

BALLOONACY!

The weather's a subject that worries all men.
It keeps us all guessing and wondering when
Our washing will ever get dry once again,
And most will admit: that it's outside our ken.

But just past the valley and up on the rise
There stands an asylum for quite harmless guys
Who gaze at the clouds with their wild-looking eyes
And gibber all day of "depressions" and "highs".

The story of how they went "troppo" is sad.
It wasn't through boozing or anything bad,
But simply the nerve-racking job that they've had.
Perpetual "Whether?" has driven them mad.

In infantile pastimes they take a delight.
They leap from their sacks on the murkiest nights,
And blow a balloon up and tie on a light,
And let it float up to a wonderful height.

When all honest airmen are long since asleep,
Their watch on the high-flying lantern they keep,
Then ring up the Sigs and in accents like sheep
They bleat out the message: "The lapse-rate is steep."

They've all grown a lot more ambitious this June
And tired of their games by the light of the moon,
For now in broad daylight, and whistling a tune,
They reel out their whopping great barrage balloon.

And while they continue the game that they love,
Their ungainly sausage goes soaring above,
And there on the strip with one hand in a glove,
The sergeant pays out with a heave and a shove.

And as the huge gasbag veers higher and higher,
The winchman grows weary - his arm seems to tire.
His breath comes in gasps and he starts to perspire
He stops to peg out his soaked shirt on the wire.

It's not hard to see what a price they will pay
For all this insane, irresponsible play.
It won't be much longer at this rate, I'd say,
Till the wind blows the whole crazy outfit away.