Airmail Special

Gene Krupa

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 flyListen to the motors humming
She is streaking through the sky
Like a bird that's flying homeward
It's that Airmail Special on the flyOver plains and high dark mountains
Over rivers deep and wide
Carrying mail to California
It's that Airmail Special on the flyWatch 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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