

Talking Plane Disaster-crd
By Phil Ochs

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 Well, Once I heard some people say, "If you gotta travel
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 There's just one way, you gotta leave the ground, gotta go
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 through the air, gotta find a pilot and pay your fare
 You gotta sail through the sky.
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 In other words, you gotta fly".

Yes, statistics show it's the way to go,
 Well, it's safer than your car, you know;
 It's safer than your home, safer than your street,
 About the safes place to put your feet;
 Statistics don't lie...
 But statistics don't die, either.

Well, once I heard Bob Dylan say:
 You gotta take a train -- it's the only way;
 Well, nothin' ever happens to trains at all --
 There was just one accident he could recall:
 A plane crashed into it...
 People flying in all directions, then.

One day when the sky was blue,
 I boarded a plane and off we flew,
 Looked out the window, insurance in my hand,
 Just like Columbus searching searching for land;
 Swearin' I'd never fly again...
 Just like the last time.

Then one of the stewardesses ambled by,
 And suddenly I wasn't afraid to die;
 She brought me coffee, pillows and tea,
 Said, "You're as safe as you can be"
 Said there's nothing to worry about...
 then she flew out the door somebody forgot to close
 right.

The plane kept going higher and higher,
 I could swear both the wings were on fire,
 So I opened the cockpit door
 and the pilot was layin' on the floor
 With the other stewardess...
 She said, "Fly now and pay later"...

Then the plane dropped down about a mile or two,
 She lurched about, I swore I was through;
 My stomach was heavin' -- it was tied in a knot --
 Little paper bag was all I got --
 That's the bag I'm in...Pilot said we hit an air
 pocket..
 Must've been a pocket with an awful big hole in it...

Well, at last the trip was near the end,
 The airport was comin' round the bend,
 But all my anxious eyes could see
 Was a thousand planes in the vicinity;
 They was landin' and leavin' and wavin' at each other,
 Wing to win and brother to brother,
 The pilot was swearin' and swervin' around,
 But he said, "Don't worry, we have radar somewhere on the ground".
 I wasn't worried...I was crawlin' up the aisle

Screamin': "Jesus Saves".

The trip didn't do me too much harm,
But I did spend a year on the happy-farm;
They couldn't understand why I kissed the ground,
Chewed the concrete and swallowed it down;
Sure tasted good...Like LaGuardia dirt should.