

Crotch Rockets in the Sky
Lyrics © 2009 by H. Paul Shuch
Sung to the tune of “(Ghost) Riders in the Sky” © 1945 by Stan Jones

The Susquehanna Valley is a perfect place to fly;
The rolling hills and scenic river complement the sky.
Lock Haven is an ideal strip for training, it is clear,
With weather that’s acceptable for forty weeks a year.

The FAA was trying to replace Part One-Oh-Three
With something more substantial. But what was it to be?
The European microlights would be a perfect tool,
So they renamed them LSA, and wrote another rule.

CHORUS:

Go, EAA! AOPA!
Crotch rockets in the sky.

The Rotax-powered Light Sport Aircraft I fly every day
May not seem so exotic, but it carries me away.
One twenty knots at maximum, ten thousand and below.
You do not need a medical. Who cares if it is slow?

Gross takeoff weight is limited to thirteen twenty pounds,
With forty five knot stall speed, so they’ll gently settle down.
Fixed gear, and two seats maximum for pleasure and for play.
Day VFR flight only, decrees the FAA.

CHORUS

A fixed pitch prop, or one that is adjusted on the ground;
Composite or aluminum, an airframe that is sound.
Expect a payload just above a quarter of a ton,
And you will find you have a Light Sport Aircraft when you’re done.

The medical requirements could keep you from the sky,
But not with LSA. If you can drive, then you can fly.
With fifteen hours of dual, and five hours of solo flight,
You too can get a license, and share in the delight.

CHORUS

In airspace that is uncontrolled, and fields without a tower,
Sport Pilots now can aviate at half the cost per hour.
So if you’ve dreamed of flying, and your money you’ve been savin’,
Come out today and join me, at AvSport of Lock Haven!

CHORUS