

## **Pop Will Eat Itself "Nightmare At 20,000Ft"**

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Welcome to hell!

Sweating on the top line  
At the airline  
Check-in not check out  
Wish I could get the hell out  
This is no joke  
The thing could go up in smoke  
Or plummet to the ground  
As the G-force pulls us down

Flight! Fright! Get uptight!  
Throw a seven in the clouds and  
Out go yer lights  
City to city! State to state!  
Roasting coast to coast  
In a megaton freight crate

Hurtle down the runway  
Is it a one way trip to heaven  
Or hell on wheels?  
In a 747 I get a little freaky  
When there's only air and  
Steel beneath me

"Fasten your seatbelt  
We hope you enjoy the ride."

CHORUS

Junk metal in the air!  
It's a total nightmare  
At 20,000 feet!

Are ready for a rough ride?  
Tis could be suicide  
Turbulence ahead  
I think my lunch  
Is on the uprise!  
Far out! This dread ain't funky  
My hair's on end  
there's no blood left in me!  
It's not the car of the bus

Or the train! It's the plane

When we hit top speed  
It's always the same  
Sweating red hot  
But chilled to the bone  
Side to side  
Bouncing off the ozone

Tranquillise me! Hypnotise me!  
Technofear haz paralyzed me  
all around me people grinning  
Laughing while my head is  
Spinning  
Shakin' like a leaf  
>From my head to my feet  
Strapped to a seat  
At 20,000 feet

Safer in the air  
Than on the ground!

CHORUS

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