

## Al Stewart "Midnight Rocks"

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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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