Spirit Of The West, Armstrong And The Guys

(Kelly/Mann)
High above the clouds
Bring on the trolley
Release three loons
For a screw-top red
And as we watch the Earth diminsh
Will it linger on the finish?
Rest's assured when the bottle's dead
We'll leave a jet-trail across the sky
Just like Armstrong and the guys
Vapour trail against the blue
I'd get off on getting higher
Is it over the Moon for the frequent flyer?
Straight to the arms of...
Jezebel, I hear you well
Or is it Gabriel? I can never tell
And the question's growing
'Cause it's not knowing
When it's coming, where I'm going
I've got a souvenir
I'll take it with me
I'm going to bring
The backdoor key
In case God lets me down
I'll have a place to hang around
It's my old haunt
On my own street
I'll be returning from the sky
Just like Armstrong and the guys
Watching over all of you
If in the drive
A locksmith's van
There ruining my plan
Straight to the arms of...