

Shellac, Wingwalker

Time was, I could move my arms like a bird
Fly!

She was a wingwalker, pitgirl of the sky

And now I got an engine, a big perverted engine
It runs on the strength of will
Who could deny me the right to fly?
You know, it's my art - when I form my body in the shape of a plane

I'm a plane!

Now I got an airframe, a big perverted airframe
You know, it's my art - when I disguise my body in the shape of a plane

I'm a plane!

And a plane becomes a metaphor for my life, and as I suffer for it like I'm insane, as it says... So sh

Plane!