

He blesses the boys as they stand in line
The smell of gun grease and the bayonets they shine
He's there to help them all that he can
To make them feel wanted he's a good holy man

Sky pilot, sky pilot
How high can you fly
You'll never, never, never reach the sky

He smiles at the young soldiers tells them it's all right
He knows of their fear in the forthcoming fight
Soon there'll be blood and many will die
Mothers and fathers back home they will cry

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He mumbles a prayer and it ends with a smile
The order is given, they move down the line
But he's still behind and he'll meditate
But it won't stop the bleeding or ease the hate

As the young men move out into the battle zone
He feels good, with God you're never alone
He feels so tired and he lays on his bed
Hopes the men will find courage in the words that he said

Sky pilot, sky Pilot
How high can you fly
You'll never, never, never reach the sky

You're soldiers of God you must understand
The fate of your country is in your young hands
May God give you strength do your job real well
If it all was worth it only time it will tell

In the morning they return with tears in their eyes
The stench of death drifts up to the skies
A young soldier so ill looks at the sky pilot
Remembers the words, "Thou shalt not kill"

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