Ice on the Wing

Nada Surf

I am made of Sopwith Camel
Sherman PT-17, sixty and cloudy, I go slow
Compared to modernity I am a humming bee
Sweater-weather and
Hugs and drugs and moviesBut baby ice
Is growing on the wing
Baby ice is growing on the wing
You rolled the dice but
You didnt know anything
Underneath the oxide
Underneath the oxide
Its all the same songI am made of no newspapers
When the V-1 buzzing stopped
Only prayers
I am made of young curiosity, deluded piety
Double-whiskey for the men
Dont talk to thy neighbour
If they dont take your same lord as saviour
In a songless meeting house
Proud to be the only ones
Who get saved in the end
From hugs and drugs and moviesBut baby ice
Is growing on the wing
Baby ice is growing on the wing
You rolled the dice but
You didnt know anythingWhat if I start now?
Just like someones watching me
Somebodys watching me
What if I start now?
Just like someones watching meBut baby ice
Is growing on the wing
Baby ice is growing on the wing
Baby ice is growing on the wing
Baby ice is growing on the wing
Underneath the oxide
Underneath the oxide
Underneath the oxide
Its all the same

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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