

Take Off

We rushed and we stressed, left house in a mess, she nagged, we argued I glared
She speaks down to me then raises her voice. I retort "I'm not hearing impaired"

She always insists on getting there early. It's a tiresome annoying ritual
Reality says we'll be three hours early, that's **not** what I call being punctual

The 4am motorway's as clear as a bell, yet still her foot's pushed to the floor
This holiday is already feeling like hell, It's the same damn thing, year after year

Get to the car park, arrive in the dark, find somewhere to leave the car
The chill of the silence between us both matches, the outside cold nip in the air

I feel so alone when the shuttle turns up, it's madness, a 5am bus
Shivering now we get on at the rear, how odd, there are others like us

We've three hours to go before boarding the plane, so we sit and we stare at the wall
We've been in this same sad piteous place, year after year I recall

Silence isn't golden, it's dark and it's bleak, since discourse stopped around two
There's nothing to do now except people watch, and occasional trip to the loo

We check in the cases then walk half a mile, towards the departure lounge
Drink bitter coffee, search more boring shops, so weary of hanging around

Then two hours before we are due to take off, we go to our designated gate
More people coughing and looking annoyed, some panicking in case they are late

Hundreds of people on mobile phones, screeching kids running around
Some couples, like us hardly saying a word, whilst others are talking too loud

The departure boards flipping so damn bloody fast. It's in French, having trouble translating
Then 'she' starts mumbling "What's going on? Why are they keeping us waiting?"

I grit my teeth, shaking my head I think "It's the last break I'm having with **you**"
Then we finally get some verbal direction, an hour after take-off was due

The announcement comes over "Please board your flight now. Move quickly please, no hesitation"
We rush to the gate, tickets in hand Thank God that we're finally moving.

The security guard peers at our cards and growls "Sorry, this is gate eleven
Your flight left an hour ago, it took off from gate number seven"