

Skylon!

Gruff Rhys

Candy date air lines
Welcomes you aboard the flight
F U N to Nirvana

The gangway gives me shelter
The merchant and the rain
I shuffle for my ticket
To show it once again

Overhead the lockers are full up to the brim
Of shiny souvenirs, duty-free and film
The Cabault 37, reserved a window seat
I hit her as I passed her, tidied up and neat
Too tired to confront her, I sit next to the aisle

I recognize my neighbor
I've seen her on the screen
I read the open movies
And frivolous magazines

Find myself, find myself
Against everything I stand for
Now I'm sitting by your side

The safety regulations
Are vigorously explained
The exits have been pointed
The buckle-belts are strained

Upwards lifts the Eagle
Silver towards the sun
The in-flight entertainment
Is suddenly switched on
I glance at the reporter
Who reasoning's alone

I settle for my journey
Perched upon my throne
To my left the actress
Whose work just makes me groan

The pilot gave a signal
The stewardesses talk
Of other stewardesses
Of distant foreign ports
They glanced at one another
And continued on their walk

The meal was served in plastic
Containers wrapped in foil
A special pack contains salt
Vinegar and oil

To add to my discomfort
Lightning hits the deck
Down the aisle they venture
Pouring cups of tea

Two gentlemen of business
And ladies of the scene
They crave for the interior
As lightning strikes again

The aeroplane subsides down
Then rattles like a snake
The baby behind screams out
The perfume Charlie escapes
Into a piñata, the feller of its place

Enter the confusion, a solitary man
Holds a roll of some tax
Disguised as a ticking beer can
Fear strikes the golly
Panic buttons ring

The hijacker plane's a madness
The steward brings him a tray
He writes into a notebook
Demands that he must gain
If anyone should care to
See their families again

On the tray he places
The notebook and the ticking can

The steward brings the message
Outside the tempers brawl
He rocks from chair to chair
Till he reaches the cabin door
He knocks on it discreetly
Inside they welcome him

The captain hands his radio
He contacts his HQ
Listing the demands out
While contacting his crew
Under no illusion
He furrows his brow too

Find myself, find myself
Against everything you stood for
Now I'm sitting by your side

Why is this man special
He sits in his plain clothes
He poses a civilian
Ready for the fall

Rises to the occasion
As the drama still unfolds
He aims at the hijacker
Stuns him with his gun

Find myself, find myself
Find myself, find myself
Against everything you stood for
Now I'm sitting by your side

At this point I declare my
Field of expertise

I whisper to the hostess
To get me all the things I need
For I'm a bomb disposal expert
In your hour of need

The pinchers and the tweezers
Require steady hands
I wrestle with the wires
The bomb keeps ticking on
The actress holds a tin can
So right on her arm

Find myself, find myself
Against everything you stood for
Now I'm sitting by your side

Finally I unlock it, the wire colored red
The one that I must cut to
To put this piece to bed
And now this strange dilemma
Enters my weary head

The golden opportunity
To dispose of a TV personality
Has given me this moment
An unexpected poison chalice

I ponder for a moment
Exactly where I'll miss
Do I explode with the actress
Or reach out with a kiss?

Find myself, find myself
Now we're in this shit together
Let's let each other live

The land to our heroes welcome
Let the press conference begin

So to recap
Point 1, some man with issues
Tried to blow up the plane I am traveling on
Point 2, a love interest in the actress
Who is sat next to me

Point 3, I am a bomb disposal expert
At my location and I saved
Everybody's life on the plane

Now in a nutshell
This is how the scenario plans out
The pilot safely, heroically
Some would say lands the plane

It's surrounded by fire engines
Police, media, cameras, ambulances, etcetera
And we are missioned to a big-shift press conference
While the event's cost a bank
And must have bust some companies

Myself, the pilot and the actress
Are rushed into a hastily arranged press-conference
After this near death experience

I say to the media that myself
And the actress are enclosed,

And the initial night of passion
Results in a love-child so fly

We sold the best photos of the child
For an abusive 1 million dollar
Fee to Howdy magazine
And we live unhappily ever after

Well, that's it from me, thank you for listening
And please fly home safely
And by the way should you ever
Bump into me in the street, my name is

Skylon, Skylon, Skylon, way up high
Cutting at the wires as the people start to cry
Skylon, Skylon, way up high
Cutting at the wires as the people start to cry
Hour, hour, week by week
Look into the mirror before getting on with me

Skylon, Skylon, way up high
Cutting at the wires as the people start to cry
Skylon, Skylon, way up high
Cutting at the wires as the people start to cry

Skylon, Skylon, way up high
Skylon, Skylon, way up high