

# Flying

Eleven

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