

# 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

Songwriters

LIZ PHAIR Published by

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