

The Bold Aviator

Oh, the bold aviator was dying,
And as 'neath the wreckage he lay, he lay,
To the sobbing mechanics about him,
These last parting words he did say...

CHORUS:

Two valve springs you'll find in my stomach,
Three spark plugs are safe in my lung, my lung,
The prop is in splinters inside me,
To my fingers the joy-stick has clung.

Oh, had I the wings of a little dove,
Far a-way, far a-way would I fly, I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true-love,
And there would I lay me and die.

Take the propeller boss out of my liver,
Take the aileron out of my thigh, my thigh,
From the seat of my pants take the piston,
Then see if the old crate will fly.

Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe, my toe,
And get you a penknife and scratch there,
"Here lies a poor pilot below."

Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting-rod out of my brain, my brain,
From the small of my back get the crankshaft,
And assemble the engine again.

And when at the Court of Enquiry
They ask for the reason I died, I died,
Please say I forgot twice iota
Was the minimum angle of glide.

Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting-rod out of my brain, my brain,
From the small of my back get the crankshaft,
And assemble the engine again.