

I'm Flying High - song lyrics

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I'M FLYING HIGH.

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My name it is John Anderson,
Myself and sister Lize
Is about to start an army
That will fly up to the sky;
So all you coons that want to join,
Just grab us by the hand;
For we'll command the army,
Marching to that promised land

Chorus.

I'm flyin' high, I'm flyin' high;
You fly on before me, I will meet you in the sky.

Some people think I'm crazy,
Case I'm flyin' to the sky;
But they'll find that they're mistaken
When the judgment day arrives;
Case Parson Doe, who's in the lanes,
Got papers for to show
And I'm gwine to believe him,
Case I think he'd ought to know.-Chorus.