

Let It Fly

Corey Hart

First we write a short story called
"Walking through minefields"
Over the canyon to a great divide
Where chimney sweepers in society
Paint chameleon faces of mendacity
Then we find a small garden naked to earth
Humbled by creation, joy and mirth
God's love from above still satisfies
Mystify to thy own self be true
When the python stones you
Don't ask why, let it fly
Don't ask why?

Darlene's a baker at the Cozy shack
Flamenco fusion is coming back
She wears a bandanna like Guevera would
Quiet revolution so misunderstood
Bang, bang in the night daddy's gone
King of the castle didn't dig the song
When the butterfly changes
Don't ask why, let it fly
Don't ask why, let it fly
Don't ask why, let it fly
Let it fly

Caprice, uncertainty, innocence
Sticky fingers line the pocket for your last two cents
Shed no tear or fear cause I'm here
Believe what I want, what I want is clear
Inspiration rush, ideas touch creativity, humanity
Celebration, fascination, happy ending situation
All the minefields explode
Angels tell me
Don't ask why, let it fly
Don't ask why, let it fly
Don't ask why, let it fly
You don't ask why
Let it fly....