

She Will Fly Again

I wish that people knew,
How much I want to fly,
And how it fatigues me,
Just sitting here on standby.

I am old, no longer rusty,
And my merlin heart yearns for more,
For the days when I was free,
Not stuck behind that hanger door.

Will you come and look at me,
And listen to the tales of my history?
Even with my bumps and scars,
Can you hear my beating heart?

Soldiers look at me and say,
I am beauty, I am pride,
As I cherish all their memories,
When I flew by their forefather's side.

Do you ever look up at the sky,
And wonder what it is to fly,
Over the clouds up above,
Whilst saving the country that you love?

Written by Lucia Coxon