We'll be as safe
As rad can be
For milliroentgens frighten me

And if a meter
Starts its clickin's
We will run to beat the dickens.

You may fire when ready, Gridley
And maybe much before
Can't keep the Colonel waiting
It would be such a bore!

We know the ropes
We'll put our scopes
Out on the ground or in a Brock house
We'll take the VIPs
On guided trips
And throw a party in the blockhouse.

We'll lay the wire
With which to fire
And send out signals day by day
And then we'll bring bulldozers in
To say that it is all okay.

We'll pump the vacuum out with glee
And then we'll open it to see
If there's a vacuum, nacherly.

And should the weather not be good
We'll have a meeting to decide
If that is really rain or just
A little on the dewy side

The film is loaded, so are we
The area is swept, with power,
And only fifty men are left
Shoring up the weaving tower

The word, my friends, is EXECUTE
(That's J-3 language for "we shoot")
The firing party has returned
The midnight oil has long since burned
The meeting has almost adjourned.

(That's the Advisory Committee
Still fighting over who didn't ante in the kitty.)

The long, long night is running out
Awake, ye sleepy ones, arise
The sleepless ones refill their cups
Of coffee, lock with bloodshot eyes

As someone says, without aplomb
"We just can't seem to find the bomb."
So D (for day)
Looks pretty gray
For something's surely gone aglow
No bomb? Oh well
And what the hell?
We'll try again some other day.

FOR THAT WE HAVE GOT THROUGH THE TITLE
HERE IS THE SONG:

These were ten little gadgets, sitting in a line
as X-quisite and then there were nine.

These were nine little gadgets, the tower held the weight,
and had a kick to it, and then there were eight.

These were eight little gadgets (oh, NPG is heaven?)
They couldn't hide the and then there were seven.

These were seven little gadgets, brought out for kicks,
as deuti-full, and then there were six.

These were six little gadgets, pretty much alive,
and said "let's carrion", and then there were five.

These were five little gadgets, they couldn't find no more,
kicked up its heels, and then there were four.

These were four little gadgets, observers came to see,
and then there were three.

These were three little gadgets, got his due,
The time was not so out of joint, and then there were two.

These were two little Gadgets, said this is fun,
The military got Effects, and then there was one.

There was one little gadget, that lonesome little Gun,
They shot the hell right out of it
And
then
there
was
NONE.

climax!