

Draggin'  
(McGuinn/Levy)

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 looking fine  
I'm waiting for the steward 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

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

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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"Roger McGuinn" 1973  
Columbia Records