

I was in a plane to Panama
And a fly landed on her thigh
And though I brushed it off quite brashly
I introduced myself
And she said her name was Sky

A simple 'Hi' and I could tell
That her plainness was well seamless
And somewhere deep inside
She drove a calm and weightless determination
And to what lands her mind would travel
I don't know but I was so curious
I had to keep on thinking of her floating through the clouds
Yeah
I asked her whether she enjoyed being in the air
And airily she answered with an accent so careful
I could feel each syllable

I love things that seem impossible
I love things that seem impossible
Well I love things that seem impossible
And I love things that seem impossible Yeah

Seem impossible
Seem impossible
I love things that seem impossible

And to what lands her mind would travel
I don't know but I was so curious
I had to keep on thinking of her floating through the clouds Ye
ah