

Stephen Stills, Treetop Flier

I could be a Rambler from the seven dials
I don't pay taxes 'cause I never file
I don't do business that don't make me smile
I love my aeroplane 'cause she's got style
I'm a treetop flyer

Born survivor
I will fly any cargo you can pay to run
these bush league pilots just can't get the job done
Got to fly down into the canyons, never see the sun
There's no such thing as an easy run
For a treetop flier

Born survivor
I'm flyin' low, I'm in high demand
Fly fifteen feet off the Rio Grande
Blow the mesquite right up off the sand
Seldom seen, especially when I land
I'm a treetop flier

Born Survivor
People ask me, "Where'd you learn to fly that way?"
Over in Vietnam, chasin' NVA
The government taught me, and they taught me right,
Stay under the treeline, and you might come out alright
I'm a treetop flier

Born survivor
Comin' home, I'm runnin' low and fast
promised my woman this one's gonna be my last
Get the ship down, and I tie her fast
then some old boy walks up, says "Son, you wanna make some fast cash?"
I'm a treetop flyer

There's things I am and there's things I'm not
I am a smuggler and I could get shot
But I gonna die, I ain't goin' to get caught,
'Cause I'm a flyin' fool and my aeroplane is just too hot
I'm a treetop flier

Born survivor