

## Air Traffic

Owl City

The bird is here,  
And we are off,  
To wherever those wings take us.  
The atmosphere,  
Is crawling with airlines,  
That wind through the clouds,  
And look down on the crowds.

Relax your back,  
And let the noise,  
Sing you to sleep in my, arms.  
If you awake,  
Before we arrive,  
I will carry you down,  
And I won't make a sound.

The scent is strong,  
As we move on,  
And breathe in the pristine,  
Crime, scene.  
The false veneer,  
Is old like a  
Substitute, volunteer,  
From, oh, some other year.

I'm just a show,  
As far as I can tell,  
So I paint my eyes a light green.  
The silver beams,  
Are twirling and swirling ,  
Throughout your dreams,  
Like air traffic streams.