

# 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