

## Amelia Earhart

### Bachman-Turner Overdrive

Born among the fields where the corn is wild  
Amelia would sit and count Missouri miles  
She was a born-to-wander Kansas City child

Sailing on the wings of a kite she'd play (sailing away)  
Dreaming of the time she would fly away  
And what was written on the wind, well you could say

Amelia Earhart do you read me  
(Am I coming in loud and clear)  
Send a message if you need me  
And you know that I'll be there

High up in the skies in a flying machine (flying away)  
Amelia looked down and realized her dream  
And there it stretched as far away as she could see

People in the streets on the world below  
Listen for the news on the radio  
But could they see just how much further she would go

Amelia Earhart do you read me  
(Am I coming in loud and clear)  
Send a message if you need me  
And you know that I'll be there

Heaven fell to earth on a broken wing (falling away)  
A picture of a face in a magazine  
But what was written in the end was never seen

Amelia Earhart do you read me  
(Am I coming in loud and clear?)  
Send a message if you need me  
And you know that I'll be there

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