

Private Helicopter

Harvey Danger

I'm on a private helicopter with my favorite ex-girlfriend,
Tiny little cabin in the sky,
Now we're alone and we can remember how we felt before we were
angry:

We were guilty and we were bitter,
(I must admit I said a few things, but...)

I'm still attracted to you,
Sorry we've been so, so cold, so,
Eight miles high and three hours to landing,
God, your hair smells really great.

I'm on a hovercraft to Paris with my former best friend,
We have to get to the cinematheque,
We're not alone but no one speaks English, so we're free,
To look into each other's minds,
And see what we're thinking like we always used to.

I miss talking to you,
But, but, you never draw me out so,
Cast off the ego scars and let's go hit the bars.

I reserve the right to hold my grudges,
Friends like you, you know the rest,
But all told, I hold on to my anger far too long,
Until it's a joke,
The night is cold,
The joke is old
(and poorly told, I told you once)

I'm on a private helicopter with my favorite ex-girlfriend,
No one to keep up appearances for
Now we're alone and we can remember how we felt at first;
The desperate need to be together
Must've been good for something, sugar

I'm still attracted to you (bap-bah bah-dah-dah-dah bap-bah)
No one's around to make us do what we're supposed to,
So lie here in my arms.
Lie here in my arms.
Lie here in my arms.
Lie here in my arms.
Lie here in my arms...