

# Metal Airplanes

Matthew Good Band

On a plane, somewhere over the sea  
Above the rain, the bottle sets me free  
I turn to stone, fall back in my seat  
The cuts are gone but somehow I'm still bleeding

You know it's true  
There's nothing I can do about you

Move to France  
La Rochelle or Nice  
Get a house  
Pretend to live in peace  
Paint the walls  
A blackout of your face  
Stalk the halls  
Then move into the basement

You know its true  
There's nothing I can do  
Pick a fight, it's just you being right  
Walk away, there's nothing I can say  
You know it's true  
There's nothing I can do about you

So don't you mind the gap when you leave  
There'll be time enough to turn tail tomorrow

Broken up like tanker on the rocks  
Not made of much  
I'm like the Cubs against the Sox  
On a plane, somewhere over the sea  
I fall asleep convinced that I ain't breathing

You know it's true  
There's nothing I can do  
Pick a fight, it's just you being right  
Walk away, there's nothing I can say  
You know it's true  
There's nothing I can do about you

So don't you mind the gap when you leave  
There'll be time enough to turn tail tomorrow