

Enola Gay  
By:Utah Phillips

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

It's many a mile from the Utah desert  
To Tinian Island far away.  
Out, standing guard, by the barb wire fences  
That hide the secret of Enola Gay.

High above the clouds in the sun-lit silence,  
So peaceful here, I'd like to stay.  
But there's many a pilot who would 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.  
The air raid sirens start to cry.

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

Look out, look out from your school room 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 school room window!  
Look up, young children, from your play!  
Oh, when you see those war planes flying,  
Each one is named Enola Gay.