

Carta Magna "Airport Song"

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Ooh, ooh ooh ooh

Sitting in the airport lounge
I'm waiting for a plane
Everything is grounded
For the fog is down again
I should be leaving in the morning
On a flight for Singapore
With a guitar and a suitcase and a face
In a photograph

Dozing with a coffee and a drooping cigaret
And the dog eared Sunday supplement
And still I can't forget
I should be leaving in the morning
On a plane bound for the sun
With a guitar and a suitcase and a face
In a photograph

The hands on the clock
Turn around and around
Dragging past the hours
'Till the dawning of the day
And the girl in information
With her eyes on affirmation
She's turning with a smile to break the news

I cannot quite believe it, but I thought I heard her say
"The customs all have woken up, the fog is on it's way"
So I'll be leaving in the morning
On a plane bound for the sun
With a guitar and a suitcase and a face
In a photograph

Oooh, ooh ooh ooh

Yes I'll be leaving in the morning
On a plane bound for the sun

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