

Look At Me I'm An Airplane

by Hans Mayer

Look at me I'm an airplane, flying around the house
My arms are my wings and my motor is my mouth
Oh, my motor is my mouth

chorus

And I go putt, putt, sputter, sputter, brrp, brrp
Putt, putt sputter, sputter, zoom
Putt putt sputter, wrr, flying round from room to room
Flying round from room to room

I'm up above the clouds, standing on a chair
My mom tells me to get right down
So, I fly right up the stairs, I fly right up the stairs
I fly into my brother's room cause I know that he's not there
But he comes in and kicks me out so, I fly right down the stairs
I fly right down the stairs

chorus

I zoom right in the kitchen where Mom is baking bread
She pops a cookie in my mouth
And kills my engine dead, kills my engine dead
I glide around in silence till the cookie is all gone
My motor starts up just before I crash into the ground
I would crash into the ground

chorus

I land right on the sofa so I can catch my breath
I look down and start to laugh, 'cause my shirt is soaking wet
Oh, my shirt is soaking wet

chorus

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