

Al Stewart

"Immelman turn"

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I always was the reckless kind, I do what I must do I put
the danger out of mind, and go on I joined the
barnstorm fliers back in 1922 And above those dusty
farms , we put a shw onFly, fly to the western sky
Where the fog bank shifts and the danger lies Why,
why would you never learn That you won't come back
from the Immelman Turn? Fly, fly to the red sunrise
Where the cloudbanks shift under copper skies Why,
why would you never learn That you won't come back
from the Immelman Turn?From aboard a Curtiss Jenny,
oh, you see things differently And the farm boys wait
for joyrides in the clearing I went out walking on the
wing in 1923 And above the engine noise I heard them
cheeringRepeat chorusYou won't come back from the
Immelman Turn Why, why, why? You won't come back
from the Immelman Turn Why, why, why? There never
was a one like you Who knew that way to fly But you
won't come back from the Immelman Turn Why, why,
why?The frost was on your aieleron's, and the wind was
in your hair When you went into the climb I saw you
laughing When the engine stalls and you start to spin
You won't get out of there And a hush comes on the
crowd as you go fallingRepeat chorusRepeat bridge

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