

# 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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