

Twas in the year of one-nine-six-eight  
I'll tell this dip... won't hesitate  
I'll tell it as was told to me  
From a flyer who has been to sea.

Chuck "O" it is this flyer's name  
Like others played the flying game  
While riding in the hindmost seat  
The scariest place to put your feet.

Now Chuck... he had the nerve to ask  
Upon completion of their task  
To swap his seat with number two  
This took some nerve... I'm telling you.

Surprise-surprise permission granted  
And now with backside quite transplanted  
He sits in two while two's in four  
And all you aircrew know the score.

I don't and won't elaborate  
How the seats they delegate  
Just have the numbers one - to - four  
And I wouldn't want to be a bore.

Now Chuck's nerves will soon be tested  
Hopes soon the plane will be arrested  
Meanwhile hiding 'neath his visor  
While those who watch are non the wiser.

The wire caught was number three  
They're on the deck, and now home free  
And now Chuck gets to raise the hook  
That little dip's one for the book.

John Thompson  
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