

Polly Jean Harvey

"Right to Fly"

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(with moonshake)

Bowling along the street like an empty carton
Mouthing words to music no-one else can hear
Rolling in the gutter like a stolen hubcab
The force field means no-one will come near

I've got a right to fly
And you're wrong to bring me down
I've got my head in the clouds
And my feet on the ground
I've got a right to fly
And you're wrong to bring me down
I've got a right to fly

Try and engage some conversation
But people's teeth grind and hackles rise
And then they get that glazed look in their eyes
They press a tarnished coin into my greasy mitt
My clothes catch the rain, the sun, the sweat

I've got a right to fly
And you're wrong to bring me down
I've got my head in the clouds
And my feet on the ground
I've got a right to fly
And you're wrong to bring me down
I've got a right to fly

One last soldier behind a shield of offense
People attacking with curled lips and glances
Mind grows propellers and pilots
And retro-rockets taking off to where the alley wind
dances

I've got a right to fly
And you're wrong to bring me down
I've got my head in the clouds
And my feet on the ground
I've got a right to fly
And you're wrong to bring me down
I've got a right to fly

You're wrong
You're so wrong

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