

Gruff Rhys

"Skylon!"

Visit "[Skylon!](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Candydate air lines welcomes you aboard the flight,
F.U.N
To, Nirvana.

The gangway gives me shelter,
The merchant and the rain,
I shuffle for my ticket,
To show it once again,
Overhead the lockers,
Are full up to the brim,
Of shiny souvenirs,
Duty-free and film,
The Cabault 37,
Reserved a window seat,
I hit her as I passed her,
Tidied up and neat,
Too tired to confront her,
I sit next to the
Aisle.

I recognize my neighbour,
I've seen her on the screen,
I read the open movies,
And frivolous magazines,

Find myself,
Find myself,
Against everything I stand for, now I'm sitting by your
side.

The safety regulations,
Are rigorously explained,
The exits have been pointed,
The buckle-belts are strained,
Upwards lifts the eagle,
Silver towards the sun,
The in-flight entertainment,
Is suddenly switched on,
I glance at the reporter,
Who reads the news alone.

I settle for my journey,
Perched upon my throne,
To my left the actress,
Whose work just makes me groan.

The pilot gave a signal,
The stewardesses talk,
Of other stewardesses,
Of distant foreign ports,
They glanced at one another,
And continued on their walk.

The meal was served in plastic,
Containers wrapped in foil,
A special pack contains salt,
Vinegar and oil,
To add to my discomfort,
Lightning hits the deck.
Down the aisle they venture,
Pouring cups of tea,
Two gentlemen of business,
And ladies of the scene,
They crave for the interior,
As lightning strikes again.

The Aeroplane subsides down,
Then rattles like a snake,
The baby behind screams out,
The perfume Charlie escapes
Into a piñata, that fell out of its place.

Enter the confusion,
A solitary man,
Holds a ball of semtex,
Disguised as a ticking beer can,
Fear strikes the galley,
Panic buttons ring.

The hijacker plane's a madness,
The steward brings him a tray,
He writes into a notebook,
Demands that he must gain,
If anyone should care to,
See their families again.

On the tray he places,
The notebook,
And the ticking
Can.

The steward brings the message,

Outside the tempers brawl,
He rocks from chair to chair,
Till he reaches the cabin door,
He knocks on it discreetly,
Inside they welcome him.

The captain hands his radio,
He contacts his HQ,
Listing the demands out,
While contacting his crew,
Under no illusion,
He furrows his brow too.

Find myself,
Find myself,
Against everything you stood for,
Now I'm sitting by your side.

Why is this man special,
He sits in his plain clothes,
He poses as a civilian,
Ready for the fall,
Rises to the occasion,
As the drama still unfolds,
He aims at the hijacker,
Stuns him with his gun,

Find myself,
Find myself,
Find myself,
Find myself,
Against everything you stood for,
Now I'm sitting by your side.

At this point I declare my,
Field of expertise,
I whisper to the hostess,
To get me all the things I need,
For I'm a bomb disposal expert,
In your hour of need.

The pinchers and the tweezers,
Require steady hands,
I wrestle with the wires,
The bomb keeps ticking on,
The actress holds a tin can,
So right on her arm.

Find myself,
Find myself,
Against everything you stood for,

Now I'm sitting by your side.

Finally I unlock it,
The wire coloured red,
The one that I must cut to,
To put this piece to bed,
And now this strange dilemma,
Enters my weary head.

The golden opportunity,
To dispose of a TV personality,
Has given me this moment,
An unexpected poison chalice,
I ponder for a moment,
Exactly where I'll miss.
Do I explode with the actress
or reach out with a kiss?

Find myself,
Find myself,
Now we're in this shit together,
Let's let each other live.

We land to our heroes welcome,
Let the press conference begin.

So to recap,

Point 1:

Some man, with issues, tried to blow up the plane I am travelling on.

Point 2:

A love interest in the actress who is sat next to me.

Point 3:

I am a bomb disposal expert, at my location,
and I saved everybody's life, on the plane!

Now in a nutshell, this is how the scenario plans out:

The pilot, safely heroically, some would say lands the plane.

It's surrounded by fire engines, police, media,
cameras, ambulances,

etcetera, and we are missioned to a big-shift press conference.

While the event's cost a bank, and must have bust some companies,

myself, the pilot, and the actress are rushed into a hastily arranged press-conference.

After this near death experience,

I say to the media that myself and the actress are enclosed,

and the initial night of passion results in a love-child,
so, fly.

We sold the best photos of the child,
for an abusive 1 million dollar fee, to 'Howdy!' magazine.
And we live, unhappily, ever after.
Well that's it from me, thank you for listening,
and please, fly home safely.
And by the way, should you ever, bump into me in the street, my name is:
SKYLON!

Skylon,
Skylon,
Way up high,
Cutting at the wires as the people start to cry.

Skylon,
Skylon,
Way up high,
Cutting at the wires as the people start to cry.

Hour,
Hour,
Week by week,
Look into the mirror before getting on with me,

Skylon,
Skylon,
Way up high,
Cutting at the wires as the people start to cry.

Skylon,
Skylon,
Way up high,
Cutting at the wires as the people start to cry.

Skylon,
Skylon,
Way up high,
Skylon Skylon,
Waay, up, hiiiiiiiiigh.

Visit [Gruff Rhys](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.