

## **Pink Floyd**

# **"Learning To Fly"**

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Into the distance, a ribbon of black  
Stretched to the point of no turning back  
A flight of fancy on a windswept field  
Standing alone my senses reeled  
Fatal attraction is holding me fast,  
How can I escape this irresistible grasp?

Can't keep my eyes from the circling skies  
Tongue-tied and twisted Just an earth-bound misfit, I

Ice is forming on the tips of my wings  
Unheeded warnings, I thought I'd thought of  
everything  
No navigator to find my way home  
Unladen, empty and turned to stone

The soul intention is learning to fly  
Condition grounded but determined to try  
God keep my eyes from the circling skies  
Tongue-tied and twisted just an earth-bound misfit, I

Friction lock - set.  
Mixture - rich.  
Propellers - fully forward.  
Flaps - set - 10 degrees.  
Engine gauges and suction - check  
Mixture set to maximum percent - recheck  
Flight instruments...

Altimeters - check both  
(garbled word) - on  
Navigation lights - on  
Strobes - on  
(to tower): Confirm 3-8-Echo ready for departure  
(tower): Hello again, this is now 129.4  
(to tower): 129.4. See ya.  
(tower): You may commence your takeoff, winds over  
10 knots.  
(to tower): 3-8-Echo  
Easy on the brakes. Take it easy. Its gonna roll this  
time.  
Just hand the power gradually, and it...

Above the planet on a wing and a prayer,  
My grubby halo, a vapour trail in the empty air,  
Across the clouds I see my shadow fly  
Out of the corner of my watering eye  
To dream unthreatened by the morning light  
Could blow this soul right through the roof of the night

There's no sensation to compare with this  
Suspended animation, A state of bliss  
Can't keep my mind from the circling skies  
Tongue-tied and twisted just an earth-bound misfit, I

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