

## Al Stewart "The 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 on

Fly, 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 cheering

repeat chorus

You 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 falling

repeat chorus

repeat bridge

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