

## Fly me to the Earth (Wallace Collection)

### Capo 2

**Em** **C**  
We live in plastic rooms and plastic houses and plastic towns,  
**D** **G** **B7**  
And even the sky is a plastic ceiling painted blue.  
**Em** **C**  
The streets with plastic trees are so unreal, they bring you down,  
**D** **B7**  
And it sounds so plastic when people say "How do you do?".

**Em** **C**  
Fly me to the earth where the grass is green  
**Cm** **G** **B7**  
And birds can be seen, that's Paradise.  
**Em** **C**  
Fly me to the earth where the flowers grow  
**Cm** **B7**  
And where the rivers flow, that's nice.

**Em** **C**  
We dress in plastic clothes, we go in droves, but where can we go?  
**D** **G** **B7**  
Living in the sky is not living high.  
**Em** **C**  
We leave the land behind, it's broken sky, I wonder why.  
**D** **B7**  
Oh some day we will turn to plastic and surely we will die.

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Yeaah