

# Steve Hackett, Tigermoth

Just like his old father before him  
Who served in the great war would sing  
We're proud to serve Kaiser or King

They'll always find someone who's willing  
To take Tigermoth chances alone  
The boy who should never have flown

Was thrown a hundred yards  
Blown into smithereens  
A crowd drew near but failed to hear  
Look I'm over here and still one of you wait...

The young man's despondence soon halted  
When gently a voice that he knew  
Took shape slowly out of the blue

Flight Captain James at your service  
Last month I went down in the drink  
You're not as alone as you think

Here's some of your chums from last Thursday  
Shot down in their prime over Rome  
The boys who can never go home

Were thrown a hundred yards  
Blown into smithereens  
Until we meet again my friends  
No regrets and Lily Marlene sings again