

Plane

Mount Moriah

I fell for you in your attic
Over the hum and grind of afternoon traffic
We should be pleased to have shared the breeze or a bus
Now you ask what was the fuss
It was the tone of your letter
And the fit of herringbone sweater You know it's true I would sell this shelf full of records
For the right to your affection
All these delays and transferred planes
Oh, I would number days and time's own changes
Another mountain range and I'm headed south again
Back to the Blue Ridge and the red, red clay And I'd rather be resting in your arms
Than this window seat where everything's clear and warm
In the stratosphere and these heated chairs
O'er the thin, thin, air I just wanna be down there

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