Metal Airplanes

[Matthew Good](#)

On a plane
Somewhere over the sea
Above the rain
The bottle sets me free
I turn to stone
Fall back in my seat
The cuts are gone
But somehow I'm still bleedingYou know it's true
There's nothing I can do
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do about youMove to France
La Rochelle or Nice
And get a house
Pretend to live in peace
Paint the walls
A black out of your face
Stalk the halls
And move into the basementYou know it's true
There's nothing I can do
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do
Pick a fight
It's just you being right
Walk away
There's nothing I can say
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do about youSo don't you mind the gap
When you leave
There'll be time enough
To turn tail tomorrow
Don't you mind the gap
When you leaveBroken up
Like a tanker on the rocks
Not made of much
I'm like the Cubs against the Sox
On a plane
Somewhere over the sea

I fall asleep
Convinced that I ain't breathingYou know it's true
There's nothing I can do
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do
Pick a fight
It's just you being right
Walk away
There's nothing I can say
You know it's true
There's nothing I can do about youSo don't you mind the gap
When you leave
There'll be time enough
To turn tail tomorrowDon't you mind the gap
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