

GUN SHIPPERS IN THE SKY

THE FIGHTING MIGHTY NINE NINETHEENTH
FLIES SLOW ACROSS THE LAND.
WITH BRAINS AND BRAWN AND BROADS AND BOOZE
WE DO THE BEST WE CAN.
WE'RE ONLY WEEKEND WARRIORS
BUT WE'RE DEADLY AT OUR GAME,
WE'LL SHOOT AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES,
RESERVISTS ARE OUR NAMES.

YIPPIE YI YAAAAY, YIPPI YI OOOOH,
GUN SHIPPERS IN THE SKY.

OUR MISSION IS TO FLY OUR BIRDS
IF THEY GET OFF THE GROUND.
AND ROAR ACROSS THE DARKENED SKY
IN ONE BIG UGLY SOUND.
FIND OUR MARK AND HIT IT FAST
BEFORE THEY KNOW WE'RE THERE.
AND HOPE THEY DON'T BLAST OUR ASS
RIGHT OUT OF THE AIR!

YIPPIE YI YAAAAY, YIPPIE YI OOOOH,
GUN SHIPPERS IN THE SKY.

WHEN THE BATTLE IN THE SKY IS WON
OUR FRIENDLIES COME ALIVE.
THEY HIT THE BAR ROOM RUNNING
WITH EXCITEMENT IN THEIR EYES.
FOR THE PARTY JUST HAS STARTED,
AND THE BEER BEGINS TO FLOW,
THE FIGHTING MIGHTY NINE NINETEENTH
PUTS ON ANOTHER SHOW!.

YIPPIE YI YAAAAY, YIPPIE YI OOOOH,
GUN SHIPPERS IN THE SKY!
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