

I'm a little Bungey Flower

The "Grunau" is so beautiful
The "H-Seventeen" so small"
The "Falcon Three" so wonderful
Why can't I soar them all?

Chorus: Oh I'm a little Bungey Flower
Growing bolder every hour
Nobody cares about my 'B'
So wait till I show you my Silver 'C'
To-day from two
I had to wildly dash
I hid behind a Primary
And whispered Crash! Crash! Crash!

The boys give me the glad-eye
And they say I'm rather cute
But I'm a little devil
When I'm in my flying suit.

On rainy days we all get wet
Though soaked we never tire
So the lads help me to dry my smalls
In front of the Club House fire.

Instructors are all so kind to me
And dearly love to chat
And last night in the hangar
Well, that's quite enough of that.

My young man's a Pilot bold
And loves to go a-soaring
With, his parachute and joystick cute
New sites he goes exploring

Oh this Gliding's simply gorgeous
It keeps your nerves so cool
I've leant a lot of useful tricks
Not taught in Sunday School!