Small Plane

Bill Callahan

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
Flying this small plane

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

I really am a lucky man
Flying this small plane

Eyes scan the path ahead
And all around

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