The Air Scouts Song

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He was flying a Flying Fortress at forty thousand feet
He was flying a Flying Fortress at forty thousand feet
He was flying a Flying Fortress at forty thousand feet
But he ain't gonna fly no more

Chorus: Gory, gory, what a terrible way to die
Gory gory what a terrible way to die
Gory gory. what a terrible way to die
And he ain't gonna jump no more

He didn't see the fighters when they pounced him from the sun (3X)
So he ain't gonna fly no more

He heard a bang, the plane broke up and spread across the sky (3X)
And it ain't gonna fly no more

He jumped without a parachute from forty thousand feet (3X)
But he ain't gonna jump no more.

They scraped him off the tarmac like a dollop of strawberry jam
And he ain't...
They spread him on a postcard and hey sent him home to Mum
'Cause he ain't...
They buried him in a matchbox at the botom of the yard
'Cause he ain't...
His ghost jumps without a parachute from forty thousand feet
And he's gonna keep on jumping evermore.

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