

# Aeroplane

Jethro Tull

Flying made of sticks and paper aeroplane  
Dying is the wind but climbing my aeroplane

Blowing and going somewhere high  
In the evening tumbling down  
But it's surely been up there

Crying want to live my life as my aeroplane  
Sighing in the sun's eye but softly my aeroplane

Lonely but only till it comes down  
Where there's people running round  
But it's surely been up there

Flying my aeroplane