

# Amelia

Herbie Hancock

I was driving across the burning desert  
When I spotted six jet planes  
Leaving six white vapor trails across the bleak terrain  
It was the hexagram of the heavens  
It was the strings of my guitar  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

The drone of flying engines  
Is a song so wild and blue  
It scrambles time and seasons if it gets thru to you  
Then your life becomes a travelogue  
Of picture-post-card-charms  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

People will tell you where theyve gone  
Theyll tell you where to go  
But till you get there yourself you never really know  
Wheresome have found their paradise  
Others just come to harm  
Oh amelia, it was just a false alarm

I wish that he was here tonight  
Its so hard to obey  
His sad request of me to kindly stay away  
So this is how I hide the hurt  
As the road leads cursed and charmed  
I tell amelia, it was just a false alarm

A ghost of aviation  
She was swallowed by the sky  
Or by the sea, like me she had a dream to fly  
Like icarus ascending  
On beautiful foolish arms  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

Maybe Ive never really loved  
I guess that is the truth  
Ive spent my whole life in clouds at icy altitude  
And looking down on everything  
I crashed into his arms  
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

I pulled into the cactus tree motel  
To shower off the dust  
And I slept on the strange pillows of my wanderlust  
I dreamed of 747s  
Over geometric farms  
Dreams, amelia, dreams and false alarms