Learning to Fly

Ashley Maher

on a plane
returning her to Tokyo
yuki knew what sheâ€™d miss the most
Tuesday night at that studio

when the sun went down in L.A.
and the drums warmed up to play
theyâ€™re learning to fly
from Mareme Faye

with the clock
tick-tocking on a Sunday afternoon
the women search all around their rooms
for a clean lappa,
woven on an African loom
silver shining on every shade of skin
beccios hiding secret strings of bin-bin
theyâ€™re learning to fly
from Mareme Faye

oh kaolack, chebu djen
niari goron, mbabass
in London, Oakland,
New York, New York, and Paris

Senegal
your dance is sinking roots around the world
ah oh ay sinking roots
Senegal,
your dance is growing fruits around the world
juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy fruits

neon hues
are lining toykoâ€™s boulevard tonight
from electric pink
to kabuki white
reminding yuki of those joy joy joyful nights

when the sun went down in L.A.
and the drums warmed up to play

theyâ€™re learning to fly
from Mareme Faye

oh lengen, lamba
yado yado and domba
in belgique, bruxelles, barcelone, and bologna

Senegal
your dance is sinking roots around the world
ah oh ay sinking roots
Senegal,
your dance is growing fruits around the world
juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy fruits

when the sun went down in L.A.
and the drums warmed up to play
theyâ€™re learning to fly
from Mareme Faye
theyâ€™re learning to fly
wow wow, eh waye
theyâ€™re learning to fly
eh waye

Senegal
Senegal

Lyrics submitted by Ashley.

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