

Severed Heads

"Jetlag"

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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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