

Stills Stephen

"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 got style
I'm a treetop flyer
I'll fly any cargo that
You can pay to run
The bush league pilots they just
Can't get the job done you got to
Fly down into the canyons you don't never see the sun
There's no such thing as an
Easy run
For a treetop flyer
I fly low I'm in
High demand
Go fifteen feet over the
Rio Grande

I blow the mesquite
Right up off of the sand I'm
Seldom seen
'Specially when I land
I'm a treetop flyer
Born survivor
People been askin' me where'd ya learn to
Fly that way
Was over in Viet Nam
Chasin' N.V.A.
The government taught me
An' they taught me right
Stay down under the treeline
You might be all right
Treetop flyer
So I'm comin' home I'm runnin'
Low and fast
Promised my woman this'n gonna
Be my last
I get the ship down
I tie her fast
And then some ole boy walks up and he says
He son, wanna make some fast cash?
Treetop flyer
Well there's things I am and there's

Things I'm not
I'm a smuggler and I
Could get shot
I ain't going to die
I ain't going to get caught
You see I'm a flyin' fool
And the aeroplane
Is just too hot
I'm a treetop flyer
Born survivor
Usually work alone

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