

Garth Brooks, New Way To Fly

Like birds on a high line
They line up at night time at the bar
They all once were lovebirds
Now bluebirds are all that they are
They landed in hell
The minute they fell from love's sky
And now they hope in the wine
That they'll find a new way to fly

Chorus:

A new way to fly
Far away from goodbye
Above the clouds and the rain
The memories and the pain
And the tears that they cry
Now the lesson's been learned
They've all crashed and burned
But they can leave it behind
If they could just find
A new way to fly

By the end of the night
They'll be high as a kite once again
And they don't seem to mind all the time
Or the money they spend
It's a high price to pay
To just find a way to get by
But it's worth every dime
if they find a new way to fly

(Repeat Chorus)

They'll leave it behind
As soon as they find
A new way to fly