

A burst of flak

You're firing in the air so blue,
the flak comes up so straight and true,
it hits your plane, it drives you back,
and the cause of it all, a burst of flak.

The fighters come in with bloody thirst,
to give you a taste of 20 mm. burst,
it knocks your buddies on their back,
and the cause of it all, a burst of flak.

You grab your chute and head for the door,
'cause your plane's wounded, disabled and sore,
you hit the silk, and all goes black,
and the cause of it all, a burst of flak.

You fall through the air and all is quiet,
your ship goes down, that faithful old kite,
then you hit the ground with resounding whack,
and the cause of it all was a burst of flak.

The farmers come over the hill,
with blood in their eyes and ready to kill,
they lift you up and give you a crack,
and the cause of it all, a burst of flak.

They gather your crew and march you thru' town,
so the people can watch you with a frown,
then they put you in jail, a dirty old shack,
and the cause of it all, a burst of flak.

Dulag Luft is the name of the next old hole,
where they torture your mind, to see what you know,
but the Yanks refuse with wit and tact,
and the cause of it all, a burst of flak.

Then you go to an encircled old prison camp,
and your only friend is a Red Cross stamp,
you sleep on boards which hurt your back,
and the cause of it all, a burst of flak.

We sit and think of our girls so true,
and of our boys still flying in the blue,
of pillows and sheets, that make up a sack,
and where we'll never hear that burst of flak.

A gunner's prayer

I wish to be a pilot,
and you along with me,
but if we all were pilots,
what would the Air Force be?

It takes guts to be a gunner,
to sit out on the tail,
when the Messerschmitts are coming,
and the slugs begin to wail.

The pilot's just a chauffeur,
its his job to fly the plane,
but it's "we" who do the fighting,
tho' we may not get the fame.

If we all must be gunners,
then let us make this bet --
we'll be best damned gunners,
that have left this station yet.



Heavenly formation

There's a formation of bombers,
Flying high on the heaven to shore,
My skipper is in that formation,
To drop bombs on cities no more.

They carry no bomb load up in heaven,
No bombs are needed there,
They have an escort of angels,
With silvery wings so fair.

There is a briefing each morning,
On a target that's not above,
They always fulfil their assignments,
To save the souls of the one they love.

He flies on the heavenly sky ways,
Looks out on the scenes below,
He pilots a flying fortress,
By the name of "Pot O' Gold."



In memory of pilot Bill Lavies, pilot of 'Pot O' Gold'.

My buddy

They say he died in glory,
What ever that may be.
If it's dying in a burst of flame,
Then that is not for me.

In the briefing room this morning,
With clear eyes and strong heart.
He was just another airman,
Eager to do his part.

My buddy had guts all right,
He sought not glory nor fame.
He knew there was a job to do,
My crew all felt the same.

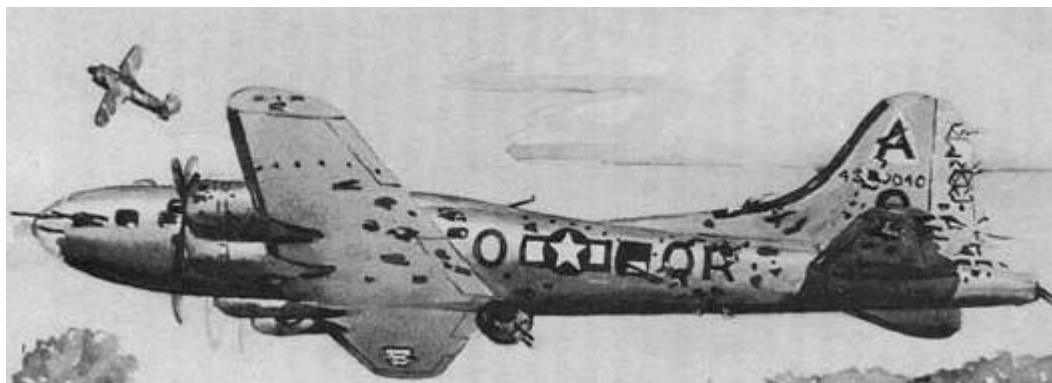
But death had the final word,
In it's log it wrote his name.
For my buddy died this afternoon,
In glory and in flame.

(in memory of Sgt. Higbe)



Homecoming

Call the ambulance, get the crash wagon,
Ones coming in and her landing gear's sagging,
They fell behind at the coast of France,
Caught by some flak, Gee! it made the ship dance,
First to the right , then to the left, everywhere flak,
My GOD! I thought they'd never get back,
Here comes the officer from the tower,
Oh God, take that pilot in your power,
Think, the crew's mothers, sweethearts and brothers are
counting on you,
To bring those boys through.



I'm tired

I'm tired of bullets guns and war,
I'm tired of planes and engines roar,
I'm tired of war and all it's strife,
I'm tired of it's senseless waste of life,
For when the toll is taken and peace is brought,
It may come again, just to nought.

'Please Lord, let tomorrow's Peace endure,
Let our sons and daughters feel secure,
Thy will was one, I've done my best,
Now Lord, I'm tired, please let me rest.'

Barbed wire hotel

In Heydekrug East Prussia,

There's a beautiful spot,
Also a barbed wire hotel,
Where you can get your meals hot.

A 7th of a loaf of bread a day,
A bowl of fresh German stew,
A small chunk of horse meat,
A cup of weak English brew.

All this will come free,
It won't cost you a cent,
Your meals and your lodgings,
Will both go with the rent.

If you want to visit,
This hotel that's so neat,
Fly a mission over Germany,
Where flak and fighters are so fleet.

You'll meet Oberleutenant Yolz,
You'll know him well,
For he's the assistant manager,
Of this barbed wire hotel.

Thoughts of a POW

There's barbed wire around us and guns by the score,
The thoughts of escape are still as before.
Our thoughts are of home, of loved ones we miss,
A longing for someone we used to kiss.
That someone is waiting, so as before.
We haven't heard from her, on months by score.
We dream by night and yes thru the day,
But dreams are always, far away.
That our dreams'll come true -- we haven't a doubt.
The gates'll be open, we'll be there to go out,
We'll come marching home, when that day is here.
Yes, we'll come marching home,
We'll have nothing to fear,
The worst part is over, a few won't come back,
They were taken by bullets, from fighters and flak.
But we who are left, will come home to stay,
And be with you by your side to start a new day.



Liberation 1945