

On The Plane

Blackfield

Standing in the corridor, it's just another day
You never were the kind of boy who ran outside to play
You're passing through the kitchen behind your mother's back
While she says "your father's on the plane"

The rain against the windows, You're waiting on the stairs
You double check the driveway, If someone's standing there
You calculate the chances, of presents on your bed tonight
Daddy's on his way

Daddy's on a plane
Soon you'll meet again
Daddy's on a plane
That's what mother said
Like you were waiting

Nothing ever happens, In your neighborhood
You like to run so far away, if you only could
It seems that all the people have nothing much to say anyway
Daddy's on his way

Daddy's on the plane
Soon you'll meet again
Daddy's on the plane
That's what mother said
While you were waiting