Off we go into the wild blue yonder
climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our
thunder, at 'em boys, give 'er the
gun!
Down we dive spouting our flame from
under, off with one hell-uva roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame,
nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.

CHORUS:
Here’s a toast to the host of those who love
the vastness of the sky;
To a friend we will send a message of his
brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
then down we roar to score the
rainbow’s pot of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast, the
Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild sky yonder
keep the wings level and true;
If you’d live to be a gray haired wonder
keep your nose out of the blue.
Flying men, guarding the nation’s border,
we’ll be there followed by more!
In echelon we carry on – nothing’ll
stop the Army Air Corps!

Words and music by Robert Crawford