

# Point Me at the Sky

Pink Floyd

Hey, Eugene,  
This is Henry McClean  
And I've finished my beautiful flying machine  
And I'm ringing to say  
That I'm leaving and maybe  
You'd like to fly with me  
And hide with me, baby

Isn't it strange  
How little we change  
Isn't it sad we're insane  
Playing the games that we know and in tears  
The games we've been playing for thousands and thousands and ..  
..

Pointing to the cosmic glider  
"Pull this plastic glider higher  
Light the fuse and stand right back"  
He cried "This is my last good-bye."

Point me at the sky and tell it fly  
Point me at the sky and tell it fly  
Point me at the sky and tell it fly

And if you survive till two thousand and five  
I hope you're exceedingly thin  
For if you are stout you will have to breathe out  
While the people around you breathe in

People pressing on might say  
It's something that I hate to say  
I'm slipping down to eat the ground  
A little refuge on my brain

Point me at the sky and tell it fly  
Point me at the sky and tell it fly  
Point me at the sky and tell it fly

And all we've got to say to you is good-bye  
It's time to go, better run and get your bags, it's good-bye  
Nobody cry, it's good-bye  
Crash, crash, crash, crash, good-bye...