

Albert Hammond

"Air Disaster"

Visit "[Air Disaster](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The engines spit out fire
I'm pushed back in my chair
The pressure gives me thrills
As we climb in the air

And I love to watch the clouds
And the mountains and the sky
Swish around a cocktail
The stewardess brings by

Lord, this is the life for me
Lord, oh, Lord
This is the life for me

But I don't wanna die
In an air disaster
I don't wanna die on a plane

Well, I fishtail through the lanes
And I make my tires squeal
Power at my feet
And glory at the wheel

And I wind the windows down
Let the wind blow through my hair
God knows where I'm going
But me, I don't care

Lord, this is the life for me
Lord, oh, Lord
This is the life for me

But I don't wanna die
In a freeway pile up
I don't wanna die on the road

Well, I'm young and I'm pretty
And I wanna stay that way
Wanna be desirable
Till my dying day

I don't wanna be bedridden

An old and bitter sage
Have the nurses saying
I'm young for my age
(He's young for his age)

Oh, Lord
Don't let me go that way
Lord, oh Lord
Don't let me go that way

No, don't make me go
Like a fading chorus
Don't make me fade like a song

Lord, have mercy on your son
Lord, oh, Lord, oh, Lord
Have mercy on me

Cause I don't wanna die
In an air disaster
And I don't wanna die
In a freeway pile up

And I don't wanna go
Like a fading chorus
And I don't wanna die
For no good reason

And I just wanna go on and on

Visit [Albert Hammond](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.