

Boeing 737

The Low Anthem

I was in the air when the towers came down
In a bar on the 84th floor
I bought Philippe Petit a round
And asked what his high wire was for

He said, I put one foot on the wire,
One foot straight into heaven
As the prophets entered boldly into the bar
On the Boeing 737,
Lord, on the Boeing 737

Hey little bird,
Would you be the one
To nest beneath my Gatling gun
There's nothing left I call my own
Come down and build me a home

I was in a bar when they rigged the tower
Trying to leave all my sins
The barmaid asked my order
And where my mind had been

I tried to recall the high wire
Philippe and his foot there in heaven
As the prophets entered boldly into the bar
On the Boeing 737,
Lord, on the Boeing 737

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There's nothing left I call my own
So come down and build me a home

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