

Polly Jean Harvey

"Airplane blues"

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My man's a pilot on the Birmingham airplane line
I say my man's a pilot on the Birmingham airplane line
When he comes to see me, my man sure comes a
flying
I know that my flying man ain't true to me
I know that my flying man ain't true to me
But he's as true as any man can be
He takes me flying, flying, right up to the sky
He takes me flying, flying, right up to the sky
When I'm riding with my man, lord, he rides me so high

First he turns me over then he starts to loop the loop
First he turns me over then he starts to loop the loop
Takes a long long time till his whoops begin to droop
He flies me slow, he flies me fast
And I'm hoping, I'm praying he don't run out of gas
So if he ain't true, there's nothing I'm gonna say
Cause I ain't gonna let him burn that good flight away

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