

Midnight Rocks

Al Stewart

With your photographs of Kitty Hawk
And the bi-planes on your wall
YOU were always Amy Johnson
>From the time that you were small.
No schoolroom kept you grounded
While your thoughts could get away
You were taking off in Tiger Moths,
YOUR wings against the brush-strokes of day.
Are you there?
On the tarmac with the winter in your hair,
BY the empty hangar doors you stop and stare,
Leave the oil-drums behind you, they won't care
Oh, are you there? You wrapped me up in a leather coat
And you took me for a ride
We were drifting with the tail-wind
When the runway came in sight
The clouds came up to gather us
And the cock-pit turned to white
When I looked the sky was empty
I suppose you never saw the landing-lights
Aare you uthere?
In your jacket with the grease-stain and tear
Caught up in the slipstream of dare,
The compass roads will guide you anywhere,
Oh, are you there? The sun comes up on Icarus as the night-birds sail away
And lights the maps and diagrams
That Leonardo makes
YOU can see faith, hope and charity
As they bank above the fields
You can join the flying circus
You can touch the morning air against your wheels
Are you there?
Do you have a thought for me that you can share?
I Never thought you'd take me unawares,
Just call me if you need repairs-
Oh, are you there?

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