Floyd Pink "Pull This Plastic Glider Higher"

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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 brain

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, goodbye..

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