

LULSGATE GLIDERS

We are the Lulsgate Gliders-.,
That flaming good are we,
 good at winching
 fumble with MT.
And when it comes to soaring,
We shout until we're pink,
Where are the flaming thermals,
There's only flaming sink

The gliding clubs foundations,
D.P.J. and Doug,
They are the one salvation,
Of clueless types like me,
They put me in my glider;.
They tow me onto track,
And when I'm in a claptrap,
They come and fetch me back.,

The, Gliding Clubs foundations
Are J.P.J. and Doug,
They save us from frustration,
When we can't get airborne,
They take us to the Clubhouse,
When o'er the weathers fraught,
They buy us pints of cider
and so they flaming ought.