

Airstreams Warm and Un-stable.

CHORUS:- Airstreams warm and un-stable.
With Cu-Nims great and small,
Sailplanes clapped and runcible,
Were no damn good at all.

We fly gold C across Country,
With nothing but a bun,
We're frozen, sick and weary,
Yes Gliding is such fun,

CHORUS

We tried to soar the mountains,
And landed mid the Peaks,
A Mountain goat was hostile,
We couldn't sit for weeks.

We tried the competitions,
But soon had had our fill,
We needed flies, not sailplanes, .
With fifty on the hill.

We did some Sea-breeze research,
And drifted out to sea,
We couldn't catch a thermal,
But caught some fish for tea.

Less famous clubs pay visits,
They have a smashing day,
And when they go at nightfall,
We clear the bits away.

We've lost our last Olympia,
A clot without a clue,
Observed the red ball rising
And thought he'd go up too.

So now we've no more Gliders,
Lets concentrate on beer,
We've had enough of fraughtness,
To last us many a year.

Air Streams warm and unstable,
We leave it all to you,
Strong west winds at Dunstable,
We're going to the Zoo.