

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION!



Martial

VERSE

G D7 G D7 G D7
 Down went the gun - ner; a bul - let was his fate.

G D7 G D7 G D7 G G7
 Down went the gun - ner, and then the gun - ner's mate. Up jumped the sky pi - lot,

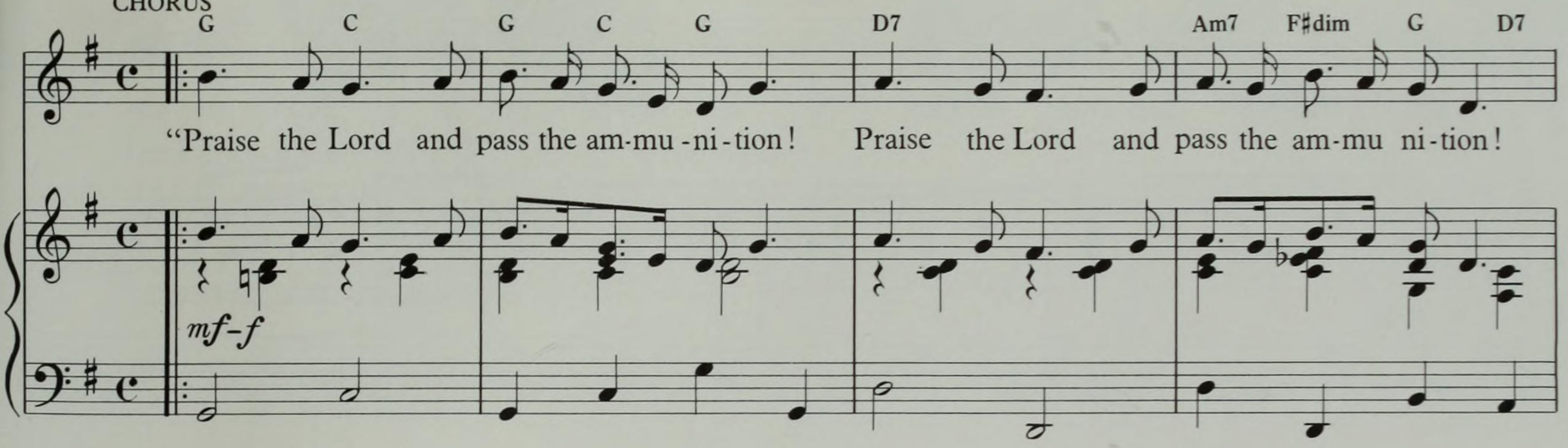
C G Em A7 D7
 gave the boys a look And manned the gun him - self as he laid a - side the Book, shout - ing:

CHORUS

G C G C G D7 Am7 F#dim G D7

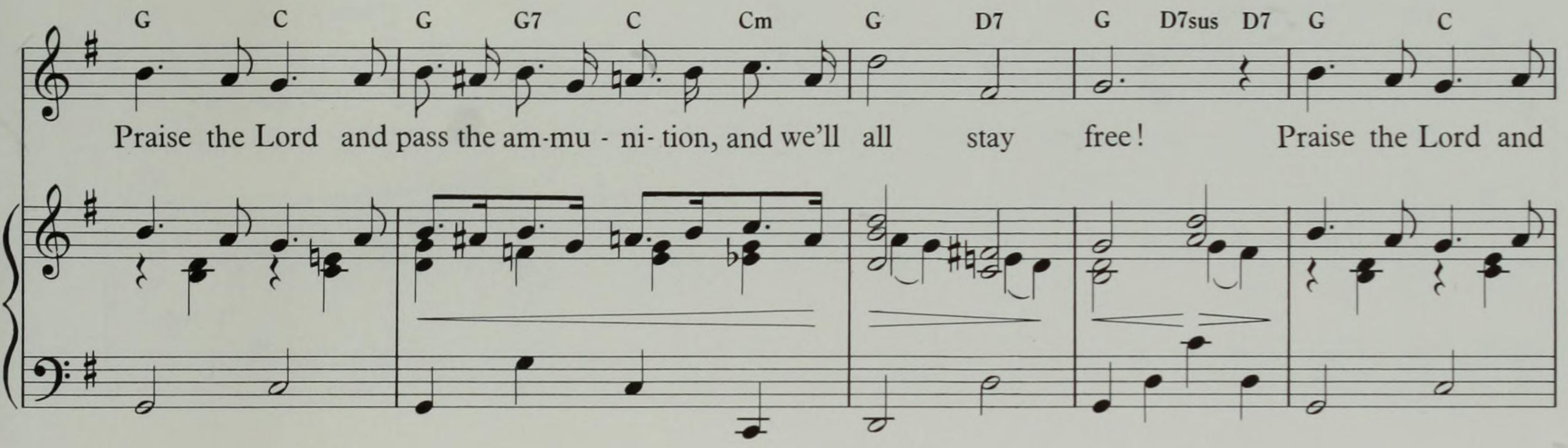
"Praise the Lord and pass the am-mu-ni-tion! Praise the Lord and pass the am-mu ni-tion!"

mf-f



G C G G7 C Cm G D7 G D7sus D7 G C

Praise the Lord and pass the am-mu - ni - tion, and we'll all stay free! Praise the Lord and



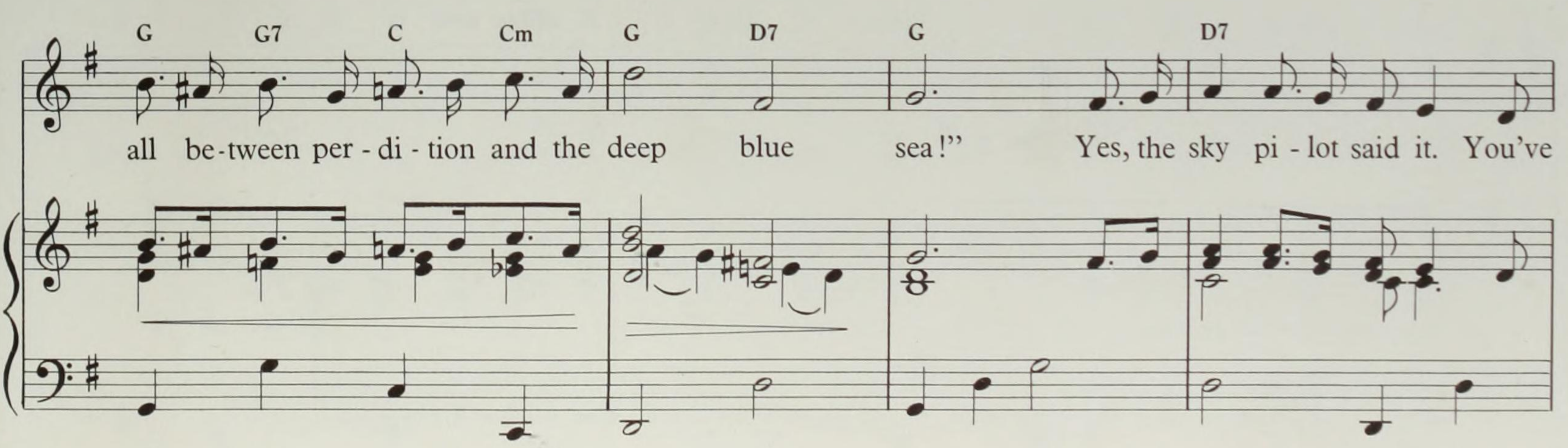
G C G D7 Am F#dim G D7 G C

swing in-to po-si - tion. Can't af - ford to sit a-round a'-wish-in'. Praise the Lord; we're



G G7 C Cm G D7 G D7

all be-tween per - di - tion and the deep blue sea!" Yes, the sky pi - lot said it. You've



G B7 Em A7 A9 A7

got to give him cred - it, for a son - of - a - gun of a gun - ner was

D7 C D7 G C G C G

he, Shout - ing: "Praise the Lord; we're on a might - y mis - sion.

D7 Am7 F#dim G D7 G C

All a - board! We're not a - go - in' fish - in'. Praise the Lord and

G G7 C Cm G D7 1 2
G C#dim Am7 D7 G

pass the am - mu - ni - tion, and we'll all stay free!" free!"