

Skyscraper

David Lee Roth

I can hear the sound
Of the North Star calling
Put your high beams on (stay on my wing)
I'm falling (falling, falling, falling)

And spinning and turning (and spinning and turning)
This is ultra-glide
The beginnings of great things
Cannot be seen by your naked eye

Crack the skies like lightning
Mama's little sonic boom
Is simply frightening
I'm a skyscraper

Float like a butterfly
Acrobatic
Sting like a B-52
Dramatic
And a radar, a radar locks on you
No static

Can I reach it now?
I'm not up here often
God only knows
And He ain't talkin'
Skyscraper

Uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh
Oh, oh, oh