

## Fiery Crash

Andrew Bird

Turnstiles on mezzanine  
Jet ways and Dramamine fiends  
And x-ray machines  
You were hurling through space  
G-forces twisting your face  
Breeding superstition  
A fatal premonition  
You know you got to envision  
The fiery crash

Oh close your eyes and you wake up  
Face stuck to a vinyl settee  
Oh the line was starting to break up  
Just as you were starting to say  
Something apropos I don't know

Beige tiles and magazines  
Lou Dobbs and the CNN team  
On every monitor screen  
You were caught in the crossfire  
Where every human face  
Has you reaching for your mace  
So it's kind of an imposition  
Fatal premonition

To save our lives you've got to envision  
And to save all our lives you've got to envision  
The fiery crash

It's just a formality  
Why must I explain?  
Just a nod to mortality  
Before you get on a plane

Oh close your eyes and you wake up  
Face stuck to a vinyl settee  
Oh the line was starting to break up  
What was that you were going to say?