

Wingsuit

Phish

Steal away, let's steal a car
You'll never win a major only shooting par
Step outside, feel the sun
It's only you, be you, 'cause you're the only one
And it feels good 'cause it feels good
And it feels good
Nothing lasts, nothing stays
Caught in this procession of unchanging days
What's new is old, what's old is gone
You're pushed up to the edge, so put your wingsuit on
Put your wingsuit on
(And it feels good 'cause it feels good
And it feels good)
And gliding away, you fly where you choose
There's nothing to say and nothing to lose
Steal away, paint the sky
Put your wingsuit on
And gliding away, you fly where you choose
There's nothing to say, and nothing to lose
Time to put your wingsuit on