

Thank You, Republic Airlines

Tom Paxton

Flying through the Michigan skies with a song in my innocent heart
I placed myself in professional hands, masters of the traveler's art
When I opened my guitar case at the end of a beautiful flight
I'm sure you can imagine my feelings, as I beheld this beautiful sight
Thank you, Republic Airlines, for breaking the neck on my guitar
I arrived to do a concert with the Kingston Trio
Opened my guitar case with a smile - con brio
Thank you, Republic Airlines, what a joy to the musician you are
What a zest you've added to pedestrian skies
It was boring to be flying where the wild goose flies
But the tedium was broken by the wonderful surprise
When you broke the neck on my guitar
Thank you, Republic Airlines, for treating my instrument with care
There can be no greater happiness for the musician
Than to find his instrument in this condition
Ho-ho, Republic Airlines, in the firmament of travel, you're the star
For you treat each piece of baggage like a child of your own
When you come across an instrument, it's dropped like a stone
May you waken every morning with a new broken bone
Like you broke the neck on my guitar
Well, I've been traveling most of my life, and the thrill is a long time gone
And the sight of another DC 10 just fails to turn me on
But I feel my heart start pounding when I get to the baggage claim
And when I see how you handled my instrument, the thrill is still the same
Thank you, Republic Airlines, for splintering the neck on my guitar
My guitar case was so strong that nothing could go through it
Way to go Republic, only you could do it
Crash bang, Republic Airlines, in the field of demolition, you'll go far
For you took it as a challenge when I checked in my case
And you saw the fragile stickers glued all over the place
May a team of mad flamenco dancers do to your face
What you did to the neck on my guitar
There could no satisfaction greater than if
You should be the next to go the way of Brani