

Pink Floyd

"Pull This Plastic Glider Higher"

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Light the fuse and stand right back

He cried
This is my last goodbye."

Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly

And if you survive till two thousand and five
I hope you're exceedingly thin
For if you are stout you will have to breathe out
While the people around you breathe in

People pressing on might say
It's something that I hate to say
I'm slipping down to eat the ground
A little refuge on my brain

Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly

And all we've got to say to you is goodbye
It's time to go, better run and get your bags, it's
goodbye
Nobody cry, it's goodbye
Crash, crash, crash, crash, goodbye.....

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