

That Plane

Helen Reddy

The traffic at this hour is so thick
That he's afraid he might be late
Her flight arrives at 7:10
And he remembers how she hates to wait
And he remembers losing her
And begging her to give him time to change
Now the time has come, and his mind is numb
'Cause his final chance is coming on that plane

She fastens up her seatbelt
And nervously she finishes her drink
An all-night flight from L.A.
Can give a woman too much time to think
And she hopes that he'll be different
But she knows deep in her heart he'll be the same
And she wonders if the stewardess
Would be kind enough to just let her stay on that plane

That plane
Settling into the heavy city haze
And she remembers guilty nights
And baby-please-forgive-me days
That plane
Screaming as loud as the pain they both feel
As she slowly unfastens her belt
And he clutches the wheel

He's one mile from the airport
Traffic's backed up all along the lane
She waits five minutes, takes a breath
Turns around and gets back on that plane
She can ride it through to Denver
She's got friends there, they could spend a little time
'Cause she knew he'd never be there
And he knew she never was the waiting kind

That plane
Rising up in the heavy city haze
And she remembers guilty nights
And baby-please-forgive-me days
That plane
Screaming as loud as the pain they both feel
As she slowly fastens her belt
And he clutches the wheel