

ME 262

Blue Ñ-yster Cult

Goering's on the phone to 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, here's 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, ripened, 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 the mirrors, keep me on the glide path

Get me through these radars, no I cannot fail
When 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, ripened, ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Must they live that I might die

Me-262 prince of turbojet, Junker's Jumo 004
Blasts from clustered R4M quartets in my snout
And see these English planes go burn
Now will 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 dependent from the sky

Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers, ripened, 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
Junkers Jumo 004 (repeat many times)
Bombers at 12 o'clock high

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written by PEARLMAN, SAMUEL / ROESER, DONALD / BLOOM, E
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