

Black Wings

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be
Believin' what you leave behind is burnt up junk debris
And ever last undying soul resides at a hotel in Saint Marie
Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be

Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be
Shimmerin' like a Leslie and a Hammond B3
Or a shaking tambourine at a gospel jubilee
Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be

Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be
Jangling and a-changling all the way to Tennessee
Trusting in a Duo Jet and a 9 volt battery
Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be

Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be
Strummin' on a Stella guitar and singin' 'Deportee'
That ain't much of a repertoire, oh, no, Siree
Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be

Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be
You're never gonna reach the sun or the Sunset Marquis
You'll die like a saint on high alongside gamblers and thieves
Fly away on them old wings, black as they may be
Black as they may be