

Cheap Flight

(From my youth – written when misspending my youthful past)

Here I am, sitting like a man
But deep inside, I'm really far-gone man
Not a man journeying, but a being transforming
I start in hollow darkness
With a glow echoing inside
Suddenly exploding
With my sole travelling behind
My landing is yellow light
Trapping me in glorious flight

Here I am, sitting like a man
But all around me now, it's really different man
Like a place I know
But I've never been inside it
Like a child outside the womb
I know where I come from

Knowing is believing
We're on a World all on It's own
Seeing is learning
A World that we can call our own