

## Cat Empire, The "Panama"

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I was in a plane to Panama  
And a fly landed on her thigh  
And I thought I brushed it off quite brashly  
I introduced myself  
And she said her name was sky.

A simple Hi and I could tell  
That her plainness was well seamless  
And somewhere deep inside  
She drove a calm and weightless determination

And to what lands her mind would travel  
I don't know but I was so curious  
I had to keep on thinking of her floating through the  
clouds Yeah

I asked her whether she enjoyed being in the air  
And airily she answered with an accent so careful  
I could feel each syllable while  
I love things that seem impossible  
I love things that seem impossible  
Well I love things that seem impossible  
And I love things that seem impossible Yeah

Seem impossible  
Seem impossible  
I love things that seem impossible

And to what lands her mind would travel  
I don't know but I was so curious  
I had to keep on thinking of her floating through the  
clouds Yeah

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