Why? You ask me, "why?"

Why do I want to do it? Is there any other reason I need for doing it than just to do it?

Why does a man ride a horse? Why does a man drive a car? Are you wondering if I should or would or
can? And would you ask these questions of a man?

In time \( j = 112 \)

\[ 2 + 2 + 3 \]

Every time I look to the sky, I'm aware it's where I'm supposed to be.

Dry

Every time I get the itch to fly, there is nothing else to see on land or sea;

Dry (sim.)
just clouds and sunshine. The only place where chaos meets serene.

I'm no longer a pilot; I'm part of the machine.

The engines roar with a thrilling purr. Propellers spin in a perfect whir, and I'm just a cog in the
wheel, a gear in this complex of steel. I am the eyes in the dive

and the lean. Just part of the machine.

But we're unstoppable, the plane and I——

stop-pa-ble, like the sky has no begin-ning or end. The ad-

vent of a life-time
as we bend and turn and climb and climb and climb...

cresc. poco a poco

And now the earth below is a tiny speck.

In time, faster

distant view from a compact flight deck. And me? I'm one more light on the dash.
Thrust and drag and lightning flash...

Another player in this scene, living

in the space between.

A part of the machine.

Part of the machine.

Part of the machine!

Dean/Brush