

# Ozma, Immigration Song

So it ends  
Round and round the propeller spins  
Seat backs up no tray tables down  
No turning back to this country town

I already knew blue eyed girl  
Would be halfway around the world

Air gets thin  
Round and round the propellor spins  
Round and round on this carousel  
Round and round feeling not as well

I already knew blue eyed girl  
Would be halfway around the world

I can feel it in these undertones  
A fair, light one to have alone  
I can see it in the lights below  
Pilots, mechanics take me home