

Emerson Hart

"Flyin'"

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Big blue skies and an open field
My right hand on a steering wheel
Two young lovers runnin' wild

We bought string and a brand new kite
We couldn't wait to watch it fly
But it flew too high, it flew too high

But here comes the wind, let your string unwind
Run as fast as you can in your mind
Back to a place that you never forgot
Before everything was lost

I don't remember when we ran out of rope
But when we did we lost all hope
We just stood there cryin'
That's what we learned about flyin'

So I took your hand and you took mine
And we waltzed together in time
But looking back I guess I didn't know
That I was in love and you were letting go

It's funny how your mind plays tricks on you
Seemed like the higher and higher we flew
You took off and I was made of stone
I was made of stone

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