

# Saint Etienne, Flight To Tashkent

[introductory sample:]

Dig, dig, / digaroooney /  
Dig dig dig, / digaroooney /  
Dig dig dig, / digaroooney /  
Dig, / dig, / dig, / dig... /

The shade of the September grass /  
down avenues, chasing your childhood, /  
scratching our names on a tree, /  
these things all remind me of you. /

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. / [or it could be &quot;oh baby(?)&quot;]  
Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /  
Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /  
Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /

Her hair was as soft as the snow. /  
Watching the sun rise from my house. /  
(The pilot is calling for help), /  
and something reminds me of you. /

Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /  
Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /  
Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /  
Oh, sometime, / no, maybe tomorrow. /

Ooh, / and we're coming down, / ooh, / we're coming down. / Ooh, / and we're coming down, / ooh,