

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