

## Immigration Song

OZMA

So it ends  
Round and round the propeller spins  
Seat backs up no tray tables down  
No turning back to this country town

I already knew blue eyed girl  
Would be halfway around the world

Air is thin  
Round and round the propellor spins  
Round and round like a carousel  
Round and round feeling not as well

I already knew blue eyed girl  
Would be halfway around the world

I can feel it in these undertones  
A fair, light one to have alone  
I can see it in the lights below  
Pilots, mechanics take me home