

Flight 409, Operator

I've got plans, operator can I talk to God?
I plan on never ever waking up from this
After all the fights are over, we're just another day older
I've been going on weeks without sleep
And God, I might need another drink before
the night runs out
Before we all wind down
Before the night runs out
Before we all unwind

I've got my heart in my mouth
I'm speaking the beat
I've got my shoes on the floor
I'm moving my feet

I remember the night
The street lights shine on the corner store
Closed before about a quarter to four
Just enough time for us to score
Another dime before we all unwind
That I really don't need tonight
I'm just an overrated boy
With too much on my mind

And I'm dressed to kill
You're always dressed to thrill
And I'm dressed to kill
You always dress to take my breath away