

# Dr. Hook, That Plane

(D. Locorriere/S. Silverstein)

The traffic at this hour is so thick that he's afraid he might be late  
Her flight arrives at seven ten and he remembers how the lady hates to wait  
And he remembers losing her and begging her to give him time to change  
Now his mind is numb 'cos the time has come, his final chance is coming in on that plane

She fastens up her seat belt and nervously she finishes her drink  
An all night flight from L.A. can give a woman a little bit too much time to think  
And she hopes deep in her heart that he'll be different but she knows he'll be the same  
And she wonders if the stewardess would be kind enough to just let her stay on that plane

That plane settling in to the heavy city haze  
Where she remembers guilty nights and baby please forgive me days  
That plane screaming as loud as the pain that they both feel  
As she slowly unfastens her belt and he clutches the wheel

He's one mile from the airport, damn traffic's backed up all along the lane  
She waits five minutes takes a breath and turns around and gets back on the aeroplane  
She'll ride it through to Denver, she's got friends there, they could spend a little time  
'Cause she knew he'd never be there, and he knows she never was the waiting kind

That plane rising up into the heavy city haze  
Where she remembers guilty nights and baby please forgive me days  
That plane screaming as loud as the pain that they both feel  
As she slowly unfastens her belt and he clutches the wheel

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