

# Fly

## David Bowie

David Bowie - Fly  
The televisions on and I'm walking through the yard  
How's this life that sweet when I'm crying in the car  
Dying for the weekend  
The kids are alright but they don't smell much  
The sellup in the garage in the decks and the stuff  
Dying for the weekend  
The boys on a charge but his mother doesn't know  
I never got around yet I tell it my soul  
But we only make it crazy  
We'll I'll be fine, I'm only screaming in my head  
But I can fly, I close my eyes and I can fly  
The televisions on and I'm walking through the yard  
How's this life that sweet when I'm crying in my car  
Dying for the weekend  
The kids are gonna get it in an all right way  
Looking pretty though but I still want to say  
(Do you really have to go?)  
Down in the backstreet the skinny get cries  
Bad judge saturday another life line  
Dying for the weekend  
We'll I'll be fine, I'm only screaming in my head  
But I can fly, I close my eyes and I can fly  
When I can fly and fall to all the end and I can fly  
I'll be fine, I'm only screaming in my head  
I can fly, I close my eyes and I can fly

Songwriters

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