

Final Approach

Buck 65

The sun is always shining bright, at thirty thousand feet above
Waiting games creating flames, burning with the heat of love
Another day another turn page, no we've reached the most absurd
stage

Hope my arms turn into branches and my chest becomes a bird cage

Hurricane endure the pain, I ain't use to being nervous
Agitated seat belt fastened, James Brown mixed with Ian Curtis
No where no where way up high, I don't really need a lie
With fire in my lungs tonight I travel at the speed of fire

J'ai attendu longtemps pour te revoir,
J'ai eu peur de ne jamais t'apercevoir, pendant tout ce temps
J'ai imaginé ton avion s'écrouler, et j'ai vu le pire
Penser que t'avais changé d'idée.
Dans ta vie je venais tout compliquer, le coeur tordu.

Vivre, son, ton, mort
Serious, serious, serious, serious, serious, serious

This is it final approach, guns are drawn and facing fire
I'm the one Johnny come home, starving hungry pacing tired
Miles an hour thousand power, brave like ace scarecrow like panic,
Futuristic French new wave, bullet proof arrow dynamic
Broken rose off birthday kisses, moving sidewalks sliding doors
Sunshine crawls across our sadness, burning mine and hiding yours
Say the word call the start, a drop of blood in all the hearts
Soon we'll sing this song again but not right now lets fall apart.

Je sens ta présence se cacher, l'angoisse disparaître et laisser couler,
Le sang dans mes veines. Comme si j'avais attendu tout ce temps
pour respirer.
Te voyant ma mémoire va effacer les traces de tous tes départs.