

## **Morten Abel "Helicopter"**

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I came with the season of the colour  
The making of the dollar  
The future and the preacher words of clowns  
The preacher words of clowns  
I came from the city made of sulfer  
My breath smells of vinegar  
No respect, I forgot the gallipot  
Forgot the gallipot  
I'm always in some kind of mire....mire  
And I want to try to get higher  
Helicopter  
I call it the freeway  
Look what money can buy  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
I call it the aerospace  
I went as president of Amerika  
With flashes of cameras  
I can't wait to get home to my mama  
To get home to my mama  
I went lifted up by a propeller  
I brought my umbrella  
If I wanted to jump off in the night  
To jump off in the night  
I'm always in some kind of mire....mire  
I want to buy not hire  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
Helicopter  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
I call it the freeway  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
Look what money can buy  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
I call it the aerospace  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
Look what money can buy  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
I like to fly  
I like to fly  
I die as a happy fella  
Distant suns and stellas  
Twinkling like helicopter flies

Some men prefer to sail the sea  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
I call it the freeway  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
Look what money can buy  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
Some men prefer to sail the sea  
Look what money can buy

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