Immigration Song

Ozma

So it ends
Round and round the propeller spins
Seat backs up no tray tables down
No turning back to this country town
I already knew blue eyed girl
Would be halfway around the world
Air gets thin
Round and round the propellor spins

Round and round on this carousel
Round and round feeling not as well
I already knew blue eyed girl
Would be halfway around the world
I can feel it in these undertones
A fair, light one to have alone
I can see it in the lights below
Pilots, mechanics take me home

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