

Well, here we are, adrift again
I can taste the spit in the oxygen
The pilot's song forgotten that he ought
To fear the awful, trembling hand of God

And I hope that this plane goes down
So I can see who comes to mind
So I can see who comes to mind

Well, I can crack a smile and I'm alright
I'm just so tired of feeling tired
The cockroach floating dead in a cocktail
Sedated in a cherry underworld
Thoughts are leaking out a dry and gaping mouth

And I hope that this plane goes down
So I can see who comes to mind
So I can see who comes to mind

And I hope that this plane goes down
So I can see you one last time
So I can see you one last time

And dream away
And dream away
And dream away
And dream away