

Artist: ozma

Title: Immigration Song

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so it ends
round and round the propeller spins
seat backs up no tray tables down
no turning back to this country town

i already knew blue eyed girl
would be halfway around the world

air gets thin
round and round the propellor spins
round and round like a carousel
round and round feeling not as well

i already knew blue eyed girl
would be halfway around the world

i can feel it in these undertones
a fair, light one to have alone
i can see it in the lights below
pilots, mechanics take me home