

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.