

## 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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