

# Herbie Hancock Feat. Luciana Souza "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  
It was the hexagram of the heavens, the strings of my  
guitar  
Oh 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 of picture  
postcard 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  
Oh 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

A 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 altitude  
And looking down on everything I crashed into his arms  
Oh 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 747s over geometric farms  
Dreams, Amelia, dreams and false alarms

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