

## 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

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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