

Floyd Pink

"Point Me At The Sky"

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Hey, Eugene,

This is Henry McClean

And I've finished my beautiful flying machine

And I'm ringing to say

That I'm leaving and maybe

You'd like to fly with me

And hide with me, baby

Isn't it strange

How little we change

Isn't it sad we're insane

Playing the games that we know and in tears

The games we've been playing for thousands and
thousands and

Pointing to the cosmic glider

"Pull this plastic glider higher

Light the fuse and stand right back"

He cried "This is my last goodbye."

Point me at the sky and tell it fly

Point me at the sky and tell it fly

Point me at the sky and tell it fly

And if you survive till two thousand and five

I hope you're exceedingly thin
For if you are stout you will have to breathe out
While the people around you breathe in
People pressing on might say
It's something that I hate to say
I'm slipping down to eat the ground
A little refuge on my brai
Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly
And all we've got to say to you is goodbye
It's time to go, better run and get your bags, it's
goodbye
Nobody cry, it's goodbye
Crash, crash, crash, crash, goodbye...

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