

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Last Bouquet

The Last Bouquet
(Gil Robb Wilson)

I've flown 'em all from then till now
The big ones and the small,
I've looped and zoomed and dove and spun
And climbed 'em to a stall.
I've flown them into wind and storm,
Through thunder clouds and rain
And thrilled the folks who watched me roll
My wheels along their train.

I've chased the steers across the range,
The geese from off the bay.
I've flown between the Princeton towers
When Harvard came to play,
I've clipped the wires from public poles
The blossoms from the trees
And scared my best friends half to death
With stunts far worse than these.

The rules and codes and zones they form
Are not for such as I,
Who like the great wild eagles fling
My challenge to the sky,
A bold free spirit charging fierce
Across the fallow land ...
And don't you like these nice white flowers
I'm holding in my hand?

RG