

Albert Hammond

"I Don't Wanna Die In An Airdisaster"

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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 lane and I make my tires
squeal
Power at my feet and the 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

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