

# Fly Up to the Moon

## Black

Gonna fly up to the moon,  
raising all of my money.  
Can't make it too soon,  
I am sick of it down here.  
Gonna rise up to the moon.  
So this is how the world ends-  
Not with a bang but with a whimper  
Don't laugh too soon-  
I am sick of it down here.  
Gonna rise up to the moon.  
Who needs all the troubles of today?  
What's the difference anyway?  
I feel out of focus, what can I do?  
There's only you.  
Gonna fly up to the moon,  
raising all of my money.  
Can't make it too soon,  
I am sick of it down here.  
Gonna rise up to the moon.  
When they open the borders where will you be?  
I'll climb the highest tree  
to avoid the stampede-  
And if I should fly  
only you, you,  
there's only you,  
that would say goodbye.

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