

# Jethro Tull, Aeroplane

Flying --- made of sticks and paper ---  
aeroplane.

Dying --- is the wind but climbing ---  
my aeroplane.

Blowing, and going somewhere high ---  
in the evening tumbling down ---  
but it's surely been up there.

Crying --- want to live my life as  
my aeroplane

Sighing in the sun's eye, but softly ---  
my aeroplane.

Lonely, but only till it comes down  
where there's people running round.  
But it's surely been up there.

Flying --- my aeroplane.