

Point Me at the Sky

Pink Floyd

Hey Eugene
This is Henry McClean
And I've finished my beautiful flying machine
And I'm ringing to say
That I'm leaving and maybe
You'd like to fly with me
And hide with me, baby Isn't it strange
How little we change
Isn't it sad we're insane
Playing the game that we know end in tears
The games we've been playing for thousands and thousands and thousands and...Jumps into his cosmic flyer
Pulled his plastic collar higher
Light the fuse and stand right back He cried
This is my last goodbye Point me at the sky and let it fly
Point me at the sky and let it fly
Point me at the sky and let it fly And if you survive till two thousand and five
I hope you're exceedingly thin
For if you are stout you will have to breathe out
While the people around you breathe in People pushing on my sides
Is something that I hate
And so is sitting down to eat
With only little capsules on my plate Point me at the sky and let it fly
Point me at the sky and let it fly
Point me at the sky and let it fly And all we've got to say to you is goodbye
It's time to go, better run and get your bags
It's goodbye
Hey jean look at the screen and it's goodbye
? milky way and it's goodbye...

Songwriters
ROGER WATERS, DAVID GILMOUR Published by
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