

Working Title, The "The Crash"

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Someone came in through the door alone
Dropped their bags, revealed a shotgun
Started shooting everyone in sight
Oh my god, I'm gonna die alone

Feel love gripping you, gripping you
Feel love racing through your body

So we can run through
So we can run
So we can run through
And work on falling in love

While his plane is crashing down below
Towards the people in the city
In their cars and on their boats, he knows
They will never know the loss of time and control

There's so much beauty
Outside and on the bathroom floor
She's covered in blankets
And everybody wants to see God
So clear with their own two eyes
Oh, I feel alone

This is the turning point
No one is going back
I know what they've implied
I know I'm not just here to die

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