

Loggins & Messina, Sailin' The Wind

Summer in our sky ships, forever, sailing the wind.
Somewhere Sunday morning brings us miles from earthbound, sailing the wind.
September, keeping kite time together we summon the wind.
Swaying to a gentle lady's breeze of ocean, sailing the wind.
Up among the clouds I see my face miles below,
tugging on the string, a travelin' thing in my soul.
I've got half a mind to close my eyes and let the string go,
sailing the wind.

Children, bring your kite lines to come and summon the wind.
Tomorrow we'll be watching a sad sea and star bound, sailing the wind.
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