

Saxon, Flying On The Edge

Sitting on the runway waiting for the rush
Talking to the band but no one's saying much
Flying out of Monza playing for the gods
Heading out to Deutschland we've got to beat the odds

<l>[Chorus:]</i>
We were flying on the edge
Running out of time
Flying on the edge
Standing on the line
We were flying on the edge
You've got to let us go
Flying on the edge
We've got to make the show

Waiting in the thunder, lightning and the rain
We ain't going nowhere we need a bigger plane
Jensen phoned the airline booked another flight
We could make a concert if they timed it right

And the rain came down
Thunderstruck and lightning all around
And we flew on through
Glad to get our feet back on the ground

Touching down in Dortmund driving hard and fast
The night was closing in are we gonna last
We made it to the backstage with seconds left to spare
Rocking hard and crazy metal filled the air

<l>[Repeat chorus] </i>