

Bing Crosby, Ghost Of A Chance

Go fly a kite and tie your troubles to the tail
They'll be blown away by a merry gale,
Go fly a kite and toss your worries to the wind
And they won't come back, they'll be too chagrined.
Go on make friends with the sky
Have a talk with the sun
It's the bright way to live, if you'll pardon the pun
Go fly a kite and you'll imagine you're a king
Cause you've got your world on a piece of string