

Slade, Wheels Ain't Coming Down

We were leavin' LA airport, me and Midlands Misery (Jimmy Lea)
On an early mornin' plane flight out to some Radio XYZ
Was a 1950's prop job that had seen much better days
When we came on into the last approach, saw the runway thru the haze

And the wheels ain't comin' down.
All of my nine lives passed before my eyes.
And the wheels ain't comin' down.
And you realise you wanna stay alive - you wanna stay alive

Women weepin' children playin' as we roared into a climb.
Men was playin', we were drinkin' lots and it never cost a dime.
Alter course for San Francisco, standin' by on red alert.
Gonna chance a landin' on the sea, hopin' nobody gets hurt.

And the wheels ain't comin' down.
All of my nine lives passed before my eyes.
And the wheels ain't comin' down.
And you realise you wanna stay alive - you wanna stay alive
Wanna stay alive
Stay alive

We applauded Chuck the Captain, when our feet had touched the ground.
And I won't forget the moment he said, 'It's OK folks, the wheels are comin' down.'

And the wheels they're comin' down and you realise it's good to be alive
And the wheels they're comin' down and you realise you're gonna still survive
It's good to be alive
S'good to be alive
They're comin' down
They're comin'on down
They're comin'on down
They're comin'on down