

# Airmail Special

[John Mclean](#)

Left New York this morning early  
Traveling south, so wide and high  
Sailing through the wide blue yonder  
It's that Airmail Special on the fly Listen to the motors humming  
She is streaking through the sky  
Like a bird that's flying homeward  
It's that Airmail Special on the fly Over plains and high dark mountains  
Over rivers deep and wide  
Carrying mail to California  
It's that Airmail Special on the fly Watch her circle for the landing  
Hear her moan and cough and sigh  
Now she's coming down the runway  
It's that Airmail Special on the fly

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