

Out the Airlock

[Paul Dempsey](#)

thrown out of a moving limousine
tied up in corners with no hope of escape
followed at high speed
roughed up and handcuffed and led awaydangled up-side-down from a great height
tied to the rails as the train rounds the bend
hijacked and hotwired
snarled at by dogs against the chain-link fence then she tells you, then she tells you uh huh huh
then she tells you you're not homesucked out of the airlock
cornered like a rat in a crowded city square
lowered into vulcanos
bound up back to back in smart matching chairs Then she tells you, then she tells you uh huh huh
then she tells you you're ...my sweetheart dreams, my sweetheart dreams in an empty bed
my sweetheart dreams of revenge left for dead in mexico
forged in counterfeit invisible ink
cut-out words on a ransom note oh, I beg you honey, it's not what you think Then she tells you, then she tells you
uh huh huh
then she tells you you're not home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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