

Fly Away

Hotlegs

Need I remind my eyes to see. My hand to touch. My mouth...Away I go. Like Ivanhoe. With no surprises up
my sleeve. Oh.
And all the time to understand. Is all I ask of you. Away the wind. Where she belongs. And oh, she longs to fly.
To fly. To fly away.
All along the union line. See the troubling trail shes left behind in her folie. They will never ever weep for her
pictures gone to seed. Oh.
Oh Won't you take me down my love. Down beyond the land I am thinking of. I hear a voice against the wind.
And though I long to fly. To fly. To fly away.

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