

# The Flight (Lincoln to Minneapolis)

Blue October

No joke took a breath and then awoke  
I was standing in an airport looking like a joke  
Saying "Sir, can you help me?  
Ma'am could you please?"  
So they led me to the pay phone  
Flaggin' down the police  
"Mr. Officer I know who I am. But the rest of me,  
My memory, I just don't understand  
I do know that I'm unsafe, man with a plan,  
Of gettin' on a plane  
Fly away to kill a man"  
Like a freight train threat to myself  
I gotta history of blackouts, bad mental health so...  
Both cops each arm alarm  
No harm disarm pat down do the body check  
Next thing I was walking on the airfield  
Back seat I was headed to the hospital  
I'm sorry for the drama that I bring  
Through the screen he said  
"Son you did the right thing"

Please help me understand  
Why you can't talk man to man  
But you can stand with your dick in your hand  
Why you acting like a pussy, man?  
Please help me understand  
Why you can't talk man to man  
But you can stand with your dick in your hand  
You acting like a pussy, man

I was faithful to the wifey now we separated  
Used to try to win her back I underestimated  
Like a stone sinks down into the complicated fact  
That you gave that ass up and never fucking dated

See you're better than that  
You're a diamond he's a rough real tough, man  
Call a brother back  
Just a pussy with a dick  
Stand up and be a fucking man  
Hiding from the husband  
Scared to make a peep and

Livin' up in Lincoln  
Now I'm in the deep end  
Think I'm gonna break in smash your fucking face in

Cut you up with lemon juice  
And watch you try to fuck then

Please help me understand  
Why you can't talk man to man  
But you stand with your dick in your hand  
Why you acting like a pussy, man?  
Please help me understand  
Why you can't talk man to man  
But you stand with your dick in your hand

Acting like a pussy, man

Is that beat up...is that beat up yet?  
(please help me understand)  
(why can't talk man to man)  
Is that beat up...is that beat up yet?

I wish that I were man enough  
To turn my back and leave  
To forget all the tricks you pull,  
And hide them in my sleeve  
I know what's best for table play,  
I know what's best for me  
I know this life is way too short, to let you kill a dream.  
I know you're capable to only love me when I'm there  
I know it's hell to keep the peace  
Inside your heart and head  
But I'm always gone and what you're left with is my song  
You're sick of listening to anything turn me off instead.

You used to call me cool, believed in what I'd say  
Never seen me as a failure or a mother fucking fake  
But over time we changed into this little ball of hate  
We shared a bedroom,  
But the bedroom had a bed we never made so  
I'm done with holding this in  
I'm done with being a friend  
I'd like it all to just end like brand new ink on a pen  
No one can stop me...try to stop me...  
Just try to stop me...

Please help me understand  
Why you can't talk man to man  
But you stand with your dick in your hand  
You're acting like a pussy, man

Please help me understand  
Why you can't talk man to man  
But you can stand limp dick in your hand  
You're acting like a pussy, man