

Hammill Peter **"Imperial Zeppelin (chris Judge Smith)"**

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Pack your bags, we're leaving
earth, where hate is seething;
nothing's worth believing....
There's no time, make up your mind!
Imperial Zeppelin....
Quick, the engines are turning,
cabin lights are burning,
now there's no returning....
We'll have love a mile above...
Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial Zeppelin, Imperial
Zeppelin!
We, the undersigned, being of sound mind,
hereby do declare:
'We henceforth pledge ourselves unto the power
of the Upper Air.'
Doesn't that sound simply super,
Zeppelin visions of the future?
Of course we all know very well
it wouldn't work, but what the hell -

every dice deserves a throw,
and when we get back home below
we can say we had a go!
Overboard we are throwing
seeds of love we are sowing,
hope to God they're growing....
Flying high across the sky:
Imperial Zeppelin!
We will try to do some good,
I don't know why we really should,
I only wish that we could!
Down below they'll see and know all about
Imperial Zeppelin!
Imperial Zeppelin!
Imperial Zeppelin!

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