

## On The Plane

Blackfield

Standing in the corridor, it's just another day  
You never were the kind of boy who ran outside to play  
You're passing through the kitchen behind your mother's back  
While she says "your father's on the plane"

The rain against the windows, You're waiting on the stairs  
You double check the driveway, If someone's standing there  
You calculate the chances, of presents on your bed tonight  
Daddy's on his way

Daddy's on a plane  
Soon you'll meet again  
Daddy's on a plane  
That's what mother said  
Like you were waiting

Nothing ever happens, In your neighborhood  
You like to run so far away, if you only could  
It seems that all the people have nothing much to say anyway  
Daddy's on his way

Daddy's on the plane  
Soon you'll meet again  
Daddy's on the plane  
That's what mother said  
While you were waiting