

Walter Brennan

"The Epic Ride Of John H. Glenn"

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They have been thinking about for a long long time,
since old buck rogers was in hes prime.
They worked and they worked till they knowed what
they had to know,
and now they was ready to make it go.
But they needed a man, they needed a man.
There was a guy with freckles, the way its told.
With brains and courage just 40 year old.
Hes hands was quick and hes nerves was like steele,
something about him made them feel.
He was they're man.
10 times he waited while the count went down,
and the sea and weather turned around.
He sat up there in a frosted ship
and a thousand hands that couldnt slip had a job to do.
For that man.
Till the mighty atlas with a barrel of fire,
and a brain of steele that would never tire.
First on through a hole in the cloud,
and left behind a cheering crowd shouting: GO GO GO
The friendship 7 rattled and shoocked and only a brave
man dared to look,
along the capsel charted through space by the will of
man
and the hand of grace:
i am go, i am go.
He went three times around, from day to night.
And the people wondered, would it be he's last flight,
would the rockets all fire, every man felt fear.
But controll could hear John loud and clear: I feel fine, i
feel fine.
Then the friendship 7 with all its glory drifted down
out of the sky and in to the story.
That you would never erase from the minds of man.
The Epic Ride of John H. Glenn, he was that man!

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