

Helicopter

Morten Abel

I came with the season of the colour
The making of the dollar
The future and the preacher words of clowns
The preacher words of clowns

I came from the city made of sulfur
My breath smells of vinegar
No respect, I forgot the gallipot
Forgot the gallipot

I'm always in some kind of mire....mire
And I want to try to get higher

Helicopter
I call it the freeway
Look what money can buy
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I call it the aerospace

I went as president of Amerika
With flashes of cameras
I can't wait to get home to my mama
To get home to my mama
I went lifted up by a propeller
I brought my umbrella
If I wanted to jump off in the night
To jump off in the night

I'm always in some kind of mire....mire
I want to buy not hire

Some men prefer to sail the sea
Helicopter
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I call it the freeway
Some men prefer to sail the sea
Look what money can buy
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I call it the aerospace
Some men prefer to sail the sea
Look what money can buy
Some men prefer to sail the sea
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I like to fly
I like to fly

I die as a happy fella
Distant suns and stellas
Twinkling like helicopter flies

Some men prefer to sail the sea
Some men prefer to sail the sea
I call it the freeway
Some men prefer to sail the sea
Look what money can buy
Some men prefer to sail the sea
Some men prefer to sail the sea

Some men prefer to sail the sea
Look what money can buy