

The Aviator

Deep Purple

Riding on the moonpath
in the silver of the night
The fragrance on the air
was of another time
I cried in all my innocence
you were dressed in white
and even if I'd had the strength
I couldn't move to save my life
The fear and the thrill
of the beast at the window
The shivers and the chills
on the hottest of nights
he walked right through
my open door
As I began to run, he threw
some gold upon the floor, and said
There's plenty more
where that came from
I'm tired of the bombs
I'm tired of the bullets
I'm tired of the crazies on TV
I'm the aviator
A dream's a dream whatever it seems
I flew along the lighted street
I flew above the town
I flew in ever rising circles
ever further from the ground
As I begin to lose my breath
printed faces turn a spin
A distant corner of the room
will open up and let me in
I'm tired of the news
I'm tired of the weather
I'm tired of the same thing every day
I'm the aviator
A dream's a dream whatever they say

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