G Suits and Parachutes

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(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers]
Once there was a barmaid down in Brewery Lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as he could be
He was the cause of all her misery!
CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes

And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter

Like his daddy used to do!

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say:
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son

If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"
Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do!

from There I Was...Flat on my Back, Stevens