

George Harrison

"Flying Hour"

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Flying Hour

All through my life I've been hearing
All about those good old days.
It makes no diff'rence,
What was or what may be.
The past it is gone,
The future may not be at all,
The present improve the flying hour.

Some people look into the future,
They're hoping that they'll see better days.
It's such a sweet thought,
It's something that could be but
The past it is gone,
The future may not be at all,
The present improve the flying hour.

What was and what may be,
Is not here, it is not clear to me.
Right now is the one thing
That I can feel, the one thing real to me,
Uh-uh - uh-uh.

So as you sit back to remember
That which you cannot recall.
It makes no diff'rence,
What was or what may be.
The past it is gone,
The future may not be at all,
The present improve the flying hour.

It makes no diff'rence,
What was or what may be.
The past it is gone,
The future may not be at all,
The present improve the flying hour, uh-uh, uh-uh.

The past it is gone,
The future may not be at all,
The present improve the flying hour.

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