

# Naked Eyes, Flying Solo

Flying low  
When a voice on the radio  
Says do you know  
You were flying much too low  
There's danger in the air  
But I don't care  
Oh no.

No one there  
To hold your hand  
Nobody  
To change your plans

Flying solo  
Your life is in your hands  
Flying solo

All alone  
Not a friend in sight up here  
I'm lost in a cloud  
I am flying much too low  
I've got a head for heights but I fear  
Coming down slow

No one there  
To hold your hand  
Nobody  
To change your plans

Flying solo  
Your life is in your hands  
Flying solo

Flying solo  
Your life is in your hands  
Flying solo

No one there  
To hold your hand  
Nobody  
To change your plans

Flying solo  
Your life is in your hands  
Flying solo

Flying solo  
Your life is in your hands  
Flying solo

Flying solo  
Your life is in your hands  
Flying solo