

Ceiling Poem

North Atlantic Oscillation

Your not flying in my skies again
Not after that landing
Or that skewed approach

Your not getting of the ground this year
Limitless corrosion
Questionable skills

You walk up in cotton white gear
Cluthing her false papers
Murdering call signs

You were found in numerous back streets
Holding an umberella
Like a satellite dish
[repeat]

Lyrics submitted by Paul.

Lyrics provided by
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