

# Thomas Dolby, Flying North

Metal bird dip wing of fire  
whose airplanes comb dark Earth  
the poles are tethers we were born in  
on the brink of a whole new deal  
on the floor of a hotel bar  
I'm staring right into the light  
and I'm drawn in like a moth  
and I'm flying North again...

Here come the men in suits  
papers waving in the runway glare  
Lincoln steaming in the chilly air of the morning  
at the end of a double day  
at the back of an airport lounge  
I'm staring down into the cold  
and I'm worn out like a cloth  
and I'm flying North again tonight.

Down with the landing gear  
up goes the useless prayer  
the poles are tethers we were born in  
now I'm back in the London night  
on a bench in a launderette  
I'm staring right into my face  
and I'm drawn out like a plot  
and I'm flying North again tonight.