

# Burning Airlines, The Deluxe War Baby

haven't we got some place else to be?  
cash in our collective memories  
they go cheap

the lines are open  
testing 1, 2, 3  
but disconnection's still our sweetest dream

like it's free

exit, please

call it love with a new face  
and new guts, a growth industry  
'cause we're all headed west  
whatever we think we believe

never have i felt so well-policed  
why should i be anything but pleased?

sit down

now the best you can be  
is the beast that they don't want to see  
but you'll never get over  
you're greasing the adding machine  
surveilled and serene  
they hype satisfaction  
until you forget where you've been  
and we're all headed west  
whatever we think we believe in

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the exploded view shows that  
there's nothing cementing the seams