

# Unknown Artist, Air Corps Lament

## AIR CORPS LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly  
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by  
The force is shot to hell!

cho: Glory . . . flying regulations  
Have them read at every station  
Crucify the man who breaks one  
The force is shot to hell!

My bones have felt their pounding throb. a hundred thousand strong  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song  
The force is shot to hell!

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame  
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name  
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to hell!

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak  
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back  
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to hell!

Yes, the lordly Flying Fortress and the Liberator too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue  
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew  
And we can't fly for hell!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another happy chap  
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap  
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of THAT!  
Or you both will burn in Hell!

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The force is shot to hell!

final cho: Glory! No more regulations!  
Rip them down at every station!  
Ground the guy that tries to make one!  
And LET US FLY LIKE HELL!

From There I Was...Flat On My Back, Bob Stevens

tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

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