

The sun hanging above the wing
I have no fear of flying
The stars lose height by morning's light
As slowly they are dying

My only eye my tiny light
The meter on the cable
An airy moon a silver spoon
The eaters at your table

Angelyne in your blue dress
Where's the meaning in a powdered night
Pressed between these memories of flight

If chance should spill her darkened cup
If one day we should marry
The crows would chortle in the trees
Our closest calls to bury

Or safe within your radio
I sleep til morning dawns on you
When weather or the telephone
Will tell you I have gone from you

Angelyne in your blue dress
Where's the meaning in a powdered night
Pressed between these memories of flight