[Verse 3]

Sandy Campbell checks his oil gauge,

Dm

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Bombers Moon
Mike Harding
Bombers Moon
by Mike Harding
[Verse 1]
IN 44 in bomber county
Young men waiting for the night,
In the hedgerow s birds are singing,
calling in the falling light,
[Chorus]
And the Captain says, tonight there ll be a Bombers Moon,
We ll be there and back beneath a Bombers Moon,
A thousand Bombers over the Northern Sea,
Heading out, out, for Germany,
[Verse 2]
Chalkie White stands at the dart board,
Curley Thompson writes to his wife,
Nobby Clarke and Jumbo Johnson,
Playing cards and smoking pipes,
[Chorus]
And over the hangers rises a Bombers Moon,
Full and clear rising as the engines croon,
The planes they taxi out on to runway five,
And sail off out into the silvery night,
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the Belgium coast is coming soon,
Curley Thompson lifts his sextant,
lines up on the Bombers Moon,
[Chorus]
The waves are shining there,
below the Bombers Moon,
Lancaster's flying high, above the Bombers Moon,
Coming in along the Belgian coast,
a thousand silver shrouded ghosts,
[Verse 4]
Flack flies up around the city,
              Dm
Jumbo Johnson banks his plane,
Goes in low and drops his payload,
turns to join the pack again,
[Chorus]
People are dieing there below the Bombers Moon,
The Cities a raging Hell below the Bombers Moon,
The planes head back towards the Northern Sea,
Young men coming home from victory,
[Verse 5]
Over Belgium came the fighters,
            Dm
flying high against the night,
Curley Thompson saw them coming,
closing in before he died,
[Chorus]
Young men shot them down below the Bombers Moon,
Shot them down in flames below the Bombers Moon,
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Young men sending young men to their graves,
Sent them down into the North Sea waves,
[Verse 6]
83 Mrs White in Bomber County
dusts his picture, and she cries,
Chalky White in uniform looking
as he did the day he died,
[Chorus]
For God s sake no more Bombers Moons
No more young men going out to die too soon,
Old men sending young men out to die,
dying for politicians lies
[Chorus]
For God s sake no more Bombers Moons,
No more young men going out to die too soon,
Old men sending young men out to kill,
if we don t stop them then they never will,
No more, No more Bombers Moons
No more, No more Bombers Moons
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No more, No more Bombers Moons...