

A-25 Song

They say in the Air Force a landing's OK,
If the pilot gets out and can still walk away.
But in the Fleet Air Arm the prospects are grim
if the landing's so poor and the pilot can't swim.

Cracking show, I'm alive,
But I've still got to render my A-25!

They gave me a Seafire to beat up the fleet,
I beat up the Nelson and Rodney a treat,
But forgot the high mast that sticks out from Formid.
And a seat in the Goofers was worth fifty quid.

Cracking show, I'm alive,
But I've still got to render my A-25!

I thought I was coming in low enough but
I was twenty feet up when the batsman gave cut!
And loud in my earholes the sweet angels sang,
'Float...float...float...float...float...float barrier- Prang!'

Cracking show, I'm alive,
But I've still got to render my A-25!

When the batsman made 'lower' I always went higher,
Bounced on the deck and missed the last wire,
A bloody great barrier loomed up in front,
And Wings shouted 'Switch off your engine, you twit!'

Cracking show, I'm alive,
But I've still got to render my A-25!