

PLAYING ON THE RUNWAY      *Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

Lights - along the runway...  
They say the pilot cannot see.  
Wings - of rust and age,  
Too weak to rage or carry me.  
The distant city is silent now.  
We cannot fly away, We don't know how.  
So we're playing on the runway -  
There will be no way to leave the ground.

Stars- no one remembers  
Great dying embers; Turn out your light.  
Hearts - like scarlet sashes  
Rise from the ashes, Shine on tonight.  
The broken forest, the holy land  
Fall to rubble and turn to sand  
While we're playing on the runway  
There will be no way to leave the ground.

Stand - and be my friend;  
If this must end Why should we care?  
Dance - like no tomorrow -  
There is no sorrow we cannot share.  
One blue tomorrow We'll never see.  
This very moment Will always be  
While we're playing on the runway  
There will be no way to leave the ground.

There is no heaven... There is no fire.  
No sanctuary... No angel choir.  
So we're playing on the runway  
There will be no way to leave the ground.  
We're just playing on the runway  
Watching the Milky Way slowing down.