

Flight 409, This Disaster

My stomach slides into the bottom of my throat as you
Tell me everything we're changing love, if they only knew
It's just the way you move, follow me
it's our quickest way to safety

This signal's breaking up and we're in motion again
Follow me home
Stop the clock, wake-up
Stop the clock, wake me up

So this is where we begin, take me home again
Cause I'm stuck with this paper to this pen
And I'm weightless again
Is this the standard for this disaster?
Well we're not covered.

Don't be afraid, the inconsistency of you and me is nothing new
We're always
There's no room left for failure
Don't lose your compuser
This is almost over, and we're almost home

Well I could be the ghost hiding in your walls
Slipping through your door, it's just the way you move
You could be my cigarette burning through my body

After fights and fights I don't know where I was going
I made so many mistakes but I'll find my way home