

I Hate It When That Happens

by Howdy

Have you ever tried,
To slip the surly bonds of earth,
Only to be fried
By some god-awful dearth.
I hate it when that happens!

Have you ever heard it said?
"There are those that have, and those that will."
Well some of those "that have" are dead,
And some of those "that will"....it too will kill!
I hate it when that happens!

I guess that I'm just one
Of the few and lucky guys
Who have survived a ton
Of adventures from the skies.
There is one that comes to mind
That really grabbed me....
You know the kind.....
T'was right after takeoff....it's very busy
I hate it when that happens!

The F-16 that I was testing,
There was some maintenance that had been done.
A new engine it had nesting
In its airframe...but there's only one!
I lifted off in that clean jet,
Oh what a thrill it always is,
The acceleration you can bet
Will get you psyched, gee whiz!
Four hundred knots and up you go,
The vertical is always great,
You're on your back before you know.
You level off, roll upright....and seal your fate,
By selecting BUC...
The Backup Fuel Control...
It then ran out....my luck.
And now I'm in a large black hole.
I hate it when that happens.

The engine quit just then,
My eyes were big but couldn't see.
I sat there and said o'er and o'er again,
"You gotta be shittin' me!"
I hate it when that happens.

The jet flew, but with some ties,
The EPU is supposed to run
The flight controls and electrics.
But it didn't work and there was none.
I hate it when that happens!

So then I took it out of BUC
And called the Tower.
I said that with some luck,
I would be landing soon, but with no power.
I hate it when that happens!

With JFS on to help me go,
It seemed forever for it to start,
The RPM was getting low
"Oh please don't be a lawn dart."
Throttle off, the FTIT's down,
Then back to idle,
Ahead's the town!
These steps are vital
As you well know.
I'm dropping as fast as I've ever seen,
There's the runway where I must go,
The wheels are down, but not three green.
I hate it when that happens!

But just then in final turn,
There was a sound that warmed my heart,
In the engine a little burn
And it then begin to start.
I love it when that happens!

On final I'm rolling out at last
I've got three green,
But I'm going fast,
There'll be no Board to convene.
Cause this landing I can make,
Speed brakes out, and down I come,
"Oh Lord, please do not me forsake!"
For it's now a hero.....or a bum.
I hate it when that happens!

The airspeed is a little high,
But I don't care,
Across the fence, it's do or die,
The hook is down, I'm in the flare.
I float a bit, then set it down,
And try the brakes, but I'm still smokin',
For you could still look like a clown,
I hope the cable is not broken.
I hate it when that happens!

The runway end is fast approachin',
I catch the cable smack dead center,
The fence ahead I ain't encroachin',
I stop....I'm glad I did not dent her.
I hate it when that happens!

I shut her down and with a sigh,
Open the canopy and climb out,
But oh my gosh, oh me oh my,
My drawers were brown without a doubt!*

*Only figuratively...