

Fiery Crash
Armchair Apocrypha
Fiery Crash

A - Dm

A

Turnstiles on mezzanine. Jet ways and Dramamine. Fiends and x-ray machines.

D

You were hurling through space. G-forces twisting your face,

A

E

D

/

A

Breeding superstition. A fatal premonition. You know you got to envision. The fiery crash.

E

D

A

Oh close your eyes and you wake up. Face stuck to vinyl settee.

E

D

A

Oh the line was starting to break-up. Just as you were starting to say.

(C# B C# B A C#B A)

Something apropos I don't know.

A - Dm

A

Beige tiles and magazines. Lou Dobbs and the CNN team on every monitor screen

D

You were caught in the crossfire. Where every human face has you

A

Reaching for your mace so it's kind of an imposition. Fatal premonition.

E

D

E

D

To save our lives you've got to envision. To save all our lives you've got to envision.

E

D

/

A

And to save all our lives you've got to envision... the fiery crash.

Dm

A

Dm

A

Dm

A

It's just a formality. Why must i explain why? Just a nod to mortality.

E

/

A

Before you get on..... before you get on a plane.

E

D

A

Oh close your eyes and you wake up. Face stuck to a vinyl settee.

E

D

A

Oh the line was starting to break up. What was it you were going to say?