

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