

Hine Rupert, The Wildest Wish To Fly

I was not the fighter
So I should not want for shelter
With helpless ears I hear again
That even more are dead
Than anyone has ever said
I was not the fighter
Still the echoes of their gunfire
Penetrate my sleepy state
And I am walking in the shadow
Of a man I cannot see

CHORUS:

How could the boy so in love with war planes
Have seen his first flight shot down in flames
He was just a dreamer
With the wildest wish to fly
I was not the fighter
No one shoots to spill my blood
But while this night rages so violently
The hawk circles above
And he was just a dreamer
With a conscience and in love
He wore his wings just like a crown
Yet still they shot him down

CHORUS

Framed inside the doorway
And there's someone much like me
A shadow of the man he used to be
Have young men ever understood
The games old men will play
Was there anyone left with him today

CHORUS

Guitar: PHIL PALMER

Coda Vocals: ROBERT PALMER

Bottles: OLLIE W. TAYLER

The Wildest Wish To Fly is dedicated to Lt. R. N. Nicholas Taylor