

Stratford-on-guy

Liz Phair

I was flying into Chicago at night
Watching the lake turn the sky into blue-green smoke
The sun was setting to the left of the plane
And the cabin was filled with an unearthly glow
In 27-D, I was behind the wing
Watching landscape roll out like credits on a screen
The earth looked like it was lit from within
Like a poorly assembled electrical ball
As we moved out of the farmlands into the grid
The plan of a city was all that you saw
And all of these people sitting totally still
As the ground raced beneath them, thirty-thousand feet down
It took an hour, maybe a day
But once I really listened, the noise just fell away
And I was pretending that I was in a galaxie 500 video
The stewardess came back and checked on my drink
In the last strings of sunlight, a Brigitte bardot
As I had on my headphones along with those eyes that you get
When your circumstance is movie-size
It took an hour, maybe a day
But once I really listened, the noise just fell away
It took an hour, maybe a day
But once I really listened, the noise just fell away
But once I really listened, the noise just fell away

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