

Memories of a Fighter Pilot

Tell us how it was up there
You fighting men that fly!
The excitement and the glamour
Of your life up in the sky.

Oh! there was plenty of excitement,
Maybe a little glamour too
But first and foremost in our minds
Was the job we had to do.

We learned to fly, and loved to fly
But there were times we found
When the flak was bursting 'round us
We'd be safer on the ground.

How can we tell you how it was
To fight the war up there?
Knowing we could meet our death
Anytime. Anywhere.

How can we tell you how it felt
To joke around and kid with John? (*)
Then come back from a mission
And find that he was gone.

We learned to live with danger
Yet somehow through it all
The comradeship we learned to share
Is what we most recall.

Many years have come and gone
Since WWII did cease
God grant that in our lifetime
We truly may have Peace!

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