

Poor Flying Man

Sleeper

I see a man all alone in the air
I think that man needs a comb for his hair
He fell from the sky on a cold afternoon
Crashed into the Earth on a dark afternoon
I just haven't felt the same
But then I'm very sentimental

It's not a bird
He's not a plane
This is a man
Poor flying man
This is a flying man

I see a man all alone in the air
Nobody asked what he has to declare
'Cause he froze coming down all the way to the ground
He froze coming down with that look on his face
I just haven't felt the same
But then you know I'm sentimental

It's not a bird
He's not a plane
Oh this is a man
Poor flying man

He's not a bird
What have you heard?
This is a flying man
This is a man who flies

If I had a moment to live, I'd wish I could fly
I'd go to a place, that was ever so high
I'd step from a plane into the sky
A second to live, I'd wish I could

It's not a bird
Oh what have you heard?
This is a flying man
This is a man who flies
This is a flying man
This is a flying mad, mad, mad man
Man