

Pink Floyd, Point Me At The Sky

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...