

Flyaway

bohemianvoodoo

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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