Old School Song

Ian Anderson

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.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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