

# Sky Pilot

Eric Burdon

He blesses the boys as they stand in line  
The smell of gun grease  
And the bayonets they shine  
He's there to help them all that he can  
To make them feel wanted he's a good holy man  
Sky pilot,  
Sky pilot,  
How high can you fly?  
You'll never, never, never reach the sky.

He smiles at the young soldiers  
Tells them it's all right  
He knows of their fear in the forthcoming fight  
Soon there'll be blood and many will die  
Mothers and fathers back home they will cry  
Sky pilot,  
Sky pilot,  
How high can you fly?  
You'll never, never, never reach the sky.

He mumbles a prayer and it ends with a smile  
The order is given  
They move down the line  
But he'll stay behind and he'll meditate  
But it won't stop the bleeding or ease the hate

As the young men move out into the battle zone  
He feels good, with God you're never alone  
He feels tired and he lays on his bed  
Hopes the men will find courage  
In the words that he said  
Sky pilot,  
Sky pilot,  
How high can you fly?  
You'll never, never, never reach the sky.

You're soldiers of God, you must understand  
The fate of your country is in your young hands  
May God give you strength  
Do your job real well  
If it all was worth it  
Only time it will tell

In the morning they return  
With tears in their eyes  
The stench of death drifts up to the skies  
A soldier so ill looks at the sky pilot  
Remembers the words  
"Thou shalt not kill."  
Sky pilot,  
Sky pilot,  
How high can you fly?  
You'll never, never, never reach the sky.