

Fly

David Bowie

The television's on
And I'm walking through the yard
The house is fast asleep
And I'm crying in my car
Dying for the weekend
The kids are alright
But they don't smile much
They sit up in their garage
With their decks and their stuff
Dying for the weekend
The boy's on a charge
But his mother doesn't know
He never got around
Yet to telling her son
It would only make her crazy
And I'll be fine
I'm only sleeping in my head
And I can fly
I close my eyes and I can fly

The television's on
And I'm walking through the yard
The house is fast asleep
And I'm crying in my car
Dying for the weekend
The kids have got a gig
In an all night rave
They're lookin' pretty tough
But I still want to say
Do you really have to go?
Down in the back street
A skinny kid cries
Bad drive Saturday
Another life flies
Dying for the weekend
And I'll be fine
I'm only sleeping in my head
And I can fly
I close my eyes and I can fly
And I can fly
And fall toward the end
And I can fly
And I'll be fine
I'm only sleeping in my head
And I can fly
I close my eyes and I can fly