

Bell X1, Amelia

I'd say life's a different story when you're facing certain death
I wonder did they kick back when they knew the game was up
static on the radio ain't no soundtrack for this end
stick on a bit of agner and we'll go down
let see if we skim
maybe there's no time, for grand exits and pause
twistin our propellers, dropping at the froth
and as she turned to Fred she saw the fear in his eyes
and whatever was between them, was heavy in the last word he said
Amelia
or maybe they went on to grow oranges and pears
on their own island, Amelia and Fred
she'd dance for him in the evenings as the red sun fell
he'd sit there smiling up at her thinking this is just swell
take me
some say she resurfaced as a Tokyo rose
talking on the radio, telling sweet lies
but remember when the farmer asked have you flown far
she just smiled back at him and said
'I've come, from America'
Amelia
time has cast its shadow, the story lost its legs
our favorite missing person, still rears her head
not on the milk cartons, just some bones on a beach
that just might be a tall white girl called Amelia
just might be a tall white girl called Amelia
oh Amelia
it's just like flying X4