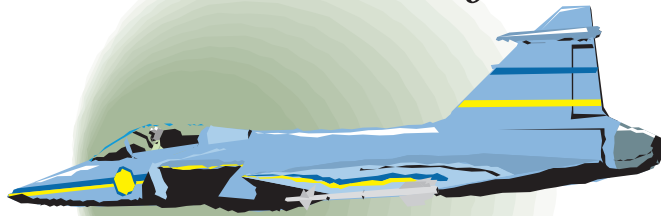


Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder

Robert Crawford



**Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooing to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, Give 'er the gun!
(Give 'er the gun now!)
Down we dive, prouting 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.**

Note: Words in parentheses are spoken, not sung.