

# Sarah Brightman, The Fly

I know a colorful room  
Where we can fly  
And take a spin to the moon  
On Aunt Angelica's pie  
I am a fly, pie in the sky

Across a harvest of stars  
And constellations  
We'll drink  
A starjuice on Mars

Miss our connection and cry  
Coz I don't know why

I am a fly

The major is dead  
It went to his head  
We gonna fly