

Andrew Bird, Fiery Crash

Turnstiles on mezzanine
Jet ways and Dramamine fiends
And x-ray machines
You were hurling through space
G-forces twisting your face
Breeding superstition
A fatal premonition
You know you got to envision
The fiery crash

Oh close your eyes and you wake up
Face stuck to a vinyl settee
Oh the line was starting to break up
Just as you were starting to say
Something apropos I don't know

Beige tiles and magazines
Lou Dobbs and the CNN team
On every monitor screen
You were caught in the crossfire
Where every human face
Has you reaching for your mace
So it's kind of an imposition
Fatal premonition

To save our lives you've got to envision
And to save all our lives you've got to envision
The fiery crash

It's just a formality
Why must I explain?
Just a nod to mortality
Before you get on a plane

Oh close your eyes and you wake up
Face stuck to a vinyl settee
Oh the line was starting to break up
What was that you were going to say?