

Bob Rivers, Beat Up Old Jetliner

Goodbye to all my friends I've known
And the travel agent I trusted.
I'm riding along on this beat-up old plane;
Look out the window. All the rivets are rusted.

As that ground crew pushes us backwards
On that rickety L-1011,
I'm feeling around for that flotation device,
And when the safety film is shown,
I'm payin' close attention.

Beat-up old jetliner,
Hope you got a tune-up today.
Ohhhh, beat-up old jetliner,
Did they sneak you past the FAA?

Bouncin' 'round in a thunder cloud,
Landing gear won't come down.
My seatback is up and my belt is on.
I see the fire crews sprayin' foam on the ground.

And if I get to my final destination,
I know the next flight will surely be free.
But I don't think I'll go back up
Into that piece of shit just to save a few pennies.

Beat-up old jetliner
Won't carry me too far today.
Ohhhh, give me a fresh airliner;
I don't care what I've got to pay.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Beat-up old jetliner,
Don't carry me too far today.
Ohhhh, beat-up old jetliner,
'Cause it's home that I'd rather stay.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking.
I've just turned off the no-smokin' sign.
I figure, hell, if the plane's smokin' why shouldn't you.