

## **Flight 409** **"This Disaster"**

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My stomach slides into the bottom of my throat as you  
Tell me everything we're changing love, if they only  
knew  
It's just the way you move, follow me  
it's our quickest way to safety

This signal's breaking up and we're in motion again  
Follow me home  
Stop the clock, wake-up  
Stop the clock, wake me up

So this is where we begin, take me home again  
Cause I'm stuck with this paper to this pen  
And I'm weightless again  
Is this the standard for this disaster?  
Well we're not covered.  
Don't be afraid, the inconsistency of you and me is  
nothing new  
We're always  
There's no room left for failure  
Don't lose your compuser  
This is almost over, and we're almost home

Well I could be the ghost hiding in your walls  
Slipping through your door, it's just the way you move  
You could be my cigarette burning through my body

After fights and fights I don't know where I was going  
I made so many mistakes but I'll find my way home

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