

# Being Your Sons

Lee Kernaghan

Two brothers shared a dream as they watched a flying machine  
Wing its way above their Tassie home  
The years gave way to war and they left the Timor Shore  
Reach for the sky and face a deadly bomb  
Mother please don't cry it's not our last goodbye

Being your sons means no matter what may happen  
Your love will guide us through the darkest night  
Brother's in arms if we should fall together  
We want you to remember us with pride  
We stand as one being your sons

At twenty thousand feet black of yellow, red and green  
The searchlights and the traces pierce the black  
Fires burning down below were puttin' on a show  
Plod across and pray we'll make it back  
Though you're so far away you're with us all the way

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Fredrick crashed at Stersalburg shot down in a raid  
The king he died in Africa during Alaban

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