

## Reverend Horton Heat

### "Planes"

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Departures, I'm racing  
Heavy heat marching.  
Rubber soles, slow me down,  
Light shirt it's sweat drenched.  
Sounds loud, of whispers,  
Passing me over.  
Cloudbanks and vapour,  
Halos on angels.  
All that surrounds me.  
The nerves and her coffee.  
Veins that are leaking,  
No talk or seeking.

Solar flare, Hull breaches,  
Breath of fresh air.  
A face full of pressure.  
Dry throat, hot breathing,  
Air-conditioned dreaming.  
It seems I will meet you.  
Doubt cast,  
Last is love,  
As a smoke stack,  
Thrown into a breeze.

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