

John D. Champion

Becky Buller, *Goodnight Sparky Music, BMI*
Lynda Dawson, *Grandma Bea Music, BMI*

They said, "John D.,
You got a real good set of eyes
We're gonna teach you how to fly
And send you to Alaska
The Japanese
Have us on the run
But now we've got the Lightning One
Would you test her if we asked ya
You gotta know, there's a good chance you won't make it"

Chorus: Pull up, pull up on your bootstraps, John
Pull up, pull up on your Lighting One
You're a flyboy, Piedmont farmer's son
John D. Champion

It's a hard game
When you're used to standing on the ground
A couple times he went down
But he stuck with the mission
'Til the call came,
"You're mama's taken sick,
Better get home mighty quick,"
He didn't even ask permission
'Cause they all said, "There's a good chance she won't make
it

Chorus: Pull up, pull up on your bootstraps, John
Pull up, pull up on your Lighting One
You're a flyboy, Piedmont farmer's son
John D. Champion

Word got out
John D. had come to town
And was takin' off soon from Raleigh
An eager crowd
Gathered at the strip
Too short for him to lift
A P-38 o'er the pine trees
They all said, "There's a good chance he won't make it"

Chorus: Pull up, pull up on your bootstraps, John
Pull up, pull up on your Lighting One
You're a flyboy, Piedmont farmer's son
John D. Champion

Tag: Our flyboy Piedmont farmer's son
John D. Champion