

Flying Dream

Milk and honey on the stove
A big band on the radio
Open up the curtains to the sky
Fill my cup and hit the light
And stare out at the starry night
I wonder if I'll ever learn to fly?

It feels so easy, feels so right
To rise above the city lights
I hope I have my flying dream tonight
I hope I have my flying dream tonight.

And I know I'm doing something right
I'm gliding down the street
I feel my body rise above the ground
Dodging all the power lines
And mountains that I meet
I'm free until the morning comes around ...

Coming down ...

Bacon cooking on the stove
The Beatles on the radio
The sky is blue, the clouds are drifting by
I wonder how I got to be
A prisoner of gravity
I know there's more to me than meets the eye
I know that I could fly right now
If I could just remember how
I know I'll make it through the day all right
If I can have my flying dream tonight.

'Cause it feels so easy, feels so right
To rise above the city lights
I hope I have my flying dream tonight
I hope I have my flying dream tonight.

Ooh, Flying dream.