

Chris Cummings

"Flying"

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Flying, I thought I'd never learn that flying
I thought I'd spend my whole life trying,
For flying is that ancient art of keeping one foot on the
ground...

Lying, I thought I'd never keep from lying,
I thought I'd lose it all by sighing,
For lying is that ancient art of hiding words that will
never be found

Crying, I thought I'd never stop that crying,
I thought I'd always dream of dying
For crying is that ancient art of weeping rivers into the
ground

Oh dying, I thought I'd never see that dying,
I thought I'd spend my whole life flying,
For dying is that ancient art of keeping one world
turning round

Sighing, I thought I'd never keep from sighing
I thought I'd always be there crying,
For sighing is that ancient art of breathing sadness all
around

And trying, I thought I'd spend my seasons trying,
I thought I could stop myself from lying,
For trying is that ancient art of proving that the world is
round

Oh flying, oh oh, Lying, oh oh, crying, oh oh, sighing,
oh oh,
Trying, oh oh, and dying, oh oh,
For dying is that ancient art of growing flowers in the
ground,
Yes it is...

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