

# Flyaway

## Fytch

Dont ask her how she knows, but she knows  
Its gonna be great  
Dont ask her how she knows, but she knows  
And she cant waitHey, hey, hey, flyaway  
Hey, hey, hey, hey flyawayNumber one for takeoff  
To that big drowning pool in the sky  
Number one for takeoff  
And her dress wavin' you goodbyeHey, hey, hey, flyaway  
Hey, hey, hey, hey flyawayGone up in rapture  
Gone, see your mother  
Take off your heavy head  
Gone up in rapture  
Lifes better when youre deadBones light as eggshells  
Look down on main street  
See all the people run  
Laugh if you want to  
Shes goin' to the sunHey, hey, hey, flyaway  
Hey, hey, hey, hey flyaway, flyaway  
Hey, flyawayOh, flyaway, flyaway

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