Last Flight West

I hope there's a place, way up in the sky,
Where pilots can go, when they have to die.

A place where a guy can buy a cold beer,
For a friend and a comrade, whose memory is dear;
A place where no doctor or lawyer can tread,
Nor a management type would ere be caught dead;
Just a quaint little place, kind of dark, full of smoke,
Where they like to sing loud, and love a good joke;
The kind of a place where a lady could go,
And feel safe and protected, by the men she would know.
There must be a place where old pilots go,
When their paining is finished, and their airspeed gets low,
Where the whiskey is old, and the women are young,
And songs about flying and dying are sung,
Where you'd see all the fellows who'd flown west before,
And they'd call out your name, as you came through the door. Who would buy you a drink, if your thirst should be bad,
And relate to the others, "He was quite a good lad!"
And then through the mist, you'd spot an old guy,
You had not seen in years, though he taught you to fly.
He'd nod his old head, and grin ear to ear,
And say, "Welcome my son, I'm pleased that you're here."
"For this is the place where true flyers come,"
"When their journey is over, and the war has been won."
"They've come here at last to be safe and alone"
"From the government clerks and the management clone,"
"Politicians and lawyers, the Feds and the noise,"
Where all hours are happy, and these good ole boys,"
Can relax with a cool one, and a well-deserved rest,"
"This is Heaven my son…. You've passed your last test!"

Scott L. Randle