

Claire Lynch

"Over Rio"

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I was conceived in a plane somewhere
over Rio
20,000 feet above the ground on a
scheduled flight, flight.
My mamma was a stewardess and my
daddy was a versatile man
He used to travel to so many distant
places
But he never came back.

You see I find my release flying over Rio
20,000 feet without a sound in a
mole skin night, right.
A poker player shuffles by
won't someone take the time to check him out
He deals direction in so many different places
Can it ever come back.

She pour hot water over my head
when I'm on fire
She never classify whenever I feel desire
Take me up in an aeroplane with South
America's favourite daughter
Show her how to use her thing the
way that
Mother Nature never taught her.

The older I am the younger I am seeming
20,000 feet is quite a height better hold
on tight, right
Security is loneliness and loneliness is where
it all began
He tries to find it in so many different
places
But it never comes back.

Anybody like to fly over Rio?
Write a poem in the sky over Rio?
See the world with brand new eyes over Rio?
Count the stars to sleep at night over Rio

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