

Written by Jack McCourt through teary eyes upon the retirement of
the last P-3 Orion, the sleek Navy bomber

Oh Lord, won't you buy me, an Orion P3

Jack McCourt – June 2020

Oh Lord, won't you buy me, an Orion P-3
For my Mausoleum, in Navy's cemetery
When dead they'll just place me in my old Tacco seat
Keeping eyes on the Severn, for Russian submarines.

John McCain is my pilot, he's right over there
He'll provide for our defense, with missiles and with flares
We'll protect Mother Bancroft as well as we can
We're just a skeleton aircrew, me and my Navy wingman.

https://www.navytimes.com/news/your-navy/2020/06/04/fair-winds-and-following-seas-to-the-navys-p-3c/?utm_source=Sailthru&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=EBB%2006.05.20&utm_term=Editorial%20-%20Early%20Bird%20Brief