

The Red Flag or the Soarer's Lament

Sing lustily to the tune of The Red Flag ("The White Cockade")

Though Stalinism's had its day,
It going strong at CAA.
When cars went out on their first run
Red flags were used to spoil their fun.

Chorus:

*They raise the scarlet banner high
Beneath its shade we'll have to fly.
Though we might moan, we have to fear,
They'll keep the red flag flying here*

Just as when cars first got away,
Rule piles on rule from CAA.
Red flags were walked to make them crawl,
Now virtual flags will make us fall.

Chorus

They call us drones and spoil our fun.
Despite our protests they have won.
So though our models fly away,
Below four hundred they must stay.

Chorus

The CAA has heard the cry,
From firms that want to rule the sky.
As real folk find out everywhere,
We have no power and they don't care.

Chorus

Though flyers all might grind their teeth.
The jack boots keep us underneath.
And like the cars so long ago,
The red flag keeps us down below.

Chorus

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