

Talk to her, that's right
It could mean more than you think
Talk to her, that's right
And you don't have to lose a thing
Leave the boots and saddle outside
You could make her happy again
Laugh about the time
She threw the dinner at you

And in the coconut grove
You can imagine the scene
Another bus unloads
We're still waiting to leave

Talk to her, that's nice
Or you could make a murder begin
Breathe on her, that's right
Once more you will be her friend
She's the only who knows
Where you're from and where you've been
And what remains unsaid
Can leave you hanging in between

I spent a lot of time in the transit lounge
And I wasn't sure where I was going now
The papers I read were all yesterday's news
Not a hundred percent sure what I did with my shoes
Lying on the floor of the transit lounge
There'll be no announcements made
Better make sure you don't sleep too sound
There'll be no announcements made
There'll be no announcements made

And you can dream about the things
You meant to do before you die
Break him out, the one
Who's waiting for his moment to shine
All the stupid things I said
Will haunt you, will linger I guess

And in the coconut grove
You can imagine the scene
Another bus unloads
We're still waiting to leave
The camera flash goes off
See the tallest man alive
And Thai massage his feet
Before his long plane ride