

## **Jethro Tulls Ian Anderson "Old School Song"**

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From playing fields to killing fields: just one small step  
of madness.

Officer training, uniform, boys together shower  
together.

Rank and file can be just fine but that's not what we're  
here for.

So, sign upon the dotted line, be commissioned, Hell  
for leather.

How we sang that old school song, from Pirates of  
Penzance.

Foemen bearing steel, we slapped our chests and  
raised our voices.

No mad poets we, or painters twee but young men with  
a yearning

To flex our might for all that's right when face with  
moral choices.

Wrapped in the old school song, we fly our colours  
high.

Bravo! The old school song! Harsh reality, by and by.

Dad delivered us from the Hun and we reflect his  
selfless deed

On this desert plain of conflict where special forces,  
choppers need.

Fly-boy coming to collect you, lift you up and then  
protect you.

Be this gung or be this ho, may glorious battle  
resurrect you.

Wrapped in the old school song, we fly our colours  
high.

Bravo! The old school song! Harsh reality, by and by.

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