

## Channel 3

### "Airborne"

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(Magrann/Langsford)  
If money talks, it also lives  
The fat and pale faces show  
In East L.A., a baby dies  
Well, that's just the way it goes  
In their white cars, they drive through slums  
And talk of art and distant wars  
They shake their heads, and click their tongues  
As they reach to lock the doors  
In every world, in every age  
There's a "they"  
And what do they say?  
They say we're Airborne  
The trapped generation of lies  
They say we're Airborne  
Dead innocents, aloft with bent desires  
May I use "We"?, we're forced to see  
The pain of life most every day  
I'll have a drink, I'll close my eyes  
Then I'll turn to fly away  
And so we cry, misunderstood!  
Our souls alive, red burning youth  
But colors fade, and we might pale  
And crash down in three piece suits  
I asked a kid the other day  
What they teach in this nuclear age  
We had some fun in school today  
We learned to get under our desks  
And start to pray!

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