

Swervedriver, Ejector Seat Reservation

Not going down in a ball of fire
Just 'cause the wings won't reach any higher
And I'm the psychotic tripping in the aisles
Sheet rain on the window pain
Now at the bar, gnashing and gurning
And never quite turning
As the hostess turns to me and jokes:
At least you've always got a good tale to tell
When you die well

I keep crashing out and dreaming about
Black African goddesses in white western underwear
So there
And when you say everybody is a star in the end
Then the greatest starfucker's your boyfriend who says
I've always loved the smell of your blood
Don't ask me why, I don't try
We're so earthbound in every town
And everybody's got a right to a will to want to live
And a right to want to die

Please help us back on to our feet
Escort us to the ejector seats

And I'm alive! I can't seem to hide it
Got people calling out my name and everything
Death by chandelier
She says Death by chandelier!
It falls on my head and I'm dead
And that's how I want to die
Don't ask me why, I don't try
But if my lights are gonna blow
Then that's the end of the show
The fuzzy end of the lollipop's yours to suck
I don't wanna here anymore
And just don't tell me the Fulham score

Please help me back on to my feet
Reserve me the ejector seat
Go away Go away
Take me to Nirvana or Shangri-la
And somewhere on my journey I saw everything

Not going down in a ball of fire
A little man sitting on my shoulder
Top hat and tails and he carries a folder
And written within is a list of the men
Who went down before me
Am I not going down?
It's like Carry On Through The Clouds
It's like flying with Satan sharing the navigation
And he keeps grabbin' hold of the controls

Please help me back on to my feet
Reserve me the ejector seat
Go away Go away
Fly me to Nirvana or Shangri-la
Somewhere on my journey I saw everything
Where the songs do grow
And the flowers can sing