

Bloody Gliding Weather.

Bloody Gliding Weather
Inversion at forty feet
The reason it isn't raining
The rain has turned to sleet
So lets all get drunk in the bar
On watered down Dunstable beer
If we have to go gliding some where
Why the hell do we have to come here?

Lovely gliding weather
A cracking five hundred day
So the tug pilots are leaving the action
By putting the tugs away
You can't get away from a winch launch
So you're stuck in the bar drinking beer
If we have to go gliding somewhere
Why the hell do we have to come here?

Lovely gliding weather
You can soar the hill in a sedan
But you can't have excess of pleasure
So we will slap on a hundred hour ban
Its' easy enough to hill soar
If half the club's taken out of the air
If we have to go gliding somewhere
Why the hell do we have to come here?

Lousy gliding weather
You can't see the hill for the fog
So we're spending the time making money
Selling off the manure from the dogs
We've had written complaints from the pig farm
That we are badly polluting the air
If we have to go gliding some where
Why the hell do we have to come here