

Flying On The Ground Is Wrong

The Guess Who

Is my world not falling down
I'm in pieces on the ground
And my eyes aren't open
And I'm standing on my knees
But if crying and holding on
And flying on the ground is wrong
Then I'm sorry to let you down,
But you're from my side of town
And I miss you.

Turn me up or turn me down
Turn me off or turn me round
I wish I could have met you in a place
Where we both belong
But if crying and holding on
And flying on the ground is wrong
Then I'm sorry to let you down,
But you're from my side of town
And I miss you.

Sometimes I feel like I'm just a helpless child
Sometimes I feel like a kid.
But baby, since I have changed
I can't take nothing home.

City lights at a country fair
Never shine but always glare
If I'm bright enough to see you,
You're just too dark to care.
But if crying and holding on
And flying on the ground is wrong
Then I'm sorry to let you down,
But you're from my side of town
And I miss you.