

David Bowie

"Fly"

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The television's on
But I'm walking through the yard
The house is fast asleep
But I'm crying in my car
Dying for the weekend

The kids are alright
But they don't smile much
They sit up in their carriage
With their decks and their stuff
Dying for the weekend

The boys are in charge
But his mother doesn't know
He never got around
Yet to telling her son
It would only make her crazy

And I'll be fine
I'm only sleeping in my head
And I can fly
I close my eyes and I can fly

The television's on
But I'm walking through the yard
The house is fast asleep
But I'm crying in my car
Dying for the weekend

The kids have got a gig
In an all night rave
They're lookin' pretty tough
But I still want to say
Do you really have to go?

Down in the back street
A skinny kid cries
Bad drive Saturday
Another life flies
Dying for the weekend

And I'll be fine

I'm only sleeping in my head
And I can fly
I close my eyes and I can fly

And I can fly
And fall toward the end
And I can fly

And I'll be fine
I'm only sleeping in my head
And I can fly
I close my eyes and I can fly

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