

# Never Got Off the Ground

[Alison Krauss](#)

My father was a farmer  
But his head was in the sky  
He worked everyday but Sunday  
'Til the day he diedHe prayed for rain and thunder  
And listened for the sound  
In the dry years he went under  
He never got off the groundWe all dream when we're younger  
That we will do great things  
Me, I used to have a hunger  
To wear a pilot's wingsBut the circle's that I ran in  
Turned my head around  
And the planes I had my plans in  
Never got off the groundDon't raise your hopes  
You hear so many say  
The higher they get  
The closer they are to flying away, fly awayDon't raise your hopes  
You hear so many say  
The higher they get  
The closer they are to flying awayThey say there but for fortune  
Is the way it would have been  
If we could take a bigger portion  
We'd fill our hands againYou see them on the sidewalks  
In the parks all over town  
Those who've taken flight  
Never got off the ground

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