Flying Home

Swingin' Fireballs

We're sitting out here on the runway,
Waiting for the plane to leave,
And the captain says, "There'll be a short delay,
Bear with me please,"They gave us the usual hassle,
"You can't take those guitars on board,"
But the boys in the band just smiled,
Heard it all before,And as they're starting to serve champagne,
To the folks at the front of the plane,
I can hear the engines roaring, we're on our way,And we are flying home,
I feel the freedom in my soul,
Flying home at last;
Flying home,
I've got the freedom in my soul,
And it's four in the morning,
My world is calling,
Speeding through the universe tonight...The movie reminds of my lady,
As she waits, "where are those guys?"
Yes it's nice to see old Butch and Sundance in the sky,And now the sun is beginning to rise,
It's like looking down on Paradise,
There's a ball of fire that's burning, giving life,And we are flying home,
I feel the freedom in my soul,
Flying home at last;
Flying home,
I've got the freedom in my soul,
And it's four in the morning,
My world is calling,
Speeding through the universe tonight...

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