

I Don't Wanna Die in an Air Disaster

Albert Hammond

The engines spit out fire, I'm pushed back in my chair
The pressure give me thrills as we climb in the air
And I love to watch the clouds and the mountains and the sky
Swish around a cocktail the stewardess brings by

Lord this is the life for me
Lord oh Lord this is the life for me
But I don't wanna die in a airdisaster
I don't wanna die on a plane

Well I fishtail through the lanes, and make my tires squeal
Power at my feet and the glory at the wheel
And I wind the windows down
Let the wind blow through my hair
God knows where I'm going, but me, I don't care

Lord this is the life for me
Lord oh Lord this is the life for me
But I don't wanna die on a freeway pile-up
I don't wanna die on the road

Well I'm young and I'm pretty, and I wanna stay that way
Wanna be desirable 'till my dying day
I don't wanna be bedridden, an old and bitter sage
Have the nurses saying I'm young for my age

(He's young for his age)

Oh Lord don't let me go that way
Lord oh Lord don't let me go that way
No, don't let me go like a fading chorus
Don't let me fade like a song

Lord have mercy on your son
Lord oh Lord have mercy on me
'Cause I don't wanna die in an airdisaster
And I don't wanna die in a freeway pile-up
And I don't wanna go like a fading chorus
And I don't wanna die for no good reason

And I just wanna go on and on