

The Drop

Tactical Thinking

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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