

Move the Air

Move the air
The sovereignty of
clouds and sky
Is held by those who
dare to fly
In figure eights
On dinner plates

Move the air
Purveyors of the
bulldog brand
Beyond my gifts to
understand
Risking souls
In barrel rolls



Our parents talked about the war
(What did your dad do in the war?)
When peace had come of age in '66
My father took me to a show
(What did your dad do in the war?)
I loved to see the pilots do their tricks

Move the air
In blood red mornings on our own
The longest summer ever known
Winning wings
For better things

Our parents talked about the war
(What did your dad do in the war?)
They learnt to smoke in shelters in the Blitz
Waiting for the long all clear
(That war will kill you in the end)
They dreamed of seeing their children up to tricks

(Repeat chorus)

Move the air, move the air, move the air, move the air.