

Flying Home (Version 2)

Oscar Peterson

We're sitting out here on the runway
Waiting for the plane to leave
And the captain says, "There'll be a short delay
Bear with me, please" They gave us the usual hassle
"You can't take those guitars on board"
But the boys in the band just smiled
Heard it all before And as they're starting to serve champagne
To the folks at the front of the plane
I can hear the engines roaring
We're on our way And we are flying home
I feel the freedom in my soul
Flying home at last
Flying home
I've got the freedom in my soul And it's four in the morning
My world is calling
Speeding through the universe tonight The movie reminds of my lady
As she waits, "Where are those guys?"
Yes, it's nice to see old Butch and Sundance in the sky And now the sun is beginning to rise
It's like looking down on Paradise
There's a ball of fire that's burning
Giving life And we are flying home
I feel the freedom in my soul
Flying home at last
Flying home
I've got the freedom in my soul And it's four in the morning
My world is calling
Speeding through the universe tonight

Songwriters

JOHN T. WILLIAMS Published by

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