

Flying

Strawbs

Young boy that I know
Feels he has lived too long
His spirit of adventure
Slipped away
With little sense of pride
He feels deep down inside
He is flying
To be free again.

Young girl that I know
Feels she has lost her way
Her only chance of love
Once passed her by
But little does she know
This is hardly so
She is flying
To be free again.

And just as in the willow pattern fantasy
The boy and girl have crossed the bridge of tears
And like the birds above
They are sending down their love.

Flying to be free again.
Crying to be free again.
Dying to be free again.