Amelia

Bell X1

I'd say life's a different story when you're facing certain death
I wonder did they kick back when they knew the game was up
Static on the radio ain't no soundtrack to this end
Stick on a bit of Wagner and we'll go down, let's see if we skimMaybe there's no time for grand exits and pause
Twistin' of propellers, choppin' at the froth
And as she turned to Fred she saw the fear in his eyes
And whatever was between them was heavy in the last word he saidAmeliaOr maybe they went on to grow oranges and pears
On their own island Amelia and Fred
She'd dance for him in the evenin's, as the red sun fell
He'd sit there smilin' up at her thinkin' this is just swell
Take me nowSome say she resurfaced as a Tokyo Rose
Talkin' on the radio, tellin' sweeter lies
But remember when the farmer asked have you flown far
She just smiled back at him and said I've come from AmericaAmeliaTime has cast its shadow, the story lost its legs
Our favorite missin' person still rears her head
Not on a milk carton just some bones on a beach
That just might be a tall white girl called AmeliaOh, Amelia
Just might be a tall white girl called Amelia
Oh, AmeliaIt's just like flyin', just like flyin'
It's just like flyin', just like flyin'
It's just like flyin'

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