

Joan Osborne

"Flyaway"

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Don't ask her how she knows, but she knows
It's gonna be great
Don't ask her how she knows, but she knows
And she can't wait

Hey, hey, hey, flyaway
Hey, hey, hey, hey flyaway

Number one for takeoff
To that big drowning pool in the sky
Number one for takeoff
And her dress wavin' you goodbye

Hey, hey, hey, flyaway
Hey, hey, hey, hey flyaway

Gone up in rapture

Gone, see your mother
Take off your heavy head
Gone up in rapture
Life's better when you're dead

Bones light as eggshells
Look down on main street
See all the people run
Laugh if you want to
She's goin' to the sun

Hey, hey, hey, flyaway
Hey, hey, hey, hey flyaway, flyaway
Hey, flyaway

Oh, flyaway, flyaway
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