

Draggin'

Roger McGuinn

We're sitting on the runway while the engines blow
Our 747's gonna get the go
I look across the field and see another jet
In the cockpit is my buddy and we got a bet
The tower gives the signal and we start to roll
But I'll make him eat my smoke before the story's told

Draggin' draggin' cross the U.S.A.
Draggin' draggin' from New York to L.A.

At 40.000 feet the weather's lokking fine
I'm waiting for the stew to bring my glass of wine
The nose is headed right into the setting sun
The throttle's open wide to let the horses run
I'd like to take it easy on this easy ride
But I see my buddy gaining on the starboard side

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It's tougher on the people riding back in coach
But I've got to beat my buddy to the final approach
Now we're both into the pattern and we're cleared to land
If I touch her down before him I'll collect a grand
The flaps are all secured and now we're homing in
And my 747 baby's gonna win

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