

Ragged But Right

We just called up to tell you that we're ragged but right
We're thieres a'gamblin' women - we're drunk every night
We eat a porterhouse steak three times a day for our
board.

That's more than any ordinary girls can afford.

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We got a great big 'lectric fan to keep us cool while
we eat.

Great big handsome men to keep us warm while we sleep
We're just a'ramblin' women gamblin' women - drunk
every nite.

We just called up to tell you that we're ragged but
right.

~

We may be brown skinned lassies boys but what
do we care.

We've got those streamlined chassis and that
do or die air.

We've got the hips that sank the ships of England
France and Peru.

There isn't hardly anything that we wouldn't do.

~

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Let's take a fifteen minute intermission in
your V8
We'd like to make it later but we never lay late
Our motto is to be gone with the wind - so let's
breeze it tonight
We just called up to tell you that we're ragged
but right.

? Destination Unknown ?

The pilots had flown their last long flight
And faded away from all human sight
They'd crossed their aerial harbor bar
And flown to hell in the devil's air car
Then around hell's fires they sat and talked
Of their Kriege days and a woman's walk.

When the devil had heard their guff for a while
Without so much as a frown or a smile
Told them he just couldn't use them there
And ordered them out of his firey lair
So they jumped in their ships and circled around
Gave him a buzz and were heaven bound.

Back in formation they were off once more
Bound for St. Peters golden door

The door swung open and they zoomed in
Nearly clipping the beard on St. Peters chin
Peter closed the gate with a bewildered look
And got out his massive record book

✱

He thumbed thru the pages with a wistful smile
Until on one page he tarried a while
To check the names of these flowers from hell
And read of the tales of how they fell
There he found they were vets of the 2nd great war
Who returned to the States and flew some more

✱

Then he called to the tower and cleared them to
land

And returned to the gate—to his faithful stand.

Now over at Heaven's huge air field

A startling show was being unreeled.

For the fliers from hell flitted around like bees
And were clipping the tops of all the trees.

✱

The tower was frantic to clear the air

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And begged them to land and Heaven spare
So they circled the field and landed their ships
But it seemed St Pete had made a few slips
For the C.O. said, "Men this won't do
Heaven's just too quiet for fliers like you"
So file your clearance and be on your way
And if ever you change come back some day

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So with the typical laugh of care free men
They asked for a drink - some chow and then
They filed their clearance - "Destination Unknown"
And were off again for the blue ozone
They said goodbye with a farewell buzz
As most every fighting pilot does
Then they rolled straight up and immelmaned too
And at last disappeared in the heavenly blue.

Lily Marleen

Underneath the lamplight by the barracks gate
Darling I remember the way you used to wait
Twas there ^{that} you whispered tenderly that you loved me -
Would always be my Lily of the Lamplight
My own Lily Marleen

✱

Orders came for sailing somewhere over there
All confined to barracks was more than I could bear
I knew you were waiting in the street - I heard
your feet but could not meet - my Lily of the Lamplight
My own Lily Marleen

✱

Now I'm in the trenches on a frosty morn
Thinking of my darling and my distant home
Wondering if she is waiting there - for me to
come, her joys to share - my Lily of the Lamplight
My own Lily Marleen

✱

But I'll never see her and she will never know
That I've just been wounded and very soon will go
Thinking of her and long ago - brings tears to me
I love her so - my Lily of the Lamplight
My own Lilly Marleen