

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