Wicker Plane

State Radio

In the park there's a wicker made plane
That crashed down just the other day
The pilot had lost his way, got disoriented
And crash landed in the middle of the city
He'd never seen buildings so tall and wondered
Why they even didn't ever lean over and fall
And wondered how he'd manage to navigate
Through them all like he did
But oh, how they seemed to lean over him now
As if to peer down on the broken scene
As if to question the innocent invasion of the stranger
Brought down in the hurricane
He said, ?Wherever I am Lord, please You must explain
Just hours ago I took off in my wicker plane?
Night fell and with it came the rain
Down on the buildings, the pilot the plane
Rain ran down his hair, hangin' so low makin' circles
In the puddles where the drops would go
A little boy came along
Took him to a tree on a gentle slope
Said, ?This tree is a misfit like you and me
On rainy nights like this the bark comes off like rope?
They bundled up the bark, each took a load
Took it to the high rise where the little one lived
And tossed it down the park with a mighty throw
And watched it unroll to the ground round
The pilot ran down, tied the park to the prop
And promptly left the park to go back to the top
There they hauled the plane clear up to the roof
The boy said, ?The place you come from that's where I'll be from too?
Wherever I am Lord, please You must explain
Just hours ago, I was takin' off in my wicker, wicker plane
Now you're in a lovely garden
It's such a lovely garden
You're in a lovely garden
It's such a lovely garden, in a lovely garden
Wherever I am Lord
I know where I am Lord
Wherever I am Lord

I know where I am Lord
Wherever I am Lord, please You must explain
Just hours ago, I was takin' off in my wicker, wicker plane
Just hours ago, I was takin' off in my wicker, wicker plane

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