

Flying Machine

Cliff Richard

When the weather is fine
and the clouds have gone by I go up in the air
waving people good-bye. In my flying machine
I go up
I go down I go round and round round and round and round.
People on the ground
have gathered all around to admire there's a feeling inside me
that gives me the urge to go higher.
But I know what goes up
will eventually fall so I won't take no chances
while I'm having a ball
in my flying machine
I go up
I go down I go round and round and round and round. I can race with the birds I can fight with the wind I can fly
on my head I can dance in a spin.

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