

Black Box Recording

Firewater

Slung from the hoary heavens
With disbelief suspended
On a shining pendulum of faith

Hanging half awake and dreaming
Of burning cities gleaming
Beneath a sky of ash and slate

And as the fuselage goes dark
You're thinking ain't it funny
Still owe some people money

It's hard to keep from laughing
No smoking sign is flashing
Your mask descends without a sound

Your starboard hope receding
Even the sky is bleeding
You sure could use a smoke right now

And all the people wave their arms
But you can't hear them screaming
You're floating through the ceiling

There's no gravity that can bring you down again
It's almost over now
And you hope they don't wake you up

Now the sun is shining
Somewhere the sun is shining
But it sure ain't shining on you now