

Stephen Stills "Treetop Flyer"

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I could be a rambler from the seven dials
I don't pay taxes, 'cause I never file
I don't do business that don't make me smile
I love my aeroplane 'cause she's got style
I'm a treetop flyer
I will fly any cargo you can pay to run
These bush league pilots just can't get the job done
Got to fly down into the canyons, never see the sun
There's no such thing as an easy run
For a treetop flyer
I'm flyin' low, I'm in high demand
Fly fifteen feet off the Rio Grande
I'll blow the mesquite right up off the sand
Seldom seen, especially when I land
I'm a treetop flyer, born survivor
People been asking me, "Where'd you learn to fly that way?"
Was over in Vietnam, chasin' NVA
The government taught me, and they taught me right
Stay under the treeline and you might be alright
I'm a treetop flyer
So I'm comin' home, I'm runnin' low and fast
I promised my woman this is gonna be my last
I get the ship down, I tie her fast
Then some old boy walks up, says
"Hey son, you wanna make some fast cash?"
I'm a treetop flyer
Well, there's things I am and there's things I'm not
I am a smuggler and I could get shot
Ain't going to die, I ain't goin' to get caught
'Cause I'm a flyin' fool and my aeroplane is just too hot
I'm a treetop flyer, born survivor
Usually work alone

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