

Mark Eitzel, When My Plane Finally Goes Down

When my plane finally goes down
I hope it falls into the sea
And then the freezing clean water it will
Wash away whatever's left of me

These sweet breezes blowing here
Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood, USA
Could dissolve the tissue paper around my heart
Spring the trap door and watch it fall away

And your love is all I have to take with me
And your love is all I'll have to take with me

When my plane finally goes down
I hope it falls into the sea
And then the cold and the hard love of the tides
Finally make sense to me

And your love is all I'll have to take with me
And your love is all I'll have to take with me
And your love and your love