

Lord Of The Sky

Nightmare

A nasty day of winter 1929 he's got to take the joystick got to
send the mail

It's bad weather and his hands are cold as ice
He knew the danger but he knew he had to try

To fly to America crossing the stars
Braving the fire as want to make it die

When we tried to call him after midnight
There was no on on the radio no sign of life
Then we started to look for him everywhere
People swore than he has vanished in the air

Fly to America guess livin' in the stars
We used to call him the lord of the sky

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The lord of the sky...