

I'm running out of fuel over Leningrad
In seven lonely hours I'll be gone.
She just finished up her bridge to Jupiter
I knew she would make it all along.
They're running low on funds at the planetarium
In seven winter months they'll have to close.
Then Joesph swapped the gels in the west project
So now the big bang bullet point list glows.
Francis said to meet him near the gift shop
And Io failed to light this afternoon
He won't mind if I decide to fix her
Skip the coffee cakes and pink balloons
I'm flying slow and low over the urals
thirty frozen minutes until I can send
Radar called out bogeys west of ussuriysk
And Valdimirov had found me in the end
And they still don't see
Cause the don't know me, I am the night mare
With bullets all around me in the cold, sun
and shivering in Soviets with right, there
and sparks this goddamn dog fight is a close, one
I'm burning across the deck into a steep, climb
Then rollover at eighteen thousand dive, dive
Drowned in screaming tracers when I drop, brakes
and tail paint all the migs around me, Jesus, I
missed those fucking Christmas trees by inches, spilled
communists and jet fuel on the ground.
My supersonic jet it makes no sound.
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My supersonic jet it makes no sound.
My supersonic jet it makes no sound.