

# Out The Airlock

**Paul Dempsey**

thrown out of a moving limousine  
tied up in corners with no hope of escape  
followed at high speed  
roughed up and handcuffed and led awaydangled up-side-down from a great height  
tied to the rails as the train rounds the bend  
hijacked and hotwired  
snarled at by dogs against the chain-link fencethen she tells you, then she tells you uh huh huh  
then she tells you you're not homesucked out of the airlock  
cornered like a rat in a crowded city square  
lowered into vulcanos  
bound up back to back in smart matching chairsThen she tells you, then she tells you uh huh huh  
then she tells you you're ...my sweetheart dreams, my sweetheart dreams in an empty bed  
my sweetheart dreams of revengeleft for dead in mexico  
forged in counterfeit invisible ink  
cut-out words on a ransom noteoh, I beg you honey, it's not what you thinkThen she tells you, then she tells you  
uh huh huh  
then she tells you you're not home

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

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