Me 262

Terra Rosa

Goering's on the phone from Freiburg
Says Willie's done quite a job
Hitler's on the phone from Berlin
Says, "I'm gonna make you a star"
My Captain Von Ondine is your next patrol
A flight of English bombers across the canal
After twelve they'll all be here
I think you know the job
They hung there dependent from the sky
Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers are ripe and ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Must they live that I might die
In a G-load disaster from the rate of climb
Sometimes I'd faint and be lost to our side
But there's no reward for failure, but death
So watch me in mirrors keep in the glidepath
Get me through these radars, no, I cannot fail
While my great silver slugs are eager to feed
I can't fail, no, not now
When twenty five bombers wait ripe

They hung there dependent from the sky
Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers are ripe and ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Must they live that I might die
M.E. 262 prince of turbojet
Junker's Jumo 004
Blasts from clustered R4M quartets in my snout
And see these English planes go burn
Well, you be my witness, how red were the skies
When the fortresses flew for the very last time
It was dark over Westphalia
In April of '45
They hung there dependant from the sky
Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers are ripe and ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die

Must they live that I might die
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Junker's jommo 004
Bombers at twelve o'clock high

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