

# Jethro Tull

## "Aeroplane"

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Flying made of sticks and paper:  
aeroplane.  
Dying is the wind but climbing,  
my aeroplane.  
Blowing, and going somewhere high  
in the evening tumbling down,  
but it's surely been up there.  
Crying want to live my life as  
my aeroplane  
Sighing in the sun's eye, but softly:  
my aeroplane.

Lonely, but only till it comes down,  
well there's people running round.  
But it's surely been up there.

Flying my aeroplane.  
my aeroplane  
my aeroplane  
my aeroplane

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