

Clifford T. Ward "To An Air Hostess"

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The engines roared
The aeroplane soared
And I waited with baited breath for the worst
But everything connected
There was nothing unexpected
Until she appeared looking calm and collected.

I fell in love with an air-hostess
Together we flew the skies with 'Air France'
I wanted to give her a copy of my record
But I did not have the self-confidence.

I fell from such a great height
And wonder if I will ever land.

INSTRUMENTAL

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