

Immigration Song

OZMA

So it ends
Round and round the propeller spins
Seat backs up no tray tables down
No turning back to this country town

I already knew blue eyed girl
Would be halfway around the world

Air is thin
Round and round the propellor spins
Round and round like a carousel
Round and round feeling not as well

I already knew blue eyed girl
Would be halfway around the world

I can feel it in these undertones
A fair, light one to have alone
I can see it in the lights below
Pilots, mechanics take me home