

# Rheostatics, P.I.N.

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Boss! The plane! I see the plane come with supplies, now we don't die.  
It comes out of the blue and into the gray below.  
Death... you know? An arm in the snow froze to a stick,  
Carving an "S" and "O"... Oh.

When I get happy again I long to see you let me in.  
You've got the key to my heart. You've got the P.I.N. to my guts.

I've got a dream. I've got a plan: I leave this world, live off the land.  
Once I get good. Once I get better.  
God bless the plane that came with supply. Now we don't die.  
We go out of the gray and into the blue above.

When I get happy again, I'll just go back and try it again.  
When I get happy again, I'll long to see you let me in.  
You've got the key to my heart. You've got the P.I.N. to my guts.

The fire that burns without a flame.  
The fire that don't need oxygen.  
The fire the fire the fire the fire.  
The fire that don't need anything.