

Curt Smith, Aeroplane

Shut down
Tangled up in your machinery
No sound
Just the faceless press of words and wheels
Surrounds me
Like molasses on my soles and eaves
Come out
Can anyone come out and play

All I want is an aeroplane
Rubber-banded with paper wings
All I want is to steal again
All I want is a wet dream, ice-cream
All I want is vanishing
All I want is God

Spit out
By an undeserving dumb and mad
Shipped down
With a pride of fagging earls and boys
Moved round
To a council flat in St. John's Wood
Come out
Can anyone come out and play

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All I want is an aeroplane
Rubber-banded with paper wings
All I want is to steal again
All I want is a wet dream, ice-cream
All I want is vanishing
All I want is an afterglow
A forty-five on a gramophone
All I want is a thick skin, to grow into
Everything is vanishing
All I want is God