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.

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
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.

Yeaah