

My beautiful beast      5/29/07

The Pave Low is a beautiful beast  
The first one I saw took my breath away  
I was in awl over its size and power  
They've been the love of my life since that day

As a mechanic I would watch her taxi  
Wait for the hover and then fly out of sight  
Knowing I had fixed her with my two hands  
Gave me an overwhelming sense of pride

I loved to fly, to yank and bank  
And to lay on the ramp for autorotation  
Floating above the floor in time with the aircraft  
It was an amazingly ultimate sensation

I miss the smells of the aircraft  
The ones when you step on board  
A mixture of exhaust, hydraulics and oil  
It's the helicopter perfume I adore

I hear the rumbling sound of freedom  
As the pavelows fly over my home  
On it's way to play on the gun range  
And leaving me here alone

I still feel the thump of the rotors  
With every beat of my heart  
That's some thing I'll feel for ever  
In my life they will always be a part.