

The Passenger

Wall of Voodoo

A telepathic line to a shadow
On the wall, just a passenger and that is all
Taking off on a midnight flight
The airline ticket in his hand held tight
Polar route, destination: oblivion
"Can I take that little box that you're sitting on, sir?"
"No, that's alright, miss, I'll hold it right here
I'll need it later on when I go up in the air"
And one false move will give it all away
Just one false move will give it all away
Long distance calling everyone around
Bad connection, better let the operator dial
I feel the speed of the traffic zoom
A train in a tunnel and an empty room
Time for take-off, extinguish all cigarettes
In emergency, you know where the exits are
His hands are white on the box he grips
No one knows but it's their last trip
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