

# Girlysound, Stratford-On-Guy

I was flying into Chicago at night  
Watching the lake turn the sky into blue green smoke  
The sun was setting to the left of the plane  
And the cabin was filled with an unearthly glow  
In 27D I was behind the wing  
Watching the landscape roll out  
Like credits on a screen

I said look, look to your left passengers  
Look, look to your right  
You can pretend that you're here from outer space  
And this, this is your very first sight

The earth looked like it was lit from within  
Like a big man-made electrical ball  
Out of the farmlands and into the gri  
The plan of a city was all that you saw  
And all of these people sitting totally still  
As the ground raced beneath them thirty thousand feet down

I said look, look to your left passengers  
Look, look to your right  
You can pretend that you're here from the fifth century  
And this, this is your very first flight

Then I was pretending that I was in a Galaxie 500 video  
The stewardess came back and checked on my drink  
And I swear that she looked just like Brigitte Bardot  
As I had on my walkman and I had on those eyes  
That you get when your circumstance is movie size

And I said look, look to your left passengers  
Look, look to your right  
You can pretend the plane's going to crash in 5 minutes  
And this, this is your very last sight

You better look, look to your left passengers  
Look, look to your right  
Cause I'm going to take this plane out in less than 5 minutes  
And this, this is your very last sight