

# The Flyboy & The Kid

Rodney Crowell

May the wind be at your back  
And the world sit at your feet  
May you waltz across Wyoming  
With a rose clutched in your teeth  
May the answers to your questions  
Fall like raindrops right on queue  
May you set up shop in Heaven  
'Fore the Devil knows you're due

Ooh, here's to love  
Here's to life  
All the fair and tender ladies  
And the plain dirt farmer's wife  
Yeah, here's to you  
Here's to me  
Some ol' mad dog mountain flyboy  
And the kid from Tennessee

May your nights be filled with laughter  
And your days with honest work  
May you wake up smelling roses  
When you're facedown in the dirt  
If you had the sense to come in  
When the storm clouds start to grow  
You wouldn't be my right hand  
And the best friend that I know

Ooh, here's to life  
Here's to love  
When your heart beats like a lion  
And your shoes fit like a glove  
Yeah, here's to you  
Here's to me  
Some ol' mad dog mountain flyboy  
And the kid from Tennessee

May you always stay in touch with the things  
That keep you young  
When you're staring at injustice  
May you never bite your tongue  
May the bear tracks in your future  
Find you downwind in a glade  
Where the grass as green as absinthe  
Comes in forty different shades

Ooh, here's to love  
Here's to life  
All the fair and tender ladies  
And the old fishmonger's wife  
Yeah, here's to you  
Here's to me  
Some ol' mad dog mountain flyboy  
And the kid from Tennessee

Yeah, set 'em up, drinks for free  
It's the mad dog mountain flyboy  
And the kid from Tennessee