

Aeroplane

Quill

I cannot hear a single whisper
I cannot see an open eye
And the faces I see are indifferent to me
And my soul becomes the aeroplane

Never a thought of parachuting
I am given to the winds just like a kite
I am upside, I'm downside
And I'm rolling around
As my soul becomes the aeroplane

I'm the aeroplane

I am the wheel
I'm the maker so give it a try
Believe me, I sure can make you fly

I am your pilot
The aeroplane is all inside your head
I am everything you said
You ever needed