

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.