

# Chris De Burgh - Flying

tom:

Intro: C Em F G

Flying, i thought i'd never love and flying  
I thought i'd spend my whole life trying  
For flying is that ancient art  
Keeping one for all the ground

Lying, i thought i'd never keep from lying  
I thought i'd lose it all my sighing  
For lying is that ancient art  
Hiding words that will never be found

Crying, i thought i'd never stop that crying  
I thought i'd always dreamed of dying  
For crying is that ancient art  
Weeping rivers into the ground

Oh dying, i thought i'd never see that dying  
I thought i'd spend my whole life crying  
For dying is that ancient art

Proving that the world is turning round

C Em F G x3

Sighing, i thought i'd never keep from sighing  
I thought i'd always leave that crying  
For sighing is that ancient art  
Bringin sadness all around

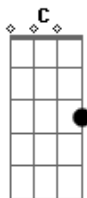
And trying, i thought i'd spend my seasons  
Trying  
I thought i couldn't stop myself from lying  
For trying is that ancient art  
I'm growing back the world is round

Oh flying, oh oh, lying, oh oh, crying, oh oh  
Sighing, oh oh, trying, oh oh, and dying, oh oh  
For dying is that ancient art  
Growing flowers in the ground

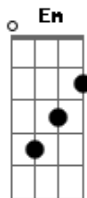
Yes it is

[Final] C Em F G

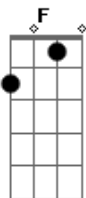
## Acordes



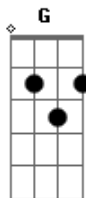
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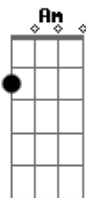
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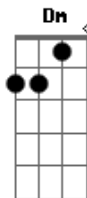
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