

# Sky King

Kris Kristofferson

Every mornin at line you'd see him arrive  
He stood five-foot-six about one-eighty-five  
About as broad at the shoulder as he was at the hip  
Everybody knew he didn't give a shit, sky king  
Now some say Sky was born in New Orleans  
Where he built hisself a rotor on a sewing machine  
Cut his teeth on a collective pitch  
Old Sky was a low flyin son of a bitch, sky king  
Sky King  
Sky King  
Short fat sky

And then came a day at Stage Field Nine  
When his engine failed and men started cryin  
And sirens screamed and hearts beat fast  
And everybody thought he'd breathed his last, 'cept Sky  
Well he pushed that collective on down through the floor  
But the damn rotorblade wouldn't turn anymore  
So his butt puckered up and with a frightening sound  
He just sucked that old chopper up off of the ground, Sky King  
The ship wasn't hurt but it took half the class  
To get the seat cover out of Sky King's ass, Sky King  
Well they never reopened that landing strip  
They just put a marble stand on top of it  
And these few words are written on that thing  
Ain't a butt that can pucker like old Sky King's