

Buck 65

"Final approach"

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The sun is always shining bright, at thirty thousand feet
above
Waiting games creating flames, burning with the heat
of love
Another day another turn page, no we've reached the
most absurd stage
Hope my arms turn into branches and my chest
becomes a bird cage
Hurricane endure the pain, I ain't use to being nervous
Agitated seat belt fastened, James Brown mixed with
Ian Curtis
No where no where way up high, I don't really need a
lie
With fire in my lungs tonight I travel at the speed of fire

J'ai attendu longtemps pour te revoir,
J'ai eu peur de ne jamais t'apercevoir, pendent tout ce
temps
J'ai imaginé ton avion s'écraser, et j'ai vue le pire
Penser que t'avais changé d'idée.
Dans ta vie je venais tout compliquer, le coeur tordu.

Vivre, son, ton, mort
Serious, serious, serious, serious, serious, serious

This is it final approach, guns are drawn and facing fire
I'm the one Johnny come home, starving hungry pacing
tired
Miles an hour thousand power, brave like ace
scarecrow like panic,
Futuristic French new wave, bullet proof arrow dynamic
Broken rose off birthday kisses, moving sidewalks
sliding doors
Sunshine crawls across our sadness, burning mine and
hiding yours
Say the word call the start, a drop of blood in all the
hearts
Soon we'll sing this song again but not right now lets
fall apart.

Je sens ta présence se cacher, l'angoisse
disparaître et laisser couler,

Le sang dans mes veines. Comme si j'avais attendu
tout ce temps pour respirer.
Te voyant ma mÃ©moire va effacer les traces de tous
tes dÃ©parts.

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