

The Curtains Are Falling

Stratovarius

I'm back in the air, but I've nowhere to go
I nervously glance at the mountains below
Two hours of sleep, seven more 'til the show
I pray to the goddess of coffee to keep me alive

The crew's getting wasted, we're back in the sky
I join in the fray, 'coz the rules don't apply
"Who cares anyway - when we're all gonna fry!"
But somehow we manage to land and we all have survived...

And the curtains are falling and the legions are calling tonight
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Have to fly away, though I'd rather stay
That's the price you pay, that's the game we play

When roaring to life the engines are loud
The memories of you and the sound of the crowd
They're fading away as we break through the clouds
But I don't complain when we're back on the ground and alive...

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