

Metal Airplanes

Matthew Good

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 room for 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