

I know I should feel welcome here  
Way up in the atmosphere  
But I am afraid  
And if I land on earth again  
I'll be happy just to cut my face  
While I shave

Now the sky is floating by  
But I am not a cloud  
And I've decided  
I was not designed to fly

After all, I'm only sand  
To irritate the oyster and  
To wait for a pearl  
And even though I must concede  
Greatness has eluded me  
I'd still miss the world

And I would have regrets  
Were I to pirouette inside a metal jet  
And I am not prepared  
To sprout a pair of wings and fly