

# The Innocence Mission, Small Planes

I know what you mean,  
when you want to run to meet the world,  
intentions may not carry you far.  
Small planes are here  
but they never leave my room at all,  
they don't make it through,  
they don't make it out.  
I want to be like Sister Veronica,  
whose life connects with so many lives.  
Small planes are here  
but they never leave my room at all.  
They don't make it through,  
they don't make it out.  
My words to him  
they didn't touch him, not at all.  
And I never can say what I mean to say.  
Small planes are here  
but they never leave my room at all.  
They don't make it through,  
they don't make it out.  
Twenty-five miles or thousands of miles,  
when am I going to leave here?  
Twenty-five miles or thousands of miles,  
when am I going to get there?  
Twenty-five miles or thousands of miles,  
who am I going to help there?  
Twenty-five miles or thousands of miles,  
when am I going to get there?