

Russell Crowe & 30 Odd Foot Of Grunts, Big Jet

(Crowe/Cochran)

Big jet planes don't fly over me
I'm one of the lucky ones
I live in a quiet street
She's all middle class
and Bertolt Brecht
Her first time in Amsterdam
She came back a f**kin' mess

But it's all over - that's all gone
Time shades the pony and travels on
For all of this singin' she's a real one
Loves punchin' things and swallows inspiration
At least she can be inspired

Smart enough and deep enough to kiss with that fire
Smart enough and deep enough to hold my desire
Strong enough and street enough to grieve love's invention
She doesn't break, I bet she bruises
She doesn't break, I bet she bruises
In an earthquake, I know she'd cruise it

Big jet planes don't fly over me
I'm usually in them
Looking down on your street
Know so many people I've never met
The first time I go to Amsterdam,
I'm coming back a f**kin' mess

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