

Keller Williams

"Above The Thunder"

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Rusted wingspan
Frustrated thrower
Basting on the tarmac
Could we move any slower
SeaTac to Dulles
Richmond to Reno
Smooth ride rental
No time for Keno
*I can see through the clouds
Right to the ground
Different shapes and textures
Deep greens and light browns
Cities of mystery
Mountains of wonder
Staying clear of all the lightning
And above all.....the thunder*
Busted book binding
Flopping around
Choppy turbulence
Flying waitress's are asked to sit down
Gradual decent
We should be down soon
Take in the view
Of being closer to the moon
chorus
Well the mile high club still exists
As two people disappear
And the little baby disapproves
And screams out loud
So the whole plane can hear
In incoherent baby talk
At the top of her baby lungs
And I close my eyes
Absorb my chair just like
Water to a sponge
My brain is like a drummer
Trying to hold a groove
Keeping time to time zone
My brain constantly on the move
I think of your face
And long for that sound
Not the drummer keeping the pace

But the wheels hitting the ground
chorus
I'm flying...

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