

# The Drop

Viktor Vaughn

Moving down the fuselage  
Toward the open door  
Catch you looking down outside  
To see what lies ahead  
One by one  
You watch them fall  
Fall through cloud  
One by one  
You watch them fall  
No idea where they're going  
But down  
Where they've gone

Where they've gone  
Watching as the sun goes down  
I sit inside this plane  
Notice how the city lights  
Are like the nerves inside the brain  
One by one  
They're going out  
You watch them dim  
One by one  
You watch them fall  
And wonder where they're falling to

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