

Herbie Hancock

"Amelia"

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I was driving across the burning desert
When I spotted six jet planes
Leaving six white vapor trails
Across the bleak terrain

Like the hexagram of the heavens
Like the strings of my guitar
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

The drone of flying engines
Is a song so wild and blue
It scrambles time and seasons
If it gets through to you

Then your life becomes a travelogue
For the picture post card charms
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

People will tell you where they've gone
They'll tell you where to go
But till you get there yourself
You never really know

Where some have found their paradise
Others just come to harm
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

I wish that he was here tonight
It's so hard to obey
His sad request of me to kindly stay away

So this is how I hide the hurt
As the road leads cursed and charmed
I tell Amelia, it was just a false alarm

The ghost of aviation
She was swallowed by the sky
Or by the sea
Like me she had a dream to fly

Like Icarus ascending
On beautiful foolish arms

Amelia, it was just a false alarm

Maybe I've never really loved
I guess that is the truth
I've spent my whole life in clouds at icy altitudes

And looking down on everything
I crashed into his arms
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

I pulled into the cactus tree motel
To shower off the dust
And I slept on the strange pillows of my wanderlust

I dreamed of seven forty sevens
Over geometric farms
Dreams, Amelia, dreams and false alarms

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