

Flyaway

Joan Osborne

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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