

Good bye and Hello

Beaverettes, wireless sets,
Beans on buttered toast,
Locking wire, punctured tyre,
Halfway to the coast.

Jerry cans, frying pans,
Going to the Comps,
5 mile flights, boozy nights,
Little Hucklow romps.

Auster tow, very slow,
Will we leave the ground,
Sewage farm, must keep calm,
Green ball gives a bound.

Thermal hats, yellow bats,
Bobbing up and down,
Wet week-end, round the bend,
Now we're hangar bound.

Dunstable, unstable,
Sitting on the hill,
Wires are taut, things are fraught,
Blimey I feel ill.

Cable breaks, pilot shakes,
Does a dicey turn,
Landing ground, crunching sound,
Will he never learn.

Friston site, coastal flight,
Down to Beachy Head,
Seaford cafe, feel unsafe,
Two in single bed.

Cambridge town, cap and gown,
Auto-tows at Bourne,
Redhill 'drome, that's our home,
Filthy, tired and worn.

V R. kites, give us frights,
We are forced to go,
And we're found Hampshire bound,
Beaverettes in tow.

Golden Pot, just the spot,
Lasham is quite near,
Army types, smoking pipes,
Watney's Alton beer.