

Jimmy Buffett, Treetop Flyer

I could be a rambler from the seven dials
I don't pay taxes 'cause I never file
I don't do bid'ness that don't make me smile
I love my aeroplane 'cause she's got style

I'm a treetop flyer
Treetop flyer

I fly any cargo that you can pay to run
The bush league pilots, they just can't get the job done
You've got to fly down the canyon, don't never see the sun
There's no such thing as an easy run

I'm a treetop flyer
Treetop flyer

I fly low, I'm in high demand
Go 15 feet over the rio grande
I blow the mesquite right up off the sand
I'm seldom seen, 'specially when I land

I'm a treetop flyer
Born survivor

Now people been askin' me where'd you learn to fly that way
Was over in vietnam, chasin' the nva
The government taught me, and they taught me right
Stay down below the treeline and you'll be alright

I'm a treetop flyer
Born survivor

So I'm comin' home, I'm runnin' low and fast
Promised my woman this is gonna be my last
I get the ship down, I tie her fast
And then some old boy wakes up, and he says, "hey son,
Wanna make some fast cash? "

I'm a treetop flyer

Well there's things I am
And there's things I am not
Yes I'm a smuggler and I could get shot
I ain't gonna die, I ain't going to get caught
You see I'm a flying fool, and this aeroplane is, whoo, hot

I'm a treetop flyer
Born survivor
Workin' alone