

Time was, I could move my arms like a bird... FLY!!!
She was a wingwalker,
Pitgirl of the sky...
And now I got an engine,
A big perverted engine,
It runs on strength of will....
Who could deny me the right to fly?
You know, it's my art -
When I form my body in the shape of a plane...
I'm a plane! {repeats}
Now I got an airframe,
A big perverted airframe.
You know? It's my art -
When i disguise my body in the shape of a plane...
I'm a plane! (I'm a plane!) {repeats}
(Look at me, look at me - I'm a plane! Look at ME, i'm a plane!
Look at me!)

And a plane becomes a metaphor for my life, and as I suffer for
it like I'm
Insane, as it says... So she suffers under the weight of my plane... You
Know? It's my art! When I disguise my body in the shape of a plane...
PLANE!!! *Brandon Matuja