

Weightless

Steve Hackett

Far in the distance and way up high
Circling slowly beneath the sky
Lone in the air and the world is turning
Looking the eagle straight in the eye

What goes up must come down
And you circle all around
On your own
You're seeing things in a dream

You learn to swing
Over trees
In the clouds
It's a breeze
Blowing round

Leaving the ground and you're feeling weightless
To the sea sparkling in the sun
There's a beach and it's time for landing
But it seems that you've just begun

What goes up must come down
And you circle all around
On your own
You're seeing things in a dream

You learn to swing
Over trees
In the clouds
It's a breeze
Blowing round

(I go down, I go down, I go down...)

On your own
You're seeing things in a dream
You learn to swing
Over trees
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Blowing round