

Browne Jackson**"SHE'S A FLYING THING"**

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She's a flying thing that sings
With her eyes like smoky rings
The sun can feel her presence in the sky
And I think I'm gonna stay
'Cause there's nothing in our way
And she says that she can teach me how to fly

If I could love her more
Than I have ever loved before
Then tomorrow I'll be standing at her door

And when I hear her voice
I have no other choice
Than to bend back my head and search the sky
Her hair is spun so fine
Roses fell like laughing wine
And she says that she can teach me how to fly

If I could give her all the things
She's never had before
Then tomorrow I'll be standing at her door

To see her walking by
Is to see a windy sky
And the clouds reflecting in her eyes
The softness of her skin
Makes me wonder where I've been
And she says that she can teach me how to fly

If she could love me more
Than she has ever loved before
Then tomorrow I'll be standing at her door

She's a flying thing that sings
With her eyes like smoky rings
She says that she can teach me how to fly
And she says that she can teach me how to fly
And she says that she can teach me how to fly

