

Butch Walker

"Last Flight Out"

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I'm eighth in line on a U.S. Air
Right now you're paying the parking fare
I can still see your imprint on the terminal glass

I tried to back out, I tried to stay home
Tried to avoid picking up the phone
Knowing that this call could be your last

And as I take off, my heart won't stop
The sky looks like an astro pop
Amber, red and blue
I'm sure gonna miss you

I'm next in line as a lady stares
At a messed up fucker with messed up hair
She probably felt like this sometime alone

Or maybe she lived in a perfect life
Been a perfect mother and an average wife
Maybe she just wonders what went wrong

And as I take off, my heart won't stop
The sky looks like an astro pop
Amber, red and blue
I'm sure gonna miss you

Oh, is this all there really is?
Life after you
Is it all there really is?
What else can I do?
Am I gonna taste your kiss
No matter who I'm with
It's gonna be you

And as I take off, my heart won't stop
The sky looks like an astro pop
Amber, red and blue
I'm sure gonna miss you
I'm sure gonna miss you

I'm sure gonna miss you
Is this all there really is?

Is this all there really is?

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