

Bill Callahan, Small Plane

You used to take me up
I watched and learned how to fly
No navigation system beyond our eyes watching

I always went wrong in the same place
Where the river splits towards the sea
That couldn't possibly be you and me

Sometimes you sleep while I take us home
That's when I know we really have a home

I never like to land
Getting back up seems impossibly grand
We do it with ease

Danger, I never think of danger
I really am a lucky man
I really am a lucky man flying this small plane

I like it when I take the controls from you
And when you take the control from me

I really am a lucky man
I really am a lucky man flying this small plane
Eyes scan the path ahead and all around