

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