Riding In An Airplane
Words by Raffi, D. Pike, B. & B. Simpson/Music by Raffi

Moderately
No chord

D

Rid-ing in an air- plane

high a- bove the

Em

F#m

ground.

Fly-ing to a new place

G

A7

D

A7

un- der-neath the sun.

1. Look-ing out my
2. The lights of the

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win-dow
city
at the beau-ty down be-low,
start to twin-kle up a-head,

Shim-mer-ing in sun-light,
And pret-ty soon we'll touch down
just be-fore it's time for
go.
bed.

Choc-'late-co-lored farms
with the food the farm-er grows,
Wait-ing for a
rain-cloud to come along and drop its load.

Yippy-yi-yo, Yippy-yi-yo,
yay.

Flying in the sunset

at the closing of the day.

And I'm riding in an
Yip-pi-yi-yo, Yip-pi-yi-yo.

Flying in the sunset

at the closing of the day.

And I'm riding in an airplane high above the ground,
Flying to a new place
underneath the sun.

Hey, hey, hey, I'm flying to a new place

underneath the sun. Whoa,

underneath the sun, Hey,