

In The Air

The Handsome Family

I am afraid of bridges, sometimes I have to turn around
When I'm driving towards one, my heart begins to pound
Last night at the bridge to Johnsbury, I swerved down a dead-
end street
I sat there shaking in an empty lot full of broken glass and we
eds

Then past me in the darkness
Ran four wild dogs
Leaping over abandoned tires
High into the air

In the air, in the air
Someday I will live in the air

In the air, in the air
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Once I loved a girl named Joan whose skin smelled just like fal-
ling snow
One day she drove us off the road into a dead field of corn
She laughed and hit the gas as we bounced along the rows
But I held onto the dashboard with my eyes tightly closed

Those wild dogs brought back
That smell of falling snow
And the girl who lives in Johnsbury
Across the bridge I cannot go

In the air, in the air
Someday I will live in the air