# Small Plane

## Bill Callahan

You used to take me up
I watched and learned
How to flyNo navigation system
Beyond our eyes
WatchingI always went wrong in the same place
Where the river splits towards the sea
That couldn't possibly be
You and meSometimes you sleep while I take us home
That's when I know
We really have a homeI never like to land
Getting back up seems impossibly grand
We do it with easeDanger, I never think of danger
I really am a lucky man
Flying this small planeI like it when I take the controls from you
And when you take the controls from meI really am a lucky man
Flying this small planeEyes scan the path ahead
And all around

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