

# Andrew Peterson, Why Walk When You Can Fly

In this world there's a whole lot of trouble, baby  
In this world there's a whole lot of pain  
In this world there's a whole lot of trouble  
But a whole lot of ground to gain  
Why take when you could be giving?  
Why watch as the world goes by?  
It's a hard enough life to be living  
Why walk, when you can fly?  
See, in this world there's a whole lot of sorrow  
In this world there's a whole lot of shame  
In this world there's a whole lot of sorrow  
But a whole lot of ground to gain  
When you spend your whole life wishing  
Wanting and wondering why  
It's a long enough life to be living  
Why walk, when you can fly?  
In this world there's a whole lot of golden  
In this world there's a whole lot of plain  
In this world you've a soul for a compass  
And a heart for a pair of wings  
There's a star on the far horizon  
Rising bright in an azure sky  
But for the rest of the time you've been given  
Why walk, when you can fly high, high?