

The Whiskey Saints

"Flight 1277"

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Dragging hours behind this morning
She's dealt a long delay
San Francisco is departing
But we're heading to LA
She's the last person that I need to meet
But we're stuck here this way

It's possible she missed her cab
Sleeping off three bottles of champagne
Still she's finding the nearest lounge
To drink until she goes insane

Though McCarran is filled every day
With people in pain

Spending money you just hope to forget
And now you're running late
Our chance will be happening soon
But girl you've gotta wait
For twelve seven seven

Unpredictable and never content
She's becoming a clich

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