

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