(S.DAY) Cindy is flying in the sky, she says that she won't go to high. But I can see the path of her flight, she wishes she may, I know she might. She's dying, I'm crying it's all up to you. I'm hoping she's joking the jokes on you. Cindy she rides the train, she says that she enjoys the pain. And when she flys in me it burns my hide, I hope she holds on to her life. She's dying, I'm crying it's all up to you. I'm hoping she's joking the jokes on you. Cindy she loves to hit the nail, she says that her hit never fails. She always said she had a lust for life, sometimes I think she wants to die. She's dying, I'm crying it's all up to you. I'm hoping she's joking the jokes on you.