

Peter Cromarty

A Pilot's Life

Looking round I see clouds passing by,
Looking down I see earth from on high,
A pilot's life oftentimes deadly dull,
Boring hours, hours on end, not a lull.
Interspersed, manic work, lots to do,
Hopefully, panic not, a steady crew.

Then one day, trouble comes, engines fail,
Pilots pay I earn then, face turns pale.
Hands move fast, check for probs, what's gone wrong?
Dropping down, getting low, not too long,
Skimming earth, can I find a place to land?
Somewhere good, an asphalt road or hard-packed sand.

Looking round I see clouds passing by,
Looking down I see earth from on high.
All is calm, nothing wrong, never is.
Nowt to do, always time for a zizz.
Boring hours, hours on end, not a lull,
Angel's life endlessly very dull.