

Metal Airplanes

Matthew Good

On a plane
Somewhere over the sea
Above the rain
The bottle sets me free
I turn to stone
Fall back in my seat
The cuts are gone
But somehow I'm still bleeding
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do about you
Move to France
La Rochelle or Nice
And get a house
Pretend to live in peace
Paint the walls
A black out of your face
Stalk the halls
And move into the basement
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do
Pick a fight
It's just you being right
Walk away
There's nothing I can say
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do about you
So don't you mind the gap

When you leave
There'll be time enough
To turn tail tomorrow
Don't you mind the gap
When you leave

Broken up
Like a tanker on the rocks
Not made of much
I'm like the Cubs against the Sox
On a plane
Somewhere over the sea
I fall asleep
Convinced that I ain't breathing
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do
Pick a fight
It's just you being right
Walk away
There's nothing I can say
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do about you
So don't you mind the gap
When you leave
There'll be time enough
To turn tail tomorrow
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