

# *Fly to America*

( Helmut Huber )

When J was young  
J dreamed to live in New York  
To walk on 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue  
Play guitar in Central Park  
And let a paper plane fly  
From the Statue of Liberty  
Spun around by the wind  
Just as free as you could be

Ten years later  
J live in a hole in Styria  
J've studied so hard  
And forgot my dreams to see America  
But a pretty young girl  
Told me, that she emigrates  
This summer she will go to live  
In the United States

You will fly to America  
You leave me here at home  
You will fly to America  
You leave me dreaming alone

Please send me a postcard  
This summer, when you'll be in New York  
Describe me how you feel  
When you take a walk in Central Park  
Maybe some time  
My dream will get reality  
You will show me  
How free J could be

You (J) will fly to America  
You (J) leave me (you) here at home  
You (J) will fly to America  
You (J) leave me (you) dreaming alone

You (J) will fly to America ...

(für Edith)