

# Steve Hackett, Weightless

Far in the distance and way up high  
Circling slowly beneath the sky  
Lone in the air and the world is turning  
Looking the eagle straight in the eye

What goes up must come down  
And you circle all around  
On your own

You're seeing things in a dream  
You learn to swing over trees  
In the clouds  
It's a breeze  
Blowing 'round

Leaving the ground and you're feeling weightless  
To the sea sparkling in the sun  
There's a beach and it's time for landing  
But it seems that you've just begun

What goes up must come down  
And you circle all around  
On your own

You're seeing things in a dream  
You learn to swing over trees  
In the clouds  
It's a breeze  
Blowing 'round

Up above, up above, up above

Like a bird, like a bird

On your own  
You're seeing things in a dream  
You learn to swing over trees  
In the clouds  
It's a breeze  
Blowing 'round