

You'll Never Get Back

You'll never get back, you'll never get back
 The fighters will get you or the goddam flak
 So have your fling and rant and rave
 You're sure as hell headed for an early grave
 44

All you fellas young and fair
 Who have been smitten by the air
 Here's an airman's tale that's oft been told
 That you should hear before you're too old
 44

Become a cadet and you pick later
 Pilot Bombardier or Navigator
 Makes no difference what you choose
 The odds are two to one you lose
 44

You train for pilot for almost a year
 Then you wash out and shed a tear
 But cheer up "Gadget" have no fear
 In fourteen weeks you'll be a bombardier
 44

You finish your course and you're reward brings
 A shining pair of Silver Wings
 But all they're worth in "Kriegie Kamp"

(14)

ch 3 D-bar and a postage stamp
4th

You've had your training; and before you breeze
On the ocean hop across the seas
You rush right up to the girl you left
To find her married to some 4-F

You're a second looie and think its ruff
A sailor boy takes much less guff
The Pacific Theatre or the E.T.O.
Wherever they send you its a dam good show
4th

You arrive at your post and dig a ditch
You piss and moan and gripe and bitch
But take it easy don't be eager
You're now a full fledged "Terror Flinger"
4th

Your combat missions have begun
You think your hot after No. 1
Don't flatter yourself if your still alive
To take off on old No. 5.
4th

You second looies and Colonels too

This is strictly a personal view
 I should have told you before I began
 that I am only an enlisted man.

Before I finish my little song
 Here's a little advice that's far from wrong
 When there's another war - and one there'll be
 You'd better do your fightin in the Infantry.

S-2

S-2 is so amazing
 They seem to have the knack
 Of knowing which of what is where
 Excepting fighters or flake

S-2 is so ingenious
 They seem to have the knack
 Of crediting all the victories
 Shot down by George to Jack

S-2 is so efficient
 It is their great renown

(16)

To get you quickly right to where
You'll get yourself shot down

S-2 is so unperturbed

They never flinch nor frown

They'll outfight any German ace
In any bar in town

S-2 is so comple

They like to have their flings

Before they go to town each nite

They borrow Pilot's Wings

S-2 is so generous

To work for what they get

To run the risk of map-o-ois

Of blonde - red head or Brunette

S-2 is so valorous

They'll gladly take the air

And fly all day for extra pay

But not to St. Nazaire

S-2 is so impassive
They'll daily face the foe
In pictures they identify
For us - the 1-9-0

S-2 is so confident
They meet with great elation
The enemy as he comes out
At each interrogation

S-2 is so effective
They raise such big commotions
About our exploits in the air
But they get our promotions,
Thunderbolts (excerpt)

Many a pilot who flew the pursuits
Has winged his way to heaven
But I know the boy who was leadin' that flight
Was a kid in a P-47.