

# Black Box Recording

## Firewater

Slung from the hoary heavens  
With disbelief suspended  
On a shining pendulum of faith  
Hanging half awake and dreaming  
Of burning cities gleaming  
Beneath a sky of ash and slate  
And as the fuselage goes dark  
You're thinking ain't it funny  
Still owe some people money  
It's hard to keep from laughing  
No smoking sign is flashing  
Your mask descends without a sound  
Your starboard hope receding  
Even the sky is bleeding  
You sure could use a smoke right now  
And all the people wave their arms  
But you can't hear them screaming  
You're floating through the ceiling  
There's no gravity that can bring you down again  
It's almost over now  
And you hope they don't wake you up  
Now the sun is shining  
Somewhere the sun is shining  
But it sure ain't shining on you now

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