

Jack Frost, Geneva 4 Am

Airhostesses are dreaming at the bar
I thought I heard somebody say "I wish I was in America"
There's been no surprises here, not since the crash
There's been no survivors since the missus was blinded by the flash
I can't see you anywhere
But I look for you everywhere
Arms dealers up in arms at the prices of the drinks
A divorcee keeps telling me that this whole picture stinks
And all the co-pilots who just wanna fly
The architect tips his glass and says "Well here's mud in your eye";