

Of Montreal, You Are An Airplane

Just before the afternoon creeps in
Just before it gets too hot to be outside
I like to lay on my back in the grass and
watch the airplanes go by and I dream that
you are an airplane shooting across the sky

You are an airplane
You're a strong and dangerous machine
When you fall you'll fall down so fast
When you crash I want to go down with you
We'll make such a horrible mess

Just before the floating eyeball appears
Just before the little birds go to sleep
I like to stand on my head and pretend
that I am a control tower
and that you are an airplane
and I can talk you safely to the ground

The way you live your life makes me nervous
If you were to die
I'd have no reason to be alive
cause you are my only friend