The ADM Fight Song

Steve Reinhardt

A La Every Fight Song You've Ever Heard \( \frac{\text{mf}}{\text{f}} \)

We march to the beat of a different drum, You
might say we like to be adventure-some. We're the darn-dest bunch of bards in all of Christ-endom, who are we? The ADM! We like to sing the anthems that we learned in school, With lots of sharps and flats and things to make us drool; but we keep it in perspective we
keep it very cool, that's because we're the ADM! We play, play, play the mighty organ we
leap, leap, leap on down the aisle, We ring, ring, ringing those brass-y bells, and we're not afraid of acting juvenile. We sing, sing, sing the mighty chorus We
shout, shout, shout the great Amen! From Hawaii to Bombay, from Philadelphia to L.A. We're all right! We're the ADM! We meet ev'ry year in a different spot; far away from lux-ury and blazing hot; the Hy-att or the Hilton or a Motel Six it's not, but that's OK we're the ADM! It's a chance to get away from the mess and strife. It's a chance to get away from my
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darling wife. It's a chance to re-member that once we had a life and that's thanks to the A-D-M!

We play, play, play the mighty organ; we leap, leap, leap on down the aisle we ring, ring, ring-a-ling those brass-y bells, and we're not a-fraid of act-ing ju-ve-nile. We sing, sing, sing the mighty chorus, We shout, shout, shout the great Amen,

A-men, A-men,

A-men, A-men!

From Hawai-i to Bom-bay, from Phila-de-lph-ia to L.A. we're al-right we're the A. D.

(pos-i-tive-ly cra-zy), sol-diers of the A. D. M.