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Flying Free

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There is a place I call my own
where I can stand by the sea,
And look beyond the things I've known,
and dream that I might be free.
Like the bird above the trees
gliding gently on the breeze,
I wish that all my life I'd be
without a care, and flying free!

But life is not a distant sky
without a cloud, without rain,
And I can never hope that I can travel on
without pain.

Time goes swiftly on it's way.
All too soon we've lost today.
I cannot wait for skies of blue
or dream so long that life is through.

So life's a song that I must sing,
a gift of love I must share.
And when I see the joy it brings,
my spirits soar through the air.
Like that bird up in the sky,
life has taught me how to fly.
For now I know what I can be
and now my heart is flying free!

Oo.