

# The Aviator

Deep Purple

Riding on the moonpath  
in the silver of the night  
The fragrance on the air  
was of another time  
I cried in all my innocence  
you were dressed in white  
and even if I'd had the strength  
I couldn't move to save my life

The fear and the thrill  
of the beast at the window  
The shivers and the chills  
on the hottest of nights  
he walked right through  
my open door  
As I began to run, he threw  
some gold upon the floor, and said  
There's plenty more  
where that came from

I'm tired of the bombs  
I'm tired of the bullets  
I'm tired of the crazies on TV  
I'm the aviator  
A dream's a dream whatever it seems

I flew along the lighted street  
I flew above the town  
I flew in ever rising circles  
ever further from the ground  
As I begin to lose my breath  
printed faces turn a spin  
A distant corner of the room  
will open up and let me in

I'm tired of the news  
I'm tired of the weather  
I'm tired of the same thing every day  
I'm the aviator  
A dream's a dream whatever they say