Frig the Flying Fortress

Frig the Flying Fortress

A navigator sits in front
Surrounded by his maps
He belches in the intercom
And wakes us from our naps.

cho: Frig the flying fortress
And pray that she'll abort
We'd rather be at home than in
The friggin' flyin' fort.

The captain sits upon the left
He flys the fort with ease
But he hands it to the co-pilot
When we're heading for the trees.

The midway gunner has to stand
To give his guns a pull
But that's alright 'cause in the fight
His hands get mighty full.

Then pity the poor tail gunner for
His space is very sparse
And when the landing gear retracts
He gets it up the arse.

Well, radio operator passed
On the news report
He says that congress just outlawed
The friggin' flying' fort.

From There I Was ... Flat on my Back, Stevens
RG