

He inched ever slowly up the stairs, squeezed through the door, and commandeered the plane. The pilots questioned his credentials, but his sleazy muscle told them that their services would not be retained. He took off from JFK without contacting the tower, but they let him fly. And the chatter filled the land below with speculation what they'd let up into the wild blue sky.

The wild blue sky
The wild blue sky
With all that we knew
What did we do
To the wild blue sky?

A sky full of mystery and wonder and endless possibility.
A land full of cults and garden parties and too much fertile ground for endless conspiracy.
All the years and generations of our best-laid plans so easily went awry.
All our fancy pants equipment and its endless stream of real-time observations of the wild blue sky.

The wild blue sky
The wild blue sky
With all we've gone through
What good did it do
To the wild blue sky?

Then one by one the towers started falling and all the screens couldn't hold them all. Through the crashing and the gnashing there was no time left to comprehend the thrall. That all the hardware in the air could be repurposed unaware through the lens of one malevolent eye. All eyes were watching as prognosticated endgames came raining from the wild blue sky.

The wild blue sky
The wild blue sky
Left with wistful shades of blue
Wondering 'bout what we do
To the wild blue sky

The wild blue sky
The wild blue sky
With all that we knew
Why did we do it
To the wild blue sky?