

State Shirt "Back To The Airplanes"

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fourteen miles on the run
maybe it's time we turn back
it's amazing anyone
survived that massive attack

eight hundred seventy thousand pounds
take off without a care
it's a drag how we find out
the elements that make us bare

back to the airplanes we must go
a thousand gallons of jet fuel in the snow
the man who sat right next to me i didn't know
might not have any feelings left to show
twisted wreckage scraped down to the bone
somehow even with you i feel alone

must walk faster
help is surely on the way
there, i can see the rescue crew!
wave your arms, they'll see you.
i'm right here, why won' t you help me! help me.

back to the airplanes we must go
dripping blood all the way through the snow
the man who sat right next to me i didn't know
might not have any feelings left to show
twisted wreckage scraped down to the bone
somehow even with you i feel alone

there i lay.
close my own eyes.
"tray table up"
was that my last thought?

what was my last thought?
fade out all i've sought
stare down my old face
i don't know my place.

