

Fly Away

Dan Bern

Awful still out there
Too still for me
We used to go on outside whenever
Something was open to buy some tea
Feel like you could die here
Middle of main street, plain as day
The sun would bake you dry
The wind blow you away

Everybody's shifting
Some people in the air
Half of me wants to crack the code
The other half don't care
I wouldn't bat an eyelid
If right now someone said
All the folks you talking too
Been a hundred years dead

Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray
Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray

Sometimes I wanna fly planes into buildings
So I stay away from planes
I want sweet oblivion and outside
I want dripping rain
Tripping over my underwear and cigarette shelf
They say this river runs like freedom
But right now it's gone dry
The water tower's run dry
The sun's falling outta the sky

I don't understand why I owe anybody anything
I feel like a tightrope walker and they took away my
string
Feel like someone squeezed the juice out of my fruit
Like everyone's in sweat pants and I'll only wear a
suit
Used to feel like a Mexican bandit when I picked up my
guitar
Now it's nuclear winter, I gotta pay for a new car

Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray
Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray

Why is the car still running?
Won't someone turn it off
Who is looking in my window?
I heard somebody cough
Things so important a few months back
Now barely catch my interest
I feel I'm losing track
Of people, of names, of places, and of friends
Excuse me for not keeping up with all the latest trends

Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray
Hey, fly away
Hey sky is gray

Well excuse me for behaving in a manner that seems rude
Most of my waking moments deal with finding food
Something for my family, something for my nation
Designer boots for grandma
Designer drugs for my patients
I've been infected
I've been dissected
I've been neglected and injected and inspected
Don't be rejected
You will be protected
Send me all your money so that I can get elected

Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray
Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray

Well I lost my sense of balance
And I lost my sense of smell
In a car accident near the liberty bell
I lost my sense of timing
I lost my sense of touch
>From commercials and checking my e-mail too much
I have no taste
Lots of folks tell me that
My eyesight was pretty much shot right off the bat
All that's left is some skewed inner vision
And some obsolete info on nuclear fission

Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray
Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray

Well I finally got this whole place to myself
Think I might go and strap myself down
And sleep off this headache
Sleep off this war
And maybe my dreams will tell me
What it all was for
I might steal some clothes and get my face all dirty
Roll on the freight train, rolls in around 4:30
Might see you up in the sky
If we flap our wings and learn to fly

Hey, fly away
Hey, sky is gray