

Fitzgerald Patrik, Superbeing

Searching for a pair of wings i try so hard to fly
But i'm just tied down by earthly things
And watching people live and die
Maybe i'll be your social worker
Help you solve your problems
I'd rather be a superbeing
Flying far away, away...
Because everything depresses me
I only see the black side
And looking round from day to day
An emptyness inside sorrounds me
I'm just a vessel, and vessels quickly crack
I'd rather be a superbeing
Flying far away, away..., away...
'cos right now i'm just your problem page
To write to when you're down
And i'm semi-dead, already i'm semi-living with a frown
Maybe i'll be your charity
Will money buy you better days?
I'd rather be a superbeing
Flying far away, away, away...
So if you give me a pair of wings
Then i will learn to fly
I'll skip the ordinary
I'll avoid the live and die and things
'cos everything depresses me
There are no valid reasons why
So i will be your superbeing
I will learn to fly.