

# The Wallflowers, The Passenger

Permission now to let this thing land  
I'm too far gone to know where I am  
Conditions are worse than we planned  
Permission now to let this thing land

Heading straight into the blackness  
Beyond the point of ever turning back  
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space  
Goes the passenger sitting backwards

Adam took the apple, I was not involved  
I'm not responsible for how lost we are  
Batten down the hatches, extinction calls  
But Adam took the apple, I was not involved

Heading straight into the blackness  
Way beyond the point of ever turning back  
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space  
Goes the passenger sitting backwards

Maybe a rumble  
Maybe nothing more  
Maybe a thunder  
There before she blows  
Maybe not a big bang  
But just a little white noise

Into the furnace of red twilight  
Threading like a needles through searchlights  
Fading further and spinning right  
Into the furnace of red twilight

Heading straight into the blackness  
Too far gone, now there's no turning back  
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space  
Goes the passenger sitting backwards.