

Chris Flew

"Take The Money + Run"

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And so we climbed into the sky, higher than high
Frosting on the windshield and the wings began to peel
The clouds seemed low below us
Imagine how it feels to take this ride with the suicide
pilot tonight
Imagine how it feels to be this high

'Cause I remember the stars and the sirens
As the trucks raced across the tarmac
Waiting on a plane
Waiting for a plane to never land
And I held your hand like it could have made a
difference
If someone would listen or even take the time to
understand
But I'm not that man to you or your best friends

We watched the sun come over us, higher than high
Redder than the blood that spilled from my wrists
As I made my last confession to the devil in his holy
sacrament
The suicide pilot tonight is taking one last ride
He watched it all go down

And I remember the stars and the sirens
As the trucks raced across the tarmac
Waiting on a plane
Waiting for a plane to never land
And I held your hand like it could have made a
difference
If someone would listen or even take the time to
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But I'm not that man to you or your best friends

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