

# Wall Of Voodoo, The Passenger

A telepathic line to a shadow  
On the wall, just a passenger and that is all  
Taking off on a midnight flight  
The airline ticket in his hand held tight  
Polar route, destination: oblivion  
"Can I take that little box that you're sitting on, sir?"  
"No, that's alright, miss, I'll hold it right here  
I'll need it later on when I go up in the air"  
And one false move will give it all away  
Just one false move will give it all away  
Long distance calling everyone around  
Bad connection, better let the operator dial  
I feel the speed of the traffic zoom  
A train in a tunnel and an empty room

Time for take-off, extinguish all cigarettes  
In emergency, you know where the exits are  
His hands are white on the box he grips  
No one knows but it's their last trip  
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