

# Ice On The Wing

## Nada Surf

I am made of Sopwith Camel  
Sherman PT-17, sixty and cloudy, I go slow  
Compared to modernity I am a humming bee

Sweater-weather and  
Hugs and drugs and movies  
But baby ice  
Is growing on the wing  
Baby ice is growing on the wing  
You rolled the dice but  
You didn't know anything  
Underneath the oxide  
Underneath the oxide  
It's all the same song

I am made of no newspapers  
When the V-1 buzzing stopped  
Only prayers  
I am made of young curiosity, deluded piety  
Double-whiskey for the men  
Don't talk to thy neighbour  
If they don't take your same lord as saviour  
In a songless meeting house  
Proud to be the only ones

Who get saved in the end  
From hugs and drugs and movies  
But baby ice  
Is growing on the wing  
Baby ice is growing on the wing  
You rolled the dice but  
You didn't know anything  
What if I start now?  
Just like someone's watching me  
Somebody's watching me  
What if I start now?  
Just like someone's watching me  
But baby ice  
Is growing on the wing  
Baby ice is growing on the wing  
Baby ice is growing on the wing

Baby ice is growing on the wing  
Underneath the oxide  
Underneath the oxide  
Underneath the oxide  
It?s all the same

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