

Camel, Air Born

High flying glider, spread your wings
Flying high on a cloud
Born on the air, spiral around
So busy making circles
You never touch the ground

You see the sea, feel the sky
Don't know where you go when you die
Don't know the answers
To what's in my mind
Riding on the wind and turning with the tide

Life takes you up, it brings you down
Changes the pain that remains
Keep moving fast, though the wind and the rain
And if the world keeps spinning round
You'll be back again