

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 McCoy
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