

When I Get My Plane

Nazz

Ice, it forms in sheets from your eyes
Your tears are down and so crass
Because all you wanted was a touch from the face
Try to find a feeling nothing and wondering why
And the snow queen turned into a princess of ice
Braving cold and staring coolly aloof as you die

Under the Ice

Please, an ill wind blows no one good
A hurricane in disguise
And it sings you a song you find appealing inside
Waits around until you've learned to sing like a fool
It's a wind that lingers long enough to be fed
Takes away the woman, leaves you hung in a blue sea of cool