

Helicopter

Morten Abel

I came with the season of the colour
The making of the dollar
The future and the preacher words of clowns
The preacher words of clowns

I came from the city made of sulfer
My breath smells of vinegar
No respect, I forgot the gallipot
Forgot the gallipot

I'm always in some kind of mire....mire
And I want to try to get higher

Helicopter
I call it the freeway
Look what money can buy
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I call it the aerospace

I went as president of Amerika
With flashes of cameras
I can't wait to get home to my mama
To get home to my mama
I went lifted up by a propeller
I brought my umbrella
If I wanted to jump off in the night
To jump off in the night

I'm always in some kind of mire....mire
I want to buy not hire

Some men prefer to sail the sea
Helicopter
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I call it the freeway
Some men prefer to sail the sea
Look what money can buy
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I call it the aerospace
Some men prefer to sail the sea
Look what money can buy
Some men prefer to sail the sea
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I like to fly
I like to fly

I die as a happy fella
Distant suns and stellas
Twinkling like helicopter flies

Some men prefer to sail the sea
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I call it the freeway
Some men prefer to sail the sea
Look what money can buy
Some men prefer to sail the sea
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Some men prefer to sail the sea
Look what money can buy