

The Flyboy & The Kid

Rodney Crowell

May the wind be at your back
And the world sit at your feet
May you waltz across Wyoming
With a rose clutched in your teeth
May the answers to your questions
Fall like raindrops right on queue
May you set up shop in Heaven
'Fore the Devil knows you're due

Ooh, here's to love
Here's to life
All the fair and tender ladies
And the plain dirt farmer's wife
Yeah, here's to you
Here's to me
Some ol' mad dog mountain flyboy
And the kid from Tennessee

May your nights be filled with laughter
And your days with honest work
May you wake up smelling roses
When you're facedown in the dirt
If you had the sense to come in
When the storm clouds start to grow
You wouldn't be my right hand
And the best friend that I know

Ooh, here's to life
Here's to love
When your heart beats like a lion
And your shoes fit like a glove
Yeah, here's to you
Here's to me
Some ol' mad dog mountain flyboy
And the kid from Tennessee

May you always stay in touch with the things
That keep you young
When you're staring at injustice
May you never bite your tongue
May the bear tracks in your future
Find you downwind in a glade
Where the grass as green as absinthe
Comes in forty different shades

Ooh, here's to love
Here's to life
All the fair and tender ladies
And the old fishmonger's wife
Yeah, here's to you
Here's to me
Some ol' mad dog mountain flyboy
And the kid from Tennessee

Yeah, set 'em up, drinks for free
It's the mad dog mountain flyboy
And the kid from Tennessee