

## Flyin'

Emerson Hart

Big blue skies and an open field  
My right hand on the steering wheel  
Two young lovers runnin' wild  
We bought string and a brand new kite  
We couldn't wait to watch it fly  
But it flew too high, it flew too high

Here comes the wind let your string unwind  
Run as fast as you can in your mind  
Back to a place that you never forgot  
Before everything was lost  
I don't remember when we ran out of rope  
When we did we lost all hope  
And we just stood there cryin'  
That what's we learned about flyin'

So I took your hand and you took mine  
And we waltzed together in time  
But looking back I guess I didn't know  
That I was in love and you were letting go  
It's funny how your mind plays tricks on you  
Seemed like the higher and higher we flew  
You took off and I was made of stone  
I was made of stone

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