

Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder

Robert Crawford



Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, Give 'er the gun!
(Give 'er the gun now!)
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under.
Off with one heckuva roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame.
Hey! Nothing 'll stop the U.S. Air Force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder
Sent it high into the blue
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,
How they live God only knew!
Souls of wings ever to roar,
With scouts before and bombers galore, Hey!
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

Here's a toast to the host of those
Who love the vastness of the sky,
To a friend we send a message
Of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar
to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast, the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true!
If you'r live to be a grey-haired wonder.
Keep you nose out of the blue! (Out of the blue, boy!)
Flying men guarding the nation's border.
We'll be there, followed by more,
In echelon we carry on! Hey!
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

Note: Words in parentheses are spoken, not sung.