

## **Blueline Medic**

### **"Plight 217"**

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She made it  
Stumbling in over her baggage  
Taking it all on board  
She couldn't take much more  
But it's under control  
Where she can keep an eye and hold  
You don't ever want to lose it in transit  
Find your seat  
Fish out your walkman, kate  
Find your breath again  
You've had to run all the way to the gate to barely make  
it  
What is it that you can't settle back there  
That you settle so far back in your chair?  
Buckled up, buckling under  
Under sunglasses  
They're to prevent this sight  
Not for protection  
For now and not for brisbane  
A tissue balled in a fist  
Headphones hissing away in your ears  
A crackling ascent, loud and over the engines  
The inertia isn't nursing  
Braced to arms not at all embracing  
Could this momentum over rob you of your weight?  
At least you've got kinesis' blessing  
And the heavens to thank you're further away  
What is it that you can't settle down there  
That you can't settle down while you're up here?  
Might this ending hard not calm down easier in just an  
hour'n a half?

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