

Out of the windows
Into the sky
Truth in your veins
And the strength in your sigh
Reduce it to thoughts
And the ghost runs away
The spark of creation
Is the hand on the clay
Holding on, molding our love
Letting the clocks melt on by
Standing on the higher steeple
Inside the smile of the holy ripple
I'm flying, flying on the tip of a tongue that uttered
no wrong
I'm flying, flying on the things never said 'cause
words can be dead
And nothing can ever come near flying with you
Slipped through the crack
When no one could see
Now we are everywhere we want to be
Paint in the dark
Lush is the ride
No more reflections
The answers won't hide
Turning on the light inside us
Taking the reins of delight
Signing off the everyday world
Inside the seed of the funniest big whirl
I'm flying, flying on the tip of a tongue that uttered
no wrong
I'm flying, flying on the things never said 'cause
words can be dead
And nothing can ever come near flying with you