

# Ode to a Shadair Flight

by Jay

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Off into the sun it roared on full afterburner,  
looking like something once owned by Ted Turner.

With its speed exceeding mach 4,  
one nervous operative hoped, please no one open the door.

As the movie played on, the bird made its way,  
two weeks in America they were here to stay.

Endless shockwaves and booms did abide . . .  
it was evident, those inside were enjoying the ride.

Lt.Ellis sat draped beside Colonel Paul,  
finally these two had made the right call.

Up front was our pilot, the proud Alec Freeman,  
of hot Vegas nights and those leggy strippers he was a dreamin'

When back in coach came a bloke of a suspicious notion,  
he right away caused quite a commotion.

Foster jumped on the case,  
making short work out of one mans' face.

Beaten and torn he was thrown to the floor,  
as a weak voice begged, "Please Mr.Paul, I can't take anymore."

After a shot to the ribs, his face turned bright red,  
as Paul locked him steadfast in the 3rd class head.

He turned back to Gay and proclaimed, "No worries, love, I'll take care of this zero."

Foster pulled up his guitar and sang, "Let Me Be Your Hero."

The SST landed in Vegas with a three-pointer so brilliantly mastered,  
as police came aboard to collect the basta\*d.

Cuffed and chained this dude was a mess,  
as he blurted out, "I must confess!

It's the end for me I'm just a faker,  
am I going meet my maker?"

"No such luck" replied the undertaker,

"You're spending the weekend with Commander Ed Straker!"