

Thank You Republic Airlines
Words and Music by 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 a 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 your 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.
Uh-oh, Republic Airlines, in the firmament of travel, you're a 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.
Now 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 turned 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 Braniff!