

Northwest 222

Harry Chapin

I'm a strummin' fool out in the sticks
For the glory and the bread
And you're wise enough to let me sing
This music in my head.
And if there's any way to get there
Strumming head on out
I go driven hard to pick up old
222 en route.

But now they've gone and cancelled
Old Northwest 222
It's a late night bird that always
brought me back home to you
There's a thousand miles between us
Babe that I cannot get through
Is there nothing left to count on, now
That old 222 is gone?
Old 222 is gone.

My guitar bouncin' on my shoulder, my
Ticket in my hand
I'm runnin' on the ramp on board, I just
Made it again
Pull pillows down and a blanket and I
Stretch out 'cross the seat
Yes I'm racked our, winging homeward
Where I got this dream to keep

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Minneapolis at 1 AM Chicago at 3
It's Detroit at 5 the it's New York City
Where she's waitin' for me

And I come chargin' off the jet way the
Dream is in my eyes
When I see you there at curbside babe
I'm kissin' you at sunrise
Yes you brought the van to get me.
Sometime when the plane is late
We would find a place for parking
When the lovin' would not wait

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