Flashlight Brown, This Bird

Taxi to the runway as the evening turns to night
It's several minutes past the chance to dodge this dire flight
The engines both look ancient and the wings are swathed in rust
I should have stayed at home or took the midnight shuttle bus.

When the hell's the steward going to bring around a drink?
This lack of ammunition gives me too much time to think
I'll down the airline champagne and I'll juice up on some gin
I'll be too blind to worry when the fuselage caves in.

And now I know that I'm going to seem extreme
This bird's going down.
Don't want to cry or to have to make a scene
This bird's going down.

The beast is leaping up and down I think I'm going to crack
Like Terminator my insipid dinner's coming back
The further out we go the mortal danger only grows
I've got to stop myself from watching air disaster shows.

In to swamp in to a bridge into the ocean where the fishies meet, what a tasty treat.
With pilot error or the weather or mechanics leaving checklists incomplete.
Into a mountain or a forest or a school yard where the kids all play, what a tragic day
A fundamentalist with suitcase full of bombs prepared to blow this flight away.

And now I know that I'm going to seem extreme
This bird's going down.
This bird's going down.
This bird's going