Air Mail Special

Oscar Peterson

Left New York this morning early Traveling south, so wide and high Sailing through the wide blue yonder It's that Air Mail Special on the flyListen to the motors humming She is streaking through the sky Like a bird that's flying homeward It's that Air Mail Special on the flyOver plains and high dark mountains Over rivers deep and wide Carrying mail to California It's that Air Mail 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 Air Mail Special on the fly

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