

## Severed Heads "Jet Lag"

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Rode in the grip of an angel  
Hands tied in cords of gold  
We'd made a deal, I went astray  
Now I'm falling with hell to pay  
Rode in the grip of an angel  
Occupied with thoughts of gold  
I learned a dance on the head of a pin  
It didn't save me from eternal sin  
C Now I'm learning to fly by myself  
Stealing my grain from the mouths of birds  
Touch ground for an occasional birdbath  
Crap on the heads of passers-by  
"Fairy Land doesn't last forever. Making fun of my  
moping around and being  
A pain in the arse, etc., etc. Another one of these flying  
songs. We've  
Actually dropped the lyrics on later versions. They're a  
bit obvious,  
Y'know."

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