

# Swervedriver, Ejector Seat Reservation

Not going down in a ball of fire  
Just 'cause the wings won't reach any higher  
And I'm the psychotic tripping in the aisles  
Sheet rain on the window pain  
Now at the bar, gnashing and gurning  
And never quite turning  
As the hostess turns to me and jokes:  
At least you've always got a good tale to tell  
When you die well

I keep crashing out and dreaming about  
Black African goddesses in white western underwear  
So there  
And when you say everybody is a star in the end  
Then the greatest starfucker's your boyfriend who says  
I've always loved the smell of your blood  
Don't ask me why, I don't try  
We're so earthbound in every town  
And everybody's got a right to a will to want to live  
And a right to want to die

Please help us back on to our feet  
Escort us to the ejector seats

And I'm alive! I can't seem to hide it  
Got people calling out my name and everything  
Death by chandelier  
She says Death by chandelier!  
It falls on my head and I'm dead  
And that's how I want to die  
Don't ask me why, I don't try  
But if my lights are gonna blow  
Then that's the end of the show  
The fuzzy end of the lollipop's yours to suck  
I don't wanna here anymore  
And just don't tell me the Fulham score

Please help me back on to my feet  
Reserve me the ejector seat  
Go away Go away  
Take me to Nirvana or Shangri-la  
And somewhere on my journey I saw everything

Not going down in a ball of fire  
A little man sitting on my shoulder  
Top hat and tails and he carries a folder  
And written within is a list of the men  
Who went down before me  
Am I not going down?  
It's like Carry On Through The Clouds  
It's like flying with Satan sharing the navigation  
And he keeps grabbin' hold of the controls

Please help me back on to my feet  
Reserve me the ejector seat  
Go away Go away  
Fly me to Nirvana or Shangri-la  
Somewhere on my journey I saw everything  
Where the songs do grow  
And the flowers can sing