Flying through the Michigan skies with a song in my innocent he art

I placed myself in professional hands, masters of the traveler's art

When I opened my guitar case at the end of a beautiful flight I'm sure you can imagine my feelings, as I beheld this beautiful sight

Thank you, Republic Airlines, for breaking the neck on  ${\tt my}$  guita  ${\tt r}$ 

I arrived to do a concert with the Kingston Trio Opened my quitar case with a smile - con brio

Thank you, Republic Airlines, what a joy to the musician you ar e

What a zest you've added to pedestrian skies

It was boring to be flying where the wild goose flies

But the tedium was broken by the wonderful surprise

When you broke the neck on my guitar

Thank you, Republic Airlines, for treating my instrument with c are

There can be no greater happiness for the musician

Than to find his instrument in this condition

Ho-ho, Republic Airlines, in the firmament of travel, you're the star

For you treat each piece of baggage like a child of your own When you come across an instrument, it's dropped like a stone May you waken every morning with a new broken bone Like you broke the neck on my guitar

Well, I've been traveling most of my life, and the thrill is a long time gone

And the sight of another DC 10 just fails to turn me on But I feel my heart start pounding when I get to the baggage claim  $^{\circ}$ 

And when I see how you handled my instrument, the thrill is still the same

Thank you, Republic Airlines, for splintering the neck on my gu itar

My guitar case was so strong that nothing could go through it Way to go Republic, only you could do it

Crash bang, Republic Airlines, in the field of demolition, you'll go far

For you took it as a challenge when I checked in mycase And you saw the fragile stickers glued all over the place May a team of mad flamenco dancers do to your face What you did to the neck on my guitar

There could no satisfaction greater than if

You should be the next to go the way of Brani