

I'd say life's a different story when you're facing certain death

I wonder did they kick back when they knew the game was up
Static on the radio ain't no soundtrack to this end
stick on a bit of Wagner and we'll go down, let's see if we ski
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Or maybe there's no time for grand exits and pause
Twisting of propellers, chopping at the froth
And as she turned to Fred she say the fear in his eyes
Whatever was between them was heavy in the last word he said

Amelia

Or maybe they went on to grow oranges and pears
on their own island, Amelia and Fred
She'd dance for him in the evenings, as the red sun fell
he'd sit there smiling up at her thinking this is just swell,
Take me now

Some say she resurfaced as a Tokyo Rose
talking on the radio, telling sweet lies
but remember when the farmer asked have you flown far
she just smiled back at him and said I've come from America

Amelia

Now time has cast its shadow, the story lost its legs
our favourite missing person still rears her head
not on a milk carton, just some bones on a beach
that just might be a tall white girl called Amelia

It's just like flying