

Tim Minchin, The Aeroplane

If I had the blueprint or the brain
I would build an aeroplane
I'd fashion wings of balsa wood and glue
And I would fly to you

I'd carve a prop from old recycled wood
All these relentless could have
These pointless might have been
Oh, the storms that I would gladly battle through
So I could fly to you

Had I the method or the means
I would build a time machine
I'd make it from the scraps you always find
When someone leaves their broken dreams behind

And I'd fuel it with the beats that my heart misses
When you sign your name with kisses
Made of x's when you text me
It's so silly but
Any fuel and any fire will do
I will fly to you

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These pointless might have been
Oh, the storms I would gladly battle through
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So I could fly to you