

I 'm tired of tracing vapor trail, ghost letters in the sky  
Living life in daydreams, watching precious time get by

Circle around this great big world, just chasing smoke, and never  
touching ground

Like a skywriter, rebel without a cause, drifting without an aim

But I can't seem to give up this flying game  
I'm a wing walker, working without a net  
That's all I've ever been  
And I wonder if I'm ever coming down again

Some people say I'm losing touch with harsh reality  
Because I can't accept the way it is with you and me  
Stop living in the past, like some old pilot from a war that  
wouldn't end

Like a barnstormer, safe with my heart and wings  
How could I ever fall  
So serenely do I glide above it all

I'm a skywriter, I can't forget you yet  
For whatever that it's worth

And sometimes I think I'm never coming back

Skywriter - I can't forget you yet  
For whatever that it's worth

And sometimes I think I'm never coming back to earth.