

I met a man with eyes like glass
Whose useful days were gone and passed
He told me in a cardboard tone
How long ago he once had flown

When I was young he did relate
I'd watch the birds as they'd escape
From the greedy ground we grovelled on
Into the clouds and then beyond...

What kind of bird am I?
How can I learn to fly?

And so each day I'd try, he said
To let go of my mind of led
And with my body floating free
Swim in the air as in the sea

This was my greatest, strongest wish
And so the air did not resist
One day above the ground I rose
And felt the air beneath my toes

What kind of boy am I?
How can I learn to fly?

I rose above the tallest trees
And summersalted in the breeze
I dove with lightning speed and then
I shot up to the clouds again

I jumped off buildings with delight
And laughed at those afraid of heights
What need has anyone for fear
When we are free and the sky is near?

Oh, what a boy was I?
When do we learn to die?

And when I saw I was alone
And no one close to me would come
I soon forgot the joy of sky
And gently back to earth came I

I've never flown again, said he
Because we're all alike, you see
Our sickness strengthens unity
And no one needs to question me

What kind of boy was I?
How could I learn to fly?