

The Immelman Turn

Al Stewart

I always was the reckless kind, I do what I must do
I put the danger out of mind, and go on
I joined the barnstorm fliers back in 1922
And above those dusty farms, we put a show on

Fly, fly to the western sky
Where the fog bank shifts and the danger lies
Why, why would you never learn
That you won't come back from the Immelman Turn?
Fly, fly to the red sunrise
Where the cloudbanks shift under copper skies
Why, why would you never learn
That you won't come back from the Immelman Turn?

From aboard a Curtiss Jenny, oh, you see things differently
And the farm boys wait for joyrides in the clearing
I went out walking on the wing in 1923
And above the engine noise I heard them cheering

You won't come back from the Immelman Turn
Why, why, why?
You won't come back from the Immelman Turn
Why, why, why?
There never was a one like you
Who knew that way to fly
But you won't come back from the Immelman Turn
Why, why, why?

The frost was on your aireleron's, and the wind was in your hair
When you went into the climb I saw you laughing
When the engine stalls and you start to spin
You won't get out of there
And a hush comes on the crowd as you go falling