Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition

Kay Kyser

Down went the gunner, a bullet was his fate Down went the gunner, and then the gunner's mate Up jumped the sky pilot, gave the boys a look And manned the gun himself as he laid aside The Book, shouting

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition And we'll all stay free

Praise the Lord and swing into position Can't afford to be a politician Praise the Lord, we're all between perdition And the deep blue sea

Yes the sky pilot said it Ya gotta give him credit For a son of a gun of a gunner was he shouting

Praise the Lord, we're on a mighty mission All aboard, we ain't a-goin' fishin' Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition And we'll all stay free

Praise the Lord (Praise the Lord) and pass the ammunition Praise the Lord (Praise the Lord) and pass the ammunition Praise the Lord (Praise the Lord) and pass the ammunition And we'll all stay free

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition And we'll all stay free