

Roz Bell**"Fly on a Feelin'"**

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I wonder whether we'll ever get it together in time
To enjoy our lives, life keeps passin' me by
I heard my baby cry late night, wondering why
Why do we got it so tough, hard to drive
I'm used to steerin' the wheel and then dealing without
a guide
I've never stumbled, or crumbled, or fumbled, learned
to survive
And in time, I got too many times to think
My baby might leave if I sink
I coulda been there before them
When they was closin' the door
And I guess I wasn't, so fuck it
They gotta love it or leave it
The finer things are deceiving
And still my baby's believing
That I'm a star on her ceiling
About to fly on a feeling

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