

# Flying Sorcery

Al Stewart

With your photographs of Kitty Hawk  
And the biplanes 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 the 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?

Oh, 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  
And the clouds came up to gather us  
And the cockpit turned to white  
When I looked the sky was empty

I suppose you never saw the landing-lights  
Are you there?

In your jacket with the grease-stain and the tear  
Caught up in the slipstream of the 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?  
Oh, I never thought you'd take me unawares  
Just call me if you ever need repairs

Oh, are you there?

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