

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Enola Gay

Enola Gay
(Utah Phillips)

Look out, look out from your schoolroom window!
Look up, young children, from your play!
Wave your hand at the shining airplane,
Such a beautiful sight is Enola Gay.

High above the clouds in the sunlit silence,
So peaceful here, I'd like to stay.
There's many a pilot who'd swap his pension
For a chance to fly Enola Gay.

What is that sound high above my city?
I rush outside and search the sky.
Now we are running to find the shelters,
Hearing sirens start to cry.

What will I say when my children ask me,
Where was I flying up on that day?
With trembling voice I gave the order
To the bombardier of Enola Gay.

Look out, look out from your schoolroom window;
Look up, young children, from your play.
Your bright young eyes will turn to ashes
In the blinding light of Enola Gay.

I turn to see the fireball rising.
"My God, My God," all I can say.
I hear a voice within me crying,
"My mother's name was Enola Gay."

Look out, look out from your schoolroom window;
Look up, young children, from your play.
Oh, when you see the warplanes flying,
Each one is named Enola Gay.

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