

THE BUCK-SHEESE MISSION SONG

A mission tomorrow at dawn for us, Hurray, Hurray,
They'll notify next of kin for us, Hurray, Hurray.
With the fifty missions we have to fly,
The odds are that we shall bale out or die,
So we'll drink to the buck-sheese missions we never fly.

Our number three prop has run away, Hurray, Hurray,
Number one turbo has gone to stay, Hurray, Hurray,
With a short in the ball and the nose guns out,
And the top turret jammed and spinning about,
So we'll drink to the buck-sheese missions we never fly.

The target's protected by trainer planes, they say, Hurray,
The flak is feeble and poorly aimed, Hurray, Hurray,
But the trainers we met were one-oh-nines,
The feeble flak holed us three hundred times.
So we'll drink to the buck-sheese missions we never fly.

The bombardier toggled them out in train, Hurray, Hurray,
And our bomb bay doors are gone again, Hurray, Hurray.
At twenty four thousand its thirty below,
My A-ten has frozen, the oxygens low.
So we'll drink to the buck-sheese missions we never fly.

The weather man tells us it's clear and blue, Hurray, Hurray,
We find it ten-tenths and can't get through, Hurray, Hurray,
What a hell of a statement that Captain makes.
He's greasing our way through those Pearly Gates.
So we'll drink to the buck-sheese missions we never fly.

Precision bombing at noon for us, Hurray, Hurray,
With a ten second nose and a forty fivetail delay, Hurray,
We aimed at the ~~hippos~~ we hit all around.
Survivors are feasting on fish that they found.
So we'll drink to the buck-sheese missions we never fly.

A mixer of concrete should never sprout wings, Hurray, Hurray,
The B-24 is one of those things, Hurray, Hurray,
She floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
Just like a windmill battin' the breeze,
So we'll drink to the buck-sheese missions we never fly,

The B-24's are here to stay, Hurray, Hurray,
We'll finish the job in the Yankee way, Hurray, Hurray,
Although we're afraid to get into the hack
She takes us there and she'll bring us back.
So we'll drink to the buck-sheese missions we never fly.

(Words and music by Lt. Allen Edwards)