

Steve Hackett "Weightless"

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From a personal hang-gliding experience
In fact, just another song about hang-gliding over Rio
De Janeiro)
Far in the distance and way up high
Circling slowly beneath the sky
Lone in the air and the world is turning
Looking the eagle straight in the eye
What goes up must come down
And you circle all around
On your own
You're seeing things in a dream
You learn to swing
Over trees
In the clouds
It's a breeze
Blowing around
Leaving the ground and you're feeling weightless
To the sea sparkling in the sun
There's a beach and it's time for landing
But it seems that you've just begun

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