

A merry tune sung by the gunship crews. It is sung to the tune of "Ghost Riders in the Sky", an old country/western tune.

Fly high you mighty Spectre, you ship of blazing fools  
Deal death around the table, and never play by rules  
Lift up your wings at sun's last ray, and silent like the night  
Fly East to where your target lies, and start your deadly fight

Your foes will not suspect you're near, until they feel your sting  
Spit forth a flame that points at death, and make your bullets sing

Though flak explode around you, stay on your circled path  
Bathe the bad in bloody steel, make them feel your wrath

When all is quiet down below, and flames reach for the sky  
Speed home you battle-weary ship, for soon the dark will fly

Speed home you mighty Spectre, touch down at sun's first ray  
You've flown to hell for battle, but shun the light of day

Rest, rest you awesome Spectre, lick your battle wounds  
And fill your side with deadly store for night is coming soon.