

Blackfield

"On The Plane"

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Standing in the corridor
It's just another day
You never were the kind of boy
Who ran outside to play

You're passing through the kitchen
Behind your mother's back
While she says
Your father's on the plane

The rain against the windows
You're waiting on the stairs
You've double checked the driveway
With someone standing there

You calculate the chances
of presence on your bed
Tonight
Daddy's on his way

Daddy's on the plane
Soon you'll meet again
Daddy's on the plane
That's what mother said
While you were waiting

Nothing ever happens
in your neighborhood
You'd like to run so far away
If you only could

It seems that all the people
Have nothing much to say
Anyway
Daddy's on his way

Daddy's on the plane
Soon you'll meet again
Daddy's on the plane
That's what mother said
While you were waiting

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