

The Biplane, Evermore

The Irish Rovers

Way out in London airport in hangar number four
A lonely little biplane lived whose name was Evermore
His working days were over no more would he sail
Upon his wings above the clouds flying the royal mail

Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane

All the mighty jet planes would look down their nose
They'd laugh and say oh I'm so glad that I'm not one of those
And Evermore would shake away the teardrops from his wings
And dream of days when he again could do heroic things

Then one day the fog and rain had closed the airport down
And all the mighty jet planes were helpless on the ground
When a call came to the airport for a mercy flight
'Twould be too late, they could not wait, someone must fly tonight

Ah they rolled the little biplane out to runway number five
And though he looked so small and weak he knew he could survive
And as he rose into the storm the big jets hung their wings
And they hoped someday like Evermore to do heroic things

And so my baby bundle I have spun a tale for you
You must learn there's nothing in this world that you can't do
Do not be discouraged by circumstance and size
Remember Evermore and set your sights upon the skies