

Walking in the Air

Howard Blake

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We're walk-ing in the air, we're float-ing in the moon-lit sky;
hold-ing ve-ry tight, I'm ri-ding in the mid-night blue.

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1. 2.
the peo-ple far be-low are sleep-ing as we fly I'm
I'm find-ing I can fly so high a-bove with you.

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On a-cross the world the vill-a-ges go by like dreams, the ri-vers and the hills, the

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for-ests and the streams. Chil-dren gaze op-en mouthed, ta-ken by sur-

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prise; no-bo-dy down be-low be-lieves their eyes. We're surf-ing in the air, we're

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swim-ming in the fro-zen sky, we're drift-ing ov-er i-cy moun-tains float-ing by.

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Sud-den-ly swoop-ing low on an o-cean deep,

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rous-ing up a migh-ty mon-ster from his sleep We're walk-ing in the air, we're

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danc-ing in the mid-night sky, and eve-ry-one who sees us

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greet us as we fly.