

State Radio, Wicker Plane

In the park there's a wicker made plane
that crashed down just the other day.
The pilot had lost his way, got disoriented
and crash landed in the middle of the city.
He'd never seen buildings so tall
and wondered why they even didn't ever think to lean over and fall,
and wondered how he'd manage to navigate through them all like he did.

But oh how they seemed to lean over him now,
as if to peer down on the broken scene.
As if to question the innocent invasion of the stranger
brought down in the hurricane.

He said wherever I am Lord,
please you must explain,
just hours ago I took off in my wicker plane.

Night fell and with it came the rain.
Down on the buildings, the pilot the plane.
Rain ran down his hair, hangin' so low
makin' circles in the puddles where the drops would go.

A little boy came along,
took him to a tree on top a gentle slope
said this tree is a misfit like you and me.
On rainy nights like this the bark come off like rope.

They bundled up the bark, each took a load.
Took it to the high rise where the little one lived.
Tossed it down the park with a mighty throw
and watched it unroll to the ground round.
The pilot ran down, tied the bark to the prop
and then promptly left the park to go back to the top.
There they hauled the plane clear up to the roof,
the boy said the place you come from that's where I'll be from too.

Where ever I am Lord,
please you must explain.
Just hours ago I was taking off in my wicker plane (wicker plane)

Now you're in a lovely garden,
it's such a lovely garden.
Now you're in a lovely garden,
it's such a lovely garden.
Now you're in a lovely garden,
it's such a lovely garden.

Wherever I am Lord, I know where I am Lord.
Wherever I am Lord, I know where I am Lord.

Where ever I am Lord, please you must explain.
Just hours ago I was taking off in my wicker (wicker) wicker (wicker) plane
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