

Last Flight Out

Butch Walker

Im eighth in line on a U.S. Air
Right now you're paying the parking fare
I can still see your imprint on the terminal glassI tried to back out, I tried to stay home
Tried to avoid picking up the phone
Knowing that this call could be your lastAnd as I take off, my heart wont stop
The sky looks like an astro pop
Amber, red and blue
Im sure gonna miss youIm next in line as a lady stares
At a messed up fucker with messed up hair
She probably felt like this sometime aloneOr maybe she lived in a perfect life
Been a perfect mother and an average wife
Maybe she just wonders what went wrongAnd as I take off, my heart wont stop
The sky looks like an astro pop
Amber, red and blue
Im sure gonna miss youOh, is this all there really is?
Life after you
Is it all there really is?
What else can I do?
Am I gonna taste your kiss
No matter who Im with
Its gonna be youAnd as I take off, my heart wont stop
The sky looks like an astro pop
Amber, red and blue
Im sure gonna miss you
Im sure gonna miss youIm sure gonna miss you
Is this all there really is?
Is this all there really is?

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