

# Rollercoasters

Aimee Mann

Rollercoasters and ferris wheels  
You like how it feels  
Round and round till you lose yourself in the air

All those complicated deals  
Your desperate appeals  
Calling out to a god you know isn't there

So high as you fell looking down on the tops of the trees  
And all you can do is say  
Please, please, baby please

You were conjuring that year  
A ghost engineer  
Building gods who could put the clock in reverse

Breathing thinner atmosphere  
So thin you could hear  
Angels telling you boy, you're making it worse

So high as you fell looking down on the tops of the trees  
And all you can do is say  
Please, please, baby please

Please give me high  
Spirals are spied  
Falling or flight, the boosters ignite

So high as you fell looking down on the tops of the trees  
So high  
And all you can do is say  
Please, please, baby please

Rollercoasters and ferris wheels  
You like how it feels