

# Fly Girl

## Tara Oram

Blue skies, tall palm trees  
Flippin' through pages of magazines  
Workin' at the counter at Walgreen'sDreamin', waitin'  
Pinchin' the pennies on minimum wage  
Savin' what she can, countin' down the daysDaddy says, "Don't go"  
Mama says, "It's the only way she'll ever know" So come early Sunday mornin'  
She's gonna say goodbye  
Drive past the water tower  
Eighty miles an hour over county linesRed bull and a blue Camaro  
Blacktop to golden sand  
What lies ahead down that road  
Ain't no doubt, it's a big old world  
But you're never gonna know 'til you, fly girl  
Cornfields, dairy farms  
Home sweet home ain't goin' nowhere  
She's gotta find out if there's life out thereBrother says, "Good luck"  
Grandma says "I sure am gonna miss you, hon" butSo come early Sunday mornin'  
She's gonna say goodbye  
Drive past the water tower  
Eighty miles an hour over county linesRed bull and a blue Camaro  
Blacktop to golden sand  
What lies ahead down that road  
Ain't no doubt it's a big old world  
But you could stay on the ground or, fly girlShe knows things might not go her way  
But she will not take the  
Coulda, shoulda, woulda's to the grave  
Come early Sunday mornin'  
She's gonna say goodbye  
Drive past the water tower  
Eighty miles an hour over county linesRed bull and a blue Camaro  
Blacktop to golden sand  
What lies ahead down that road  
Ain't no doubt it's a big old world  
But you're never gonna know 'til you, fly girlAin't no doubt it's a big old world  
You could stay on the ground or, fly girl  
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