Sky Is Open

The Long Winters

Little airports keep in mind
They got file folders and dry-erase boards
I retired from the air force
Long enough ago to know

The sky is open

I call the tower and draw the line
I'm flying, yes I'm climbing
A better pilot couldn't find
Even so, even I can only fly so high

The sky is open

In the war I flew the islands
I knew the quiet, it's pilot science
My propeller tries to find the air
I'm finally the highest bird

The sky is open

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