

Farewell Flight, Ticketed Passengers Only

Be still, blue night sky

My heart dies to be on your side of the glass

Tonight, I can't help imagining the sound of crashing to the ground

FDR at 8am

An empty airport

My only friend, you always back down, without a doubt

So, wipe that smug grin off your face

It's not the time, nor the place

No matter what you say, you can't convince yourself this is the right thing

It's not the right thing

One last chance I reject your call

The plane banks

We begin to fall

This is the best dream I've ever had

As long as we are choosing sides, I think its only fair I have the right to make the first round pick

(You should know that you're still it)

Be still, blue night sky

My brain tries to believe these lies I was fed tonight

I can't help imagining the sound of crashing to the ground. Be still, blue night sky

My heart dies to be on your side of the glass tonight

I can't help imagining the sound of our love lost and not found