

Hugh Cornwell, Five Miles High

There's a man holding onto a baby and it's screaming out your name
There's one or two uptight women on this brand new plane
Been held up in the frost in Moscow and I'm getting out fast
Been deiced from my tail to my mast
Five miles high and heading for you x 2

It seems that the longer you go for the crazier I get
it always seems to happen and I've not been wrong yet
My tank is overfull and my course has been set
It's what you could call a maiden flight with no safety net
Five miles high and heading for you x 2

I'm up front surrounded by the chinese eyes
But I'm holding out until I feel the thunder thighs
First thing I get to do when I get to see to your lively mind
Is get upstairs in the hirise horse race and I'll be betting blind
Five miles high x 3

Heading for you

Getting more exotic every minute that we fly east
Feeling kinda seasick at the very least
There's lots of water flowed by since you've been gone
There ain't no-one to touch you know where you belong
Five miles high and heading for you x 2