

Heather Small

"Low - Flying Jets"

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Don't wanna sit up straight
Or look you in the face
I keep checking over your shoulder
Cos I've been dreaming of low-flying jets
Sweet town knocked my head over
Over and over

You got your head in the clouds
You can't hear me at all
And I don't know what to say
Cos I don't know what's wrong

It's just a headache I suppose
Thrown back like a sinking boat
I keep thinking it's all over
Cos I've been dreaming of undertows
And the places that you go
And my head slips off your shoulder

You got your head in the clouds
You can't hear me at all
And I don't know what to say
Cos I don't know what's wrong

You can't hear me at all

Been staying up too late
I keep dreaming of lost in space
And when I wake up
I start to break up

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