

## Andrew Bird "Fiery Crash"

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Two stars are missing me  
Jet waves are driving me  
Things in nicer motions  
We are hauling to space

G force is twisting the faith with superstition  
A fatal premonition  
You know you've got to envision  
The fiery crash

Oh, close your eyes and you wake up  
Face stuck to a vinyl settee  
Oh, a lot is starting to break off  
Just as you were starting to say  
Someday I'll propose I don't know

These childs in magazines  
Blue doves in the sea on and devote every monitor  
screen  
You were caught in the cross fire  
Where every human face is reaching for your knees or  
ears  
Delivering position, a fatal premonition

Save our lives, you've got to envision  
To save all our lives, you've got to envision  
And to save all our lives, you've got to envision  
The fiery crash, it's just a formality  
Or must I explain, just a nod to mortality  
Before you get on and before you get on a plane

Oh, close your eyes and you wake up  
Face stuck to a vinyl settee  
Oh, a lot is starting to break off  
What was that you were going to say?

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