

# 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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