High Noise, Low Output

Norma Jean

YeahAnd I sat through a thousand suns
Much sooner than you arrived
And I know what you're thinking
Just pull the ripcord and let's descendYou put your parachutes on parade
And you left the pilots on the ground
But if you're calling me in
Then you better believe I'm gonna call you out
If you're calling me in I'm gonna call you out
Who knows the cost and what
May escape you and I
'Cause it's a long way down from here
I have a feeling that we won't be landing soonParachutes on parade
And you left the pilots on the ground
But if you're calling me in
Then you better believe I'm gonna call you outWe're standing at these doors
Whether cowards or conquerors
They make no promises
They just provide an openingAnd your speech is a thunderous noise
And my ears are catching a dreadful static
You put your parachutes on parade
And you left the pilots on the ground
But if you're calling me in
Then you better believe I'm gonna call you out
Out, out, out, out, out, outYeah, if you're calling me in
I'm gonna call you out
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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