

Tara Oram "Fly Girl"

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Blue skies, tall palm trees
Flippin through pages of magazines
Workin at the counter at, walgreens

Dreamin' waitin
Pinchin the pennies on minimum wage
Savin what she can countin down the days
Daddy says don't go
Mama says "it's the only way she'll ever know"

So come early sunday mornin she's gonna say
goodbye
Drive past the water tower
Eighty miles an hour over county lines
Red bull and a blue camaro
Blacktop to golden sand
What lies ahead down that road
Ain't no doubt it's a big ole world
But you're never gonna know til you, fly girl

Cornfields, dairy farms
Home sweet home ain't goin nowhere
She's gotta find out if there's life out there
Brother says good luck
Grandma says "I sure am gonna miss you hon" but

So come early sunday mornin she's gonna say
goodbye
Drive past the water tower
Eighty miles an hour over county lines
Red bull and a blue camaro
Blacktop to golden sand
What lies ahead down that road
Ain't no doubt it's a big ole world
But you could stay on the ground or, fly girl

She knows things might not go her way
But she will not take the coulda shoulda wouldas to the
grave

Come early sunday mornin she's gonna say goodbye
Drive past the water tower eighty miles an hour over

county lines
Red bull and a blue camaro
Blacktop to golden sand
What lies ahead down that road
Ain't no doubt it's a big ole world
But you're never gonna know til you, fly girl
Ain't no doubt it's a big ole world
You could stay on the ground or, fly girl
Oh, Yeah.

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