

Waving At Airplanes

Guided by Voices

I found you a place to hide,
And you were lining out before their eyes.
The sun seems too high to feel your ways
That you will bring me pleasant new plates.

Waving at airplanes, over the tree tops.
Where can you go now
While you're waving at airplanes.

But you chased the tale of a dawn
And I saw that you was wrong.
The sun seems too hot for your ways
And you bring me pleasant new plates.

Waving at airplanes, under bridges, over clouds,
How will you live now
While you're waving at airplanes?

Shoot me down, shoot me down,
Shoot me down to the ground.

Waving at airplanes, waving at airplanes,
Waving at airplanes, waving at airplanes.

How did you get there?
What do you see there?
I don't come neat there.
Why you're waving at airplanes?