

Amelia

Rumer

I was driving across the burning desert when I spotted six jet
planes
Leaving six white vapor trails across the bleak terrain
It was the hexagram of the heavens, it was the strings of my guitar
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

The drone of flying engines is a song so wild and blue
It scrambles time and seasons, if it gets through to you
Then your life becomes a travelogue of picture-postcard charms
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

People will tell you where they've gone, they'll tell you where
to go
But till you get there yourself, you never really know
Where some have found their paradise, others just come to harm
Oh Amelia, it was just a false alarm

I wish that he was here tonight, it's so hard to obey
His sad request of me to kindly stay away
So this is how I hide the hurt as the road leads cursed and charmed
I tell Amelia it was just a false alarm

A ghost of aviation, she was swallowed by the sky
Or by the sea like me she had a dream to fly
Like Icarus ascending on beautiful foolish arms
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

Maybe I've never really loved, I guess that is the truth
I've spent my whole life in clouds at icy altitude
And looking down on everything, I crashed into his arms
Amelia, it was just a false alarm

I pulled into the Cactus Tree Motel to shower off the dust
And I slept on the strange pillows of my wanderlust
I dreamed of 747s over geometric farms
Dreams, Amelia, dreams and false alarms