

# The Church, Nose Dive

Remembering eye brushes no obstacle  
You feel nothing, nothing touches you  
Nothing, nothing coming through  
Disrupt this transmission  
Blood money transfusion  
Nor is that conclusion really true  
You sell up your stocks and buy out your bonds  
You're down to your socks and you're waving your wand  
But it sure aint magic I guess you aint a real blonde  
I wanted this to be  
Something really fine  
Starlight into mystery  
Clock provides the time  
Your canopy snaps and your engine is gone  
Your altitude drops and you've lost all your guns  
Your flying days are surely nearly done  
Your goose is cooked and there's too many chiefs  
Spoiling the rot that the Indians eat  
Can I have some more, just leave off that meat  
You fall from a dream into your bed and scream  
You fall from a scream into your bed and dream  
Wreckage from another crash  
Litter under camouflage  
Wreckage from another crash  
Reckon it involved you