

# Nada Surf, Ice On The Wing

I am made of Sopwith Camel  
Sherman PT-17, sixty and cloudy, I go slow  
Compared to modernity I am a humming bee  
Sweater-weather and  
Hugs and drugs and movies  
But baby ice  
Is growing on the wing  
Baby ice is growing on the wing  
You rolled the dice but  
You didnt know anything  
Underneath the oxide  
Underneath the oxide  
Its all the same song  
I am made of no newspapers  
When the V-1 buzzing stopped  
Only prayers  
I am made of young curiosity, deluded piety  
Double-whiskey for the men  
Dont talk to thy neighbour  
If they dont take your same lord as saviour  
In a songless meeting house  
Proud to be the only ones  
Who get saved in the end  
From hugs and drugs and movies  
But baby ice  
Is growing on the wing  
Baby ice is growing on the wing  
You rolled the dice but  
You didnt know anything  
What if I start now?  
Just like someones watching me  
Somebodys watching me  
What if I start now?  
Just like someones watching me  
But baby ice  
Is growing on the wing  
Baby ice is growing on the wing  
Baby ice is growing on the wing  
Baby ice is growing on the wing  
Underneath the oxide  
Underneath the oxide  
Underneath the oxide  
Its all the same