

# Thirty-Five Thousand Feet of Despair

Flaming Lips

Another moth disintegrates  
hovering in the beam of a searchlights  
that's looking for a trace of a plane  
whose pilot it's a shame has gone insane.

You can see the silhouette across the moon  
he hung himself mid-flight in the bathroom.

Why is it so high?  
Why is it so much?