


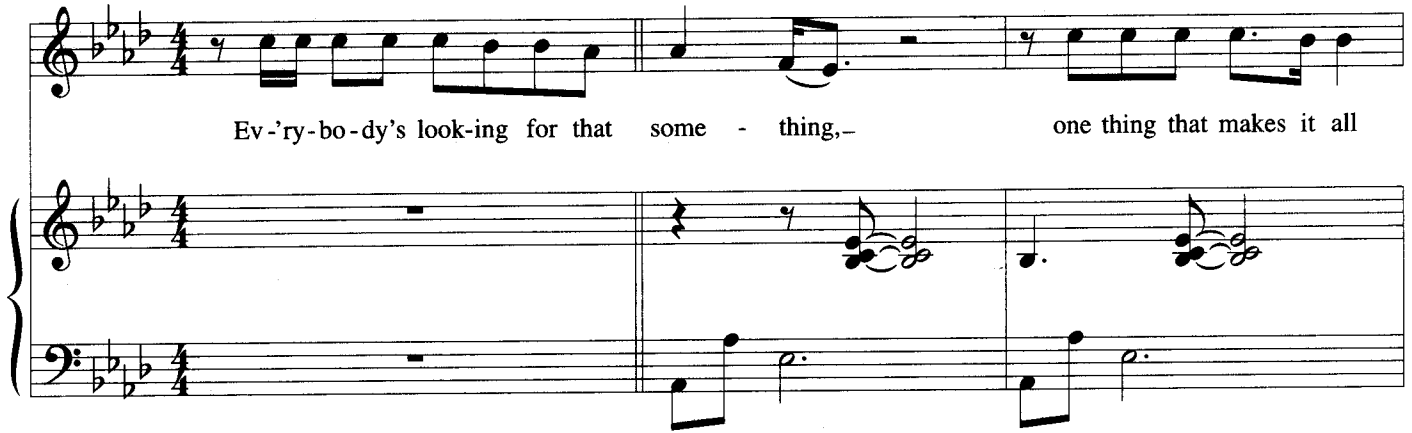
# Flying Without Wings

Words & Music by Steve Mac & Wayne Hector


♩ = 73

N.C.

A<sup>b</sup>add<sup>9</sup>  
fr<sup>4</sup> 



Ev-'ry-bo-dy's look-ing for that some - thing, - one thing that makes it all

Fm<sup>7</sup>(add<sup>11</sup>)  
fr<sup>8</sup> 

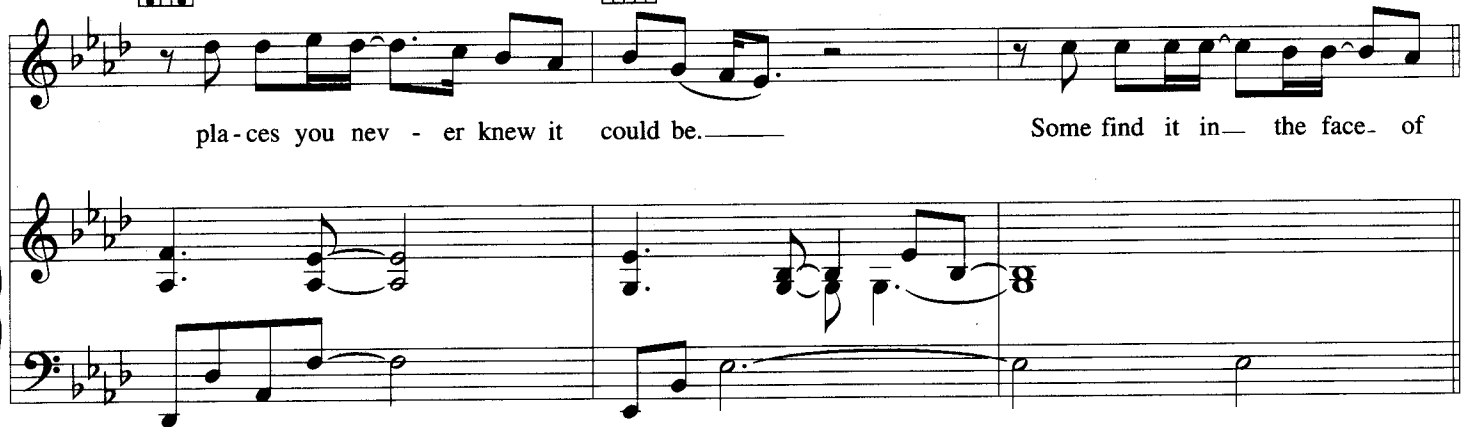
D<sup>b</sup>  




com-plete. You find it in— the stran - gest pla - ces, —

D<sup>b</sup>add<sup>9</sup>  


E<sup>b</sup>  
fr<sup>3</sup> 



pla-ces you nev - er knew it could be. — Some find it in— the face- of

A<sup>b</sup> add<sup>9</sup>  
fr<sup>4</sup>

Fm<sup>7</sup>(add<sup>11</sup>)  
fr<sup>8</sup>

their child - ren, — some find it in — their lov - er's eyes.

Who can de - ny — the joy — it brings — when you've found that spe - cial —

thing? You're fly - ing with - out wings. Some find it shar - ing ev - 'ry

morn - ing, — some in their so - li - ta - ry lives. —  
(Verse 3 see block lyric)

D<sup>b</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>  
fr<sup>3</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>7

A<sup>b</sup> add<sup>9</sup>  
fr<sup>4</sup>

*Red.*

A<sup>b</sup>  
fr<sup>4</sup>

D<sup>b</sup>/A<sup>b</sup>  
fr<sup>4</sup>

A<sup>b</sup>  
fr<sup>4</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>/G  
fr<sup>3</sup>

Fm

D<sup>b</sup>/F

Fm



D<sup>b</sup>add<sup>9</sup>



B<sup>7</sup>/D<sup>9</sup>



You find it in the words of oth - ers,



D<sup>b</sup>add<sup>9</sup>



E<sup>b</sup>



E<sup>b</sup>11



a sim - ple line can make you laugh or



E<sup>b</sup>



N.C.

A<sup>b</sup>



D<sup>b</sup>/A<sup>b</sup>



A<sup>b</sup>



E<sup>b</sup>/G



cry. You find it in the deep - est friend - ships, the kind - you cher - ish all -



Fm



D<sup>b</sup>/F



Fm



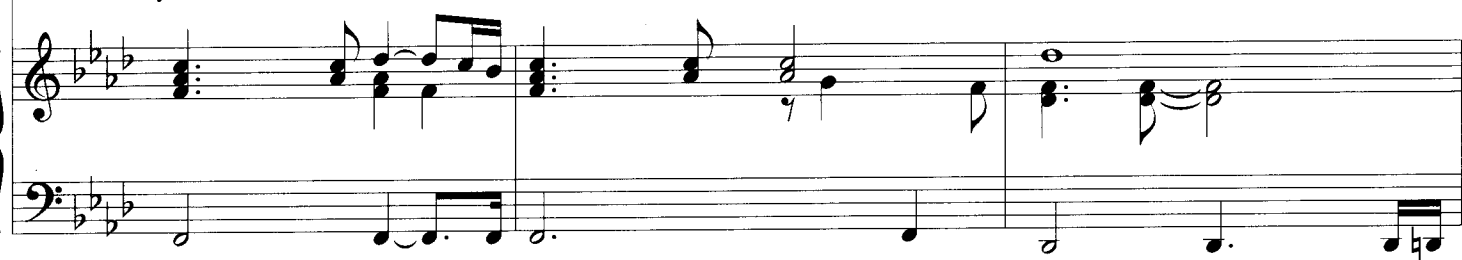
D<sup>b</sup>



To Coda ⊕



your life, and when you know - how - much that means, you've found that spe - cial





thing, you're fly - ing with - out wings. So, im - pos - si -



- ble as they - may seem, you've got to



fight for ev - er - y - dream. 'Cause who's - to know which one you - let



*D.S. al Coda*

go would have made you - com - plete. Well, for me it's - wak - ing up be -

Coda

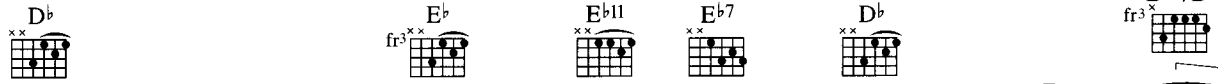


Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

-thing. I'm fly-ing with-out wings.

And you're the place- my life be-gins,

rall.



Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

and you'll be where it ends,—

I'm fly - ing with-out wings.

And that's- the joy — you

rit.



Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

bring, —————

I'm fly - ing with - out

wings.

Verse 3:

Well, for me it's waking up beside you  
To watch the sun rise on your face  
To know that I can say I love you  
At any given time or place  
It's little things that only I know  
Those are the things that make you mine  
And it's like flying without wings  
'Cause you're my special thing  
I'm flying without wings.