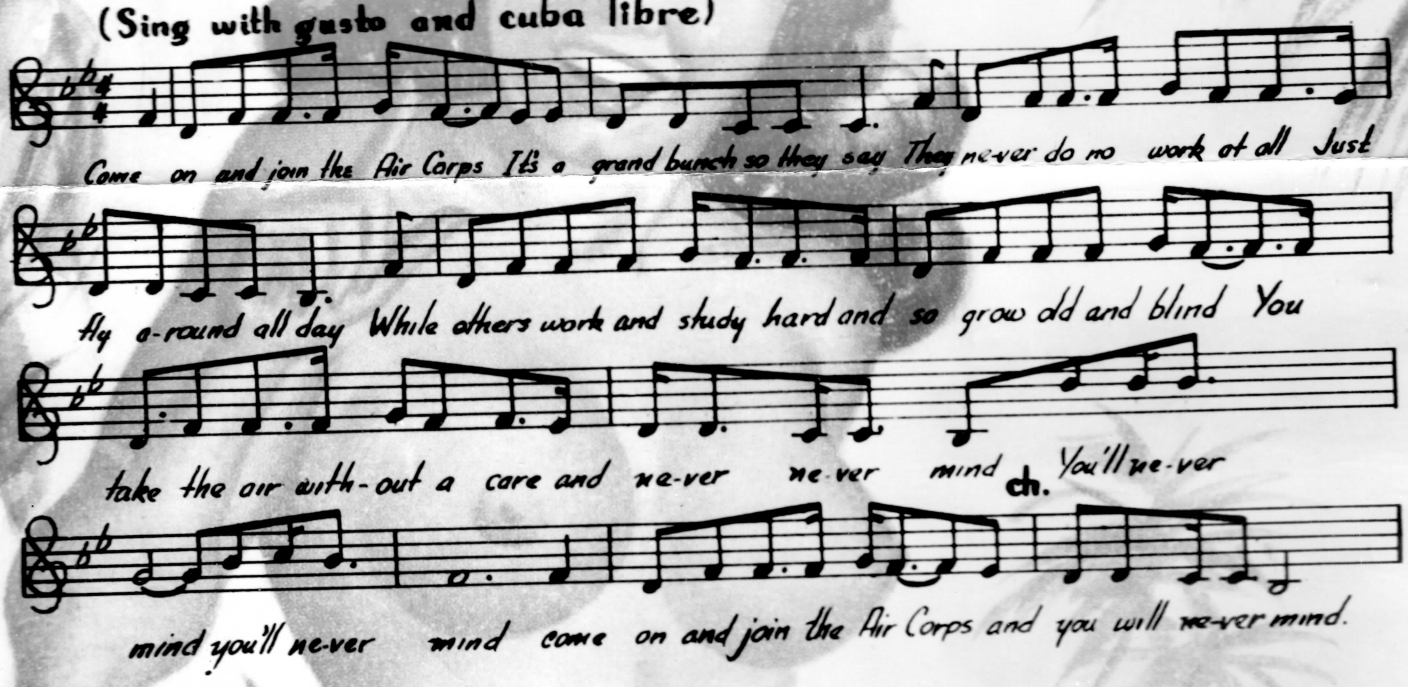
Song Sheet (one side only)
Binder 10

Branch of Service: U.S. Army Air Corps
Date: 1942
Source: Getz Collection

Note: Appears to be original, note says
Losey Field, Ponce, Puerto Rico
Address label on back notes:
Col. H. K. merker USAF Ret.

Come On and Join the Air Corps

(Sing with gusto and cuba libre)



II

You take her up and spin her
And with an awful tear,
Your wings come off, your ship folds (up,

But you will never care.
For in about two seconds, Mex,
Another pair you'll find—
And dance with Pete and the Angels (sweet,

And never — never mind.

III

A thousand miles away from here,
You hear your engine spit.
You see that prop come to a stop —
Your damned old engines quit!
Now you can't swim, and the ship (won't float
And the shore is miles behind,
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and (fish

But you will never mind.

IV

Now if you meet a Zero.
Who shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time a bellyaching,
Or call the bugger names.
Just push your stick into the ground,
And pretty soon you'll find—
There ain't no hell, and all is well,
And you will never mind.

V

We're just a bunch of heathens,
Who do not give a rap,
About the groundlings' point of view
And all that sort of pap.
We want about 10 million planes,
Of every other kind —
And then, of course, our own Air (Force,

And we will never mind.

VI

Come on and get promoted,
As high as you desire.
You're riding on the gravy train,
If you're an Army flier.
But just when you're about to be
A General, you will find,
Your wings come off, your ship folds (up,

But you will never mind!

EE

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Losey Field
Ponce, Puerto Rico
1942