

# Flying Fish

Paul Weller

See - like fishes in a stream  
Caught up in a net  
Trying to be free

I try, try to catch your eye  
And us, just flying fish  
Leaping in a stream

So I look around  
And I hear that sound  
As a million stars  
Lift me up so far

And I wonder why  
When I look into the sky  
How such fine fish  
Can end up like this?

Still, the roads are silent too  
No car, no bus, no clue  
Stuck between two walls  
I seem...

Slight, like echoes down a pipe  
Or whispers late at night  
But nothing I can see

So I look around  
And I hear that sound  
As a million stars  
Lift me up so far

And I wonder why  
When I look into the sky  
How such fine fish  
Can end up like this?

While I was dreaming  
I look out, look out  
Something was happening  
I look out, look out

Stream, the shit out of a dream  
Caught up in the thread  
Of plots we'll soon forget

So I look around  
And I hear that sound  
As a million stars  
Lift me up so far

And I wonder why  
As I look into the sky  
How such fine fish  
Can end up like this?