

# Flyin'™ High (in the Friendly Sky)

## The Dirty Dozen Brass Band

Flying high in the friendly sky  
Flying high without ever leavin' the ground, no  
Rest of the folks are tired and weary  
Oh Lord, and have laid their bodies down.  
I go the place where danger awaits me  
and it's bound to forsake me.  
So stupid minded.  
I can't help it  
oh ya, so stupid minded.  
But I go crazy when I can't find it,  
In the morning, I'll be alright, my friend.  
But soon the night will bring the pains,  
The pain, oh the pain  
Flying high in the friendly sky  
Without ever leaving the ground  
And I ain't seen nothing but trouble baby  
Nobody really understands, no no  
And I go to the place where the good feelin' awaits me  
Selfdestruction in my hand  
Oh Lord, so stupid minded  
Oh and I go crazy when I can't find it  
Well I know I'm hooked my friend  
To the boy who makes slaves out of men.  
And oh beleive me  
Flying high in a friendly sky  
Oh baby, flyin' high

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