

yea for you! yea for me! yea for the GBP!

GBP 6/83

It wasn't on a day like this the weather wasn't warm
We waited for the youngest son to come in from the storm
With Homer in the Tower and Ekeley and the Pains
Bringin' back our boy in the old get better plane.
Pilot to Tower - clear the runway please
Tower to Pilot - bring home the GBP
~~Thank you thank you~~

The roads of real behind them and with Searchlight
We could hear engines sputters coming on us in the sky
The fire truck to the ambulance were let and pour to say
We saw ~~them~~ they a stragling in of would they of night
Tower to pilot - bring her home the grass
Pilot to Tower - here comes the GBP

They came in like a wounded goose with flaps falling
Not like the games in the Terminal where you just need a target
Closes + closes through the driving storm
So close to us yet gone forever well could be their fate
Tower to pilot - ~~Good luck out there~~ ~~to the three~~
Pilot to Tower - ~~Just trust the GBP~~

They landed then a number 10
Except they lost the wings
Our boy in back he took some flack
As did that ~~other~~ plane
Now all of that's behind us

It's a day for rest and peace
And drink a toast to the Sacred Child
Of the noble GBP

Ekeley and Homer baged her body out
Tower to Pilot - to her memory Pilot to Tower - ~~to her father's body~~ ~~to her mother's body~~ ~~to her father's body~~