

# Angels And Fuselage

## Drive-By Truckers

Looking out the window, the trees are getting closer it seems.  
Thinking bout you Darling.  
Adding up the cost of these dreams.

Strapped to this projectile, just a blink ago I was back in school.  
Smoking by the gym door, practicing my rock-star attitude

And I'm scared shitless of what's coming next.  
I'm scared shitless, these angels I see in the trees are waiting for me.

The engines have stopped now. We all know we are going down. Last call for alcohol.  
Sure wish I could have another round.

And I'm scared shitless of what's coming next.  
Scared shitless, these angels I see in the trees are waiting for me.  
Waiting for me.

Friends in the swamp.  
Friends on the ground, in the trees.  
Angels and fuselage.