

The Passenger

Wall of Voodoo

A telepathic line to a shadow
On the wall, just a passenger and that is all
 Taking off on a midnight flight
 The airline ticket in his hand held tight
 Polar route, destination: oblivion
"Can I take that little box that you're sitting on, sir?"
 "No, that's alright, miss, I'll hold it right here
 I'll need it later on when I go up in the air"
 And one false move will give it all away
 Just one false move will give it all away
 Long distance calling everyone around
 Bad connection, better let the operator dial
 I feel the speed of the traffic zoom
 A train in a tunnel and an empty room
 Time for take-off, extinguish all cigarettes
 In emergency, you know where the exits are
 His hands are white on the box he grips
 No one knows but it's their last trip
 And one false move will give it all away
 Just one false move will give it all away
 Long distance calling everyone around
 Bad connection, better let the operator dial
 Taking off on a midnight flight
 The airline ticket in his hand held tight
 And one false move will give it all away
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