

Air Traffic

Three Drives

The bird is here and we are off
To wherever those wings take us
The atmosphere is crawling with airlines
That wind through the clouds
And look down at the crowds
Relax your back and let the noise
Sing you to sleep in my arms
If you awake before we arrive
I will carry you down and I won't make a sound
The scent is strong as we move on
And breathe in the pristine crime scene
The false veneer is old like a substitute volunteer
From oh some other year
I'm just a shell as far as I can tell
So I paint my eyes a light green
The silver beams are twirling and swirling
Throughout your dreams
Like air traffic streams

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