

# Plane

## Mount Moriah

I fell for you in your attic  
Over the hum and grind of afternoon traffic  
We should be pleased to have shared the breeze or a bus  
Now you ask what was the fuss  
It was the tone of your letter  
And the fit of herringbone sweater You know it's true,  
I would sell this shelf full of records  
For a ride to your affection  
All these delays and transferred planes  
Oh I would number the days and time zone changes  
Another mountain range and I'm headed south again  
Back to the Blue Ridge and the red, red clay  
And I'd rather be resting in your arms  
Than this window seat  
Where everything's clear and warm  
In the stratosphere in these heated chairs  
Oh the thin, thin air  
I just wanna be down there

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>