

Katie Melua, Belfast

I've got a ticket,
To the fast city,
Where the bells don't really ring,
Getting off the plane the cold air,
Rushes like bullets through my brain,
And I'm divided between penguins and cats,
But it's not about what animal you've got,
It's about being able to fly,
It's about dying nine times,
Aah [x2]

Walked on Broadway,
Going up to falls,
With the old man I used to know,
The paintings on the walls of release,
Are colourful but they are no Matisse,
And I'm divided between penguins and cats,
But it's not about what animal you've got,
It's about being able to fly,
It's about dying nine times,
Aah [x2]

It's about being able to fly,
It's about dying nine times,
Aah [x2]