

# *By The Seat Of His Pants*



Words & Music: **Pat Drummond**

**For the amazing pilot, Matthew Erceg and his father 'Goose' Erceg  
and friend and 'Roadie' Mal Shepherd who shared the ride!**

**Dateline: - Cotton County Races, Warren, N.S.W. 23/11/1991**

**He said "That's one view of Warren, here's another!"  
and suddenly the plane was upside down!  
Rows of cotton stretched across the ceiling to the silos  
that hung like stalactites around the town  
He went on barrel-rolling till he'd righted her  
then pulled the stick back hard against the sky  
put her over on one wingtip and she shuddered to a stall  
and let her fall into a power dive  
The earth came up to meet us like a giant expanding ball  
He fired up with barely seconds left to spare  
Arcing underneath the wires with the power poles beside  
skating t'ward the trees on seven feet of air**

**Chorus: Oh-oh Over the cotton bolls  
Oh-oh With his life held in his hands  
Oh-oh The last in the line of a breed of men who flew  
By the seat of their pants, by the seat of their pants**

**He said "The city greens have targeted the cotton  
They want to get the planes out of the air.  
I could show them pristine places where I've sprayed the crops for years  
Some'd listen, but the crazy ones don't care."  
Then he shot the Cessna in among the treetrops  
and pelicans and woodducks filled the air  
"You won't see that down in Sydney on a Friday afternoon,  
and no one's spraying cotton crops down there!  
Still they say they say we can't be trusted, we're all just crazy bastards  
and the one thing that they can't get through their heads  
is that, this far from the sky, a man is careful and precise  
and the bloke that isn't both those things is dead."**

**Chorus:**

**Still the cotton boys are sensitive to pressure  
They're the kind of blokes that always think ahead  
So I s'pose the day will come  
when all the 'dusters will be gone  
And genetic engineers will work instead  
But in all those flying factories at forty thousand feet  
computerised at twice the speed of sound  
I suppose they'll call it flying as they sit and sip their tea  
and take another tray of drinks around.  
But every now and then when the clouds break up below them  
if the pilots take the time for looking down  
With an element of envy they'll recall The Rag and Stick men  
and the days of flying ten feet off the ground.**

**Chorus:**

