

# Harry Chapin, Northwest 222

I'm a strummin' fool out in the sticks  
For the glory and the bread  
And you're wise enough to let me sing  
This music in my head.

And if there's any way to get there  
Strumming head on out  
I go driven hard to pick up old  
222 en route.

But now they've gone and cancelled  
Old Northwest 222

It's a late night bird that always  
brought me back home to you  
There's a thousand miles between us  
Babe that I cannot get through  
Is there nothing left to count on, now  
That old 222 is gone?

Old 222 is gone.

My guitar bouncin' on my shoulder, my  
Ticket in my hand  
I'm runnin' on the ramp on board, I just  
Made it again

Pull pillows down and a blanket and I  
Stretch out 'cross the seat  
Yes I'm racked out, winging homeward  
Where I got this dream to keep  
But now they've gone and cancelled  
Old Northwest 222

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Babe that I cannot get through  
Is there nothing left to count on, now  
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Old 222 is gone.

Minneapolis at 1 AM Chicago at 3  
It's Detroit at 5 the it's New York City  
Where she's waitin' for me  
And I come chargin' off the jet way the  
Dream is in my eyes

When I see you there at curbside babe  
I'm kissin' you at sunrise

Yes you brought the van to get me.

Sometime when the plane is late  
We would find a place for parking

When the lovin' would not wait  
But now they've gone and cancelled  
Old Northwest 222

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