

Butch Walker, Last Flight Out

Im eighth in line on a US Air
Right now you're paying the parking fare
I can still see your imprint on the terminal glass

I tried to back out, I tried to stay home
Tried to avoid picking up the phone
Knowing that this call could be your last

And as I take off, my heart wont stop
The sky looks like an Astro Pop
Amber, red and blue
Im sure gonna miss you

Im next in line as a lady stares
At a messed up fucker with messed up hair
She probably felt like this sometime. alone.
or Maybe she lived in a perfect life
Been a perfect mother and an average wife
Maybe she just wonders what went wrong

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Im sure gonna miss you

Is this all there really is?
Life after you
Is it all there really is?
What else can I do?
am I gonna taste your kiss
No matter who Im with
Its gonna be you

And as I take off, my heart wont stop
The sky looks like an astro pop
Amber, red and blue
Im sure gonna miss you

Im sure gonna miss you
Is this all there really is?