

## **Farewell Flight**

### **"Ticketed Passengers Only"**

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Be still, blue night sky  
My heart dies to be on your side of the glass  
Tonight, I can't help imagining the sound of crashing to  
The ground  
FDR at 8am  
An empty airport  
My only friend, you always back down, without a doubt  
So, wipe that smug grin off your face  
It's not the time, nor the place  
No matter what you say, you can't convince yourself  
this  
Is the right thing  
It's not the right thing  
One last chance I reject your call  
The plane banks  
We begin to fall

This is the best dream I've ever had  
As long as we are choosing sides, I think it's only fair I  
Have the right to make the first round pick  
(You should know that you're still it)  
Be still, blue night sky  
My brain tries to believe these lies I was fed tonight  
I can't help imagining the sound of crashing to the  
Ground. Be still, blue night sky  
My heart dies to be on your side of the glass tonight  
I can't help imagining the sound of our love lost and  
not  
Found

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