

Wilco, Dash 7

Dash 7 in the air,
Dropped to the sun alone,
Jets hum

I wish that I was still there,
Props not a jet, alone,
Where the sun doesn't come down

Because I've found the way those engines sound,
Will make you kiss the ground,
When you touch down

Dash 7 pointed down
The captain's announcement,
Doesn't make a sound

Because I've found the way those engines sound,
Will make you kiss the ground
I found the way those engines sound,
Will make you kiss the ground,
When you touch down