

# ME 262

## Blue Oyster Cult

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>