

# Spitfire

## Public Service Broadcasting

The birds fly a lot better than we do  
See how they wheel and bank and glide: Perfect  
All in one  
Wings, body, tail - all in one  
Someday, I'm going to create a plane that flew just like a bird

It isn't exactly a bird I'm creating, is it?  
At least it's a curious sort of bird  
A bird that breathes fire and spits out death and destruction  
A Spitfire bird  
A Spitfire bird

Faster, always faster  
What a strange looking machine  
You can't see a Spit in the air without getting a kick out of it  
Why it is like a bird  
A Spitfire bird  
A Spitfire bird

It's tiring stretching out for something that's just out of reach, but I'll get it

After all, what I want isn't as easy as all that  
It's got to do four hundred miles an hour  
Turn on a sixpence  
Climb ten thousand feet in a few minutes  
Dive at five hundred without the wings coming off  
Carry eight machine guns

Hello Hunter Leader, Hunter Leader  
Bandits approaching Beachy from southeast; angels one-five, over  
Bandits are now about three to four miles south of Beachy  
You should see them any minute; they're down sun of you  
Hello Hunter Leader, Hunter Leader; Flapper Control calling  
Can you see them? Can you see them?  
A Spitfire bird  
A Spitfire bird