lack ---
In SAC.

The missile boys were trained to fly,
They know their way around the sky.
After years of training they are found ---
Pushing buttons underground.

When peace and quiet we have found,
That old alert is sure to sound,
And ev'ry time we hear that klaxon,
We say a few words in Anglo-Saxon.

Insider verses:

When some of the guys are home, I know,
Their wives sure keep them on the go.
With walls to paint and lawns to mow --
They count an Alert as CTO.

One AC went out with his date,
And he drank beer till very late.
He passed out on his second quart --
She scored it as a ground abort.

Verse for Delbert Mann:

Those big B-52s, I know,
Sure cost the country lots of dough.
One costs almost as much, I think,
As one week's gross of *Touch of Mink*.