

# Frequent Flier

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Sitting 'cross the table, talkin' turkey  
With the old gray goose of grim despair,  
Trying not to sing along in her key,  
Trying to keep negotiations fair.  
Shocking words of mocking birds are bitter,  
Warnings of the mourning doves are dire,  
Blue jays and gold finches are a-flitter,  
All because I'm such a frequent flier,  
All because I'm such a frequent flier.

All the birds are voicing their opinion,  
Seems I've ruffled quite a feather or two,  
That I dare to enter their dominion,  
Strangest doggone bird that ever flew.  
Still I'll keep my cardinal direction,  
Head up in the clouds above the choir.  
Leave it to the birds to pass inspection,  
I'm already billed a frequent flier,  
I'm already billed a frequent flier.

Starin' at a heron feeling blue-like,  
Ask my eagle eye how bad things looked,  
Symptoms of a frequent flier are flu-like,  
Still my goose is not completely cooked.  
I may be a lame duck with a swan song,  
Still my plumage I will not retire,  
Long as I can sing this Audubon song,  
I will always be a frequent flier,  
I will always be a frequent flier.