

Fly

Sarah Brightman

I know a colorful room
Where we can fly
And take a spin to the moon
On Aunt Angelica's pie

I am a fly, pie in the sky

Across a harvest of stars
And constellations
We'll drink a star juice on Mars
Miss our connection and cry

'Cause I don't know why

I am a fly

And the major is dead
It went to his head
We gonna fly