

Flying By

Billy Ray Cyrus

Theres bottles and beers, barrels and cribs
3 ams again and again
[Incomprehensible], man whos flying bySwings and slides and tricycle rides
Skinning of knees and falling out of trees
Its like its never gonna end but its flying byYou better hold on tight to those little lives
In a blink of an eye its out of sight
I know, I know, it goes so slow but its flying byThen its racism blues, bad attitudes
Boys and phones and ever changing moods
Trying times, man, but youll surviveAnd youre supposed to be home at ten
Youre late again, where the hell have youve been?
When youre yelling and screaming
It dont seem like its flying by but its flying byYou better hold on tight to those changing lives
In a blink of an eye theyre out of sight
I know, I know, it seems so slow but its flying byThere they go on their own flying by
Youre waving goodbye with the tears in your eye
I know, I know, it goes so slow but its flying byThey come back home and what do you know?
Them kids have got some kids of their own
You cant believe how much theyve grown
And where the time's goneYou look in the mirror, theres gray in your hair
You wondering how in the world did that get there?
It just ain't fair how its flying byYou better hold on tight to that sweet, sweet life
In a blink of an eye youre out of sight
I know, I know, it goes so slow but its flying byTheres hospital beds, last words said
Did I do enough? Holding hands and being there
For the leavingIts a line of cars parked on a hill
Family and friends, perfect and still
A prayer and a song as they lower it down into the groundYou better hold on tight, its a short, short life
In a blink of an eye its out of sight
I know, I know, it seems so slow
Yeah, it seems so slow but its flying by, its flying byIts flying by
Its flying by
Enjoy the ride
Its flying by
Its flying by

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