The Passenger

Art Brut

Permission now to let this thing land
I'm too far gone to know where I am
Conditions are worse than we planned
Permission now to let this thing land
Heading straight to the blackness
Beyond the point of ever turning back
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space
Goes the passenger sitting backwards
So Adam took the apple, I was not involved
I'm not responsible for how lost we are
Batten down the hatches, extinction calls, yeah
But Adam took the apple, was not involved
Heading straight to the blackness
Way beyond the point of ever turning back
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space
Goes the passenger sitting backwards
Maybe a rumble but maybe nothing more
Maybe a thunder there before she blows
Maybe not a big bang but just a little white noise
Into the furnace of red twilight
Threading like a needle through searchlights
And fading further and spinning right
Into the furnace of red twilight
Heading straight to the blackness
Too far gone, now there's no turning back
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space
Goes the passenger sitting backwards
Heading straight to the blackness
Too far gone, now there's no turning back
Slipping off the radar through a hole in space
Goes the passenger sitting backwards
Passenger sitting backwards

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