

Tull Jethro

"Aeroplane"

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Flying, made of sticks and paper.

(Aeroplane.)

Dying, is the wind not climbing?

(My aeroplane.)

Blowing, and going somewhere high;

In the evening tumblin' down,

But it's surely been up there.

Crying, want to live my life as my aeroplane

Sighing, in the [sun time, but softly?]

(My aeroplane.)

Lonely, but only until it comes down

Where there's people running 'round.

But it's surely been up there,

Flying.

(My aeroplane.)

(My aeroplane.)

(My aeroplane.)

(My aeroplane

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