

Tom McRae, The Ballad Of Amelia Earhart

Hey there Amelia Earhart,
queen of all the skies.
When you gonna fly that plane of yours
Back through time?
With the timing of a comet,
you'll be back around.
We'll make bright light of it,
like you never left the ground.

And I'll be waiting,
with my eyes on the clouds.
And I'll be waiting,
for you to come down.

I gave you a silver angel,
from this place in Amsterdam.
And the days they fly so quickly
I can't hold them in my head.

And Ill be waiting
with my eyes on the clouds.
And I'll be waiting,
for you to come down.
For you to come down.
For you to come down.
For you to come down.

Amelia, now I'm still waiting,
with my eyes on the clouds.
And I'm still waiting,
for you to come down.
Why don't you come down?