

Flight

John Denver

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth and danced the sky
on laughter silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
of sun-split clouds and done a hundred things.
I've wheeled and soared and swung high in the sunlit silence.
Hovering there I've chased the shouting winds aloft
and flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.
The higher we fly, the farther we go, the closer we are to each
other.
The darker the night, the brighter the star, in peace go my sis
ters and brothers.

Up, up, the long delirious burning blue I've topped the wind-
swept heights with easy grace.
Where never lark nor even eagle flew and while with silent lift
ing mind I trod
the high untrespassed sanctity of space, put out my hand and to
uched the face of God.
The higher we fly, the farther we go, the closer we are to each
other.
The darker the night, the brighter the star, in peace go my sis
ters and brothers.