



**Lunch** Flaps Down  
Rolling  
Pull back  
Climb to one thousand and clear  
That's Jones Beach So near

Gabreski to the left  
Shinnecock ahead  
See there's the light  
Must gain some height  
Over Peconic bay  
Then the Sound  
Watch Hill inbound  
Touch it down roll it around

Counter is closed  
To Block I suppose  
Check the sock  
Sea gulls and flock  
Short field n'tight  
Make it right Oh make it right  
Safe on the earth

Out come the bikes  
Unfold the array  
Off to Chandlers  
For lunch if we may

Then back up the hill  
Aloft what a thrill  
Just so you know  
The higher we go  
The longer the glide  
Don't want to be part of the tide

Montauk in sight  
Estates all along  
Feel like a song  
Dark clouds ahead  
Lightning we dread  
MacArthur again  
On final are we  
My buddy Frank and me

Touch down  
Touch down

What's that you say  
What did we eat that day  
It was Liverwurst on Rye  
With onion to cry

*Dave Finnerty*