

Flight 28

Miro Žbirka

Come on, let me say the trip has just began
We're flying to the clouds near to the sun
And if there's anyone you left down on the ground
On the way back home they'll still be there to find

We're going to the places you've never been before
Ten thousand miles away or maybe more
You will see the things you'll never see again
And in the end of it, it's hard to leave a friend

Well, I see your face and I notice that you smile
Well, I notice that you smile instead of cry
Well, you're right, my friend, than listen for a while
'cos maybe you're not coming back again

Talking to the people you've never told before
Walking down on streets of which you've never ever thought
Swimming in the sea, lying, taking sun
Well, I hope you come back home, Mr. Brown

Well, I see your face and I notice that you smile...

Fasten your seatbelts and, please, do not smoke
In twenty minutes we're landing, that is not a joke
'cos if the angels gone wrong, we'll be set on fire
And to stand on ground again is our desire