

The Wallflowers, Passenger

Permission now to let this thing land
I'm too far gone to know where I am
Conditions are worse than we planned
Permission now to let this thing land

Heading straight into the blackness
Beyond the point of ever turning back
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space
Goes the passenger sitting backwards

Adam took the apple, I was not involved
I'm not responsible for how lost we are
Batten down the hatches, extinction calls
But Adam took the apple, I was not involved

Heading straight into the blackness
Way beyond the point of ever turning back
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space
Goes the passenger sitting backwards

Maybe a rumble
Maybe nothing more
Maybe a thunder
There before she blows
Maybe not a big bang
But just a little white noise

Into the furnace of red twilight
Threading like a needles through searchlights
Fading further and spinning right
Into the furnace of red twilight

Heading straight into the blackness
Too far gone, now there's no turning back
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space
Goes the passenger sitting backwards.