

# Planes

Colin Blunstone

Oh Jesse I'd like to be

One of those men up on the screen

With an elegant lady and a cafe in Paris

Serving pernod and kahlua with cream

You can see it, I know

All the doors have been closed in my face

And the drinks at the Casbah

'Bout a mile or more from the place

And oh Jesse won't you look at the planes, tell me

Oh Jesse is it true what they say

There's a capital 'G' in the name of the game

The runway's the home of my silver grey plane

Oh won't you look at the planes

Riding down the skyway

Jesse aren't those wings just fine

Don't it make you wanna fly

Someday

Why friend am I so still

Tied to my job with time to kill

Do I still bear the traces of my old Don Quixote

Tilting giants on imaginary hills

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