

Sleeper, Poor Flying Man

I see a man all alone in the air
I think that man needs a comb for his hair
He fell from the sky on a cold afternoon
Crashed into earth on a dark afternoon
I just haven't felt the same
But then I'm very sentimental
He's not a bird
He's not a plane
This is a man
Poor flying man
I see a man all alone in the air
Nobody asked what he has to declare
Cos he froze coming down
All the way to the ground
He froze coming down
With that look on his face
I just haven't felt the same
But then you know I'm sentimental
He's not a bird
He's not a plane

This is a man
Poor flying man
He's not a bird
What have you heard?
This is a flying man
This is a man who flies
If I had a moment to live
I'd wish I could fly
I'd go to a place that was ever so high
I'd step from a plane into the sky
A second to live, I wish I could ...
He's not a bird
What have you heard
This is a flying man
This is a man who flies
This is a flying man
This is a flying mad mad mad man