

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