

This Holiday Life

"Aeroplanes"

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Two things are in my brain.
One's heavy and one's this plane.
We're floating as the sweat runs down my cheek.

Don't tell me it's all okay.
Just leave me with my magazine.
And my view from this window seat.

All this trouble in my blood leaves me on the ground.
But the trouble is when trouble comes were going
down.

I fear God and I fear pain,
but even more this aeroplane.
Out here on the ground only to remain.

Don't tell me try to be calm.
Just leave me with my sweaty palms
and my movie that I can't enjoy at all.

All this trouble in my blood leaves me on the ground.
But the trouble is when trouble comes were going
down.

[X2]

This feeling runs straight to my brain.
Like fire, it burns through my veins.
But feelings make this change.
'Cause I'm leaving on this jetplane.

All this trouble in my blood leaves me on the ground.
But the trouble is when trouble comes were going
down.

[X2]

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