

# Bill Callahan, Small Plane

You used to take me up  
I watched and learned how to fly  
No navigation system beyond our eyes watching

I always went wrong in the same place  
Where the river splits towards the sea  
That couldn't possibly be you and me

Sometimes you sleep while I take us home  
That's when I know we really have a home

I never like to land  
Getting back up seems impossibly grand  
We do it with ease

Danger, I never think of danger  
I really am a lucky man  
I really am a lucky man flying this small plane

I like it when I take the controls from you  
And when you take the control from me

I really am a lucky man  
I really am a lucky man flying this small plane  
Eyes scan the path ahead and all around