

Night Flight to Paris

Local H

Hang up and listen.
You found your direction and cut the line.
Night flight to Paris.
You'd rather leave than lose your sight.
You're done fighting the blind.
Some sort of surrender.
2 a.m. and the last thing I hear from you:
"Don't live a life untrue."
You stick to your story.
Every story has someone that they stick to.
You pay for your glory.
Everybody has someone they aspire to.
And I aspire to you.
But I won't follow you.
To live a life untrue.
Don't live a life untrue.
You say, "You're better dead than blind."