

Eugenio Finardi, Song Fly High

Fly song fly high over all the bummers
over all the runners in the race
over their disgrace
and all over my face
and into my mind
leaving everything behind
Fly song fly high
over all the lovers
over all the lovers that discover
that their lover isnt true at all
and its like hitting a wall
like your whole worlds gonna fall
and than you call a friend on the phone
and your friend says hold on
says honey be strong
says honey fly on
fly song fly high
over all the cities
over all the slums and the parks
over junkies shootin up in the dark
over all those superstars
oh how far they are
and how I wish I was one toc
livin in a place like Malibu
with a girl like you
honey just me and you
yea and maybe same children too
fly song fly high
over all the highways and the trains
over people living one place to go somewhere
thats just the same
and they call it a change
well isnt it a shame
their worlds all the same
they never get out of the game
isnt it a shame
yea isnt it a shame