

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"1940's Fighter Jet"

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Well you were using me for cover
Moments after we hit the ground
Those aren't stars, those are airplanes
Overhead for the air-raid
And I hope we both live on
I hope my engine gets me home
I hope next time you see me
You'd still like to kiss me

Free like your shoulders in your clothes
Free like the bible you just stole
Free like the hand that you grab hold then let go
Let go
What truths do they home in at you
Don't you wish you were a past you?
Uniformed, awful, totally stable
Standing in line for bread and wine
You know with which words to greet it
Standing in line for bread and wine
They told you just how to receive it
Don't you see it?

Free like your shoulders in your clothes
Free like the bible you just stole
Free like the hand that you grab hold then let go
And if free was your last month's rent payed down
And if free was my high-school conscience
How our heads would split open, exposing our thoughts
And,
How, just like twin fighter airplanes, they'd fly out

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