

# 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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