

# 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