

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