

# Palm Trees, Helicopters and Gasoline

Joe Bonamassa

Seagull you fly across the horizon into the misty morning sun.  
Nobody asked you where you are going,  
Nobody knows where you're from There is a man asking a Question,  
Is it a really the end of the world?  
Seagull you must have known for a long time  
The shapes of things to come. Now you fly through the sky, never asking why  
And you fly all around, until somebody shoots you down Na na na na na,  
Na na na na na na Seagull you fly across the horizon into the misty morning sun.  
Nobody asked you where you are going.  
Nobody knows where you're from Now you fly through the sky, never asking why.  
And you fly all around, until somebody shoots you down. Nanana na,  
Na na na na na na Gonna fly away tomorrow.  
Fly away.  
Leave it to my sorrow.  
Hey yeah.  
Gonna fly away, leave it to my sorrow,  
Hey yeah

Songwriters

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