

Rollercoasters

Aimee Mann

Rollercoasters and ferris wheels
You like how it feels
Round and round till you lose yourself in the air

All those complicated deals
Your desperate appeals
Calling out to a god you know isn't there

So high as you fell looking down on the tops of the trees
And all you can do is say
Please, please, baby please

You were conjuring that year
A ghost engineer
Building gods who could put the clock in reverse

Breathing thinner atmosphere
So thin you could hear
Angels telling you boy, you're making it worse

So high as you fell looking down on the tops of the trees
And all you can do is say
Please, please, baby please

Please give me high
Spirals are spied
Falling or flight, the boosters ignite

So high as you fell looking down on the tops of the trees
So high
And all you can do is say
Please, please, baby please

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