

# Petra, Gonna Fly Away

Words and music by Bob Hartman

Dreamin' about flyin' since I was a boy  
Never thought I'd see the real mccooy  
I think it's safe to say  
I finally found a way

Gonna fly away  
Gonna fly away

Every day I've been looking in the sky  
Hope it's not raining when I start to fly  
I bet you think I'm strange  
Wait until I'm changed

Gonna fly away  
Gonna fly away

Where you gonna be when the trumpet blows?  
All that's left of me is gonna be my clothes  
I'd really like to see  
You flyin' next to me

Gonna fly away  
Gonna fly away