

Fine Ride

Tilt

I've got my black garbage bag
Picking up parts from the wreckage of the blast
I'm trying to piece together this
Giant puzzle hidden within the crash

All the salvage in an
Airplane hanger now
Closer to the mystery than
Looking inside each crumpled body bag
It all happened in a flash

It was a mighty fine ride (4x)

Loved ones are questioning
They hug each other in a conference room and cry
Dreading the inevitable
Bracing themselves for the worst

Investigators bent over the box
It seems the truth is an elusive terrorist
And the stench is knocking me out of here
In this centralized morgue

It was a mighty fine ride (4x)

Creeping around and it's a violent "Bye"
And I try to explain, I try to apologize
I don't think they see me standing here
And I, I wonder why

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