

Hackett Steve

"Weightless"

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From a personal hang-gliding experience

in fact, just another song about hang-gliding over Rio
De Janeiro)

Far in the distance and way up high

Circling slowly beneath the sky

Lone in the air and the world is turning

Looking the eagle straight in the eye

What goes up must come down

And you circle all around

On your own

You're seeing things in a dream

You learn to swing

Over trees

In the clouds

It's a breeze

Blowing around

Leaving the ground and you're feeling weightless

To the sea sparkling in the sun

There's a beach and it's time for landing

But it seems that you've just begun

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