

I could hear it through the line
I could tell from the crack in her voice, the static the noise
She leaving on the night,
when it comes to you, Ill do whatever I gotta do

I'm looking out for the window seat
halfway back about 23
man I wish that I could fly this thing
give a little more gas a little more speed

This 747 cant go fast enough fast enough
This 747 cant go fast enough fast enough
every minute is wasting time
she gets a little bit closer to saying goodbye
This 747 cant go fast enough fast enough

I could use a drink right now
Ive got my head in the clouds, thinking about
the second that the wheels touch down
and my feet hit the ground to run to your house,
knock on the door, kiss you right on the mouth

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