

Michael Nesmith, Flying

Silks and Satins and velvet soft evenings and penthouse nights
Way down below me the maze of the city streets shine.
I hear the soul and the heart of the city. It pounds.
While I fly up here; I'm two thousand feet above ground.

It happened tonite. I had to do it or die.
It happened tonite. I finally learned how to fly.

And so diving and soaring and swirling I fly like the wind.
How did I do it? I wouldn't even know where to begin.
I was playing a solo on my electric guitar
And the next thing I know I'm sailing around through the air.

It just happened tonite. I had to do it or die.
It happened tonite. I finally learned how to fly.

I'm flying! I'm flying! I'm flying! What more can I say?

It's a thrill beyond words. It completely captures the day.
And so now I'll go flying as well as go dancing all night.
I feel like a feather. I feel like a small beam of light.
It just happened tonite. I had to do it or die.
It happened tonite. I finally learned how to fly.

I'm flying! I'm flying! I'm flying! I'm flying! I'm flying!