

Children 18:3

"Aces High"

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There goes the siren that warns of the air raid,
Then comes the sound of the guns sending flak,
Out of the scramble we've got to get airborne,
Got to get up for the coming attack.

Jump in the cockpit and start up the engines,
Remove all the wheelblocks there's no time to waste,
Gathering speed as we head down the runway,
Gotta get airborne before it's too late.

Running, scrambling, flying,
Rolling, turning, diving, going in again.
Running, scrambling, flying,
Roll, turn, diving.
Run, live to fly, fly to live, do or die.
Won't you
Run, live to fly, fly to live. Aces High.

Move in to fire the mainstream of bombers,
Let off a sharp burst and then turn away,
Roll over, spin round and come in behind them,
Move to their blindsides and firing again.

Bandits at 8 O'clock move in behind us,
Ten ME-109's out of the sun,
Ascending and turning our Spitfires to face them,
Heading straight for them I press down my guns.

Running, scrambling, flying,
Rolling, turning, diving, going in again.
Running, scrambling, flying,
Roll, turn, diving.
Run, live to fly, fly to live, do or die.
Won't you
Run, live to fly, fly to live. Aces High.

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