

# Fitzgerald Patrik, Superbeing

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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.