



THE ARMY AIR CORPS SONG

(CIRCA 1942-1945)



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