

Bad Vibes

Gas Huffer

Stomach is rumbling, it's hard
To keep from mumbling aloud
Can't shake the feeling that you'll
Be coming home in a shroud
It's just a dumb vacation, but you
Can't give it up, you're too proud
Think you'll have a drink so that you
Can face this feeling of doubt

Then, the plane takes off

And everything is A-ok
Sun is shining, hey
Something buckles in the wing
People start to pray and sing
That's when you begin to think
That you were right about them bad vibes

People are screaming, it's hard
To hear the stewardesses lie
Stomach stops rumbling, your mouth
Becomes incredibly dry.
It takes a while to fall, so you might
Have time to learn how to fly
Fly!

Things are getting dicey, you're staring
Into gravity's maw
Trying to think of ways to transcend
Thermodynamic law
Plane is moving crazy, it's being
Tossed around by a paw
It's hard to do much breathing, your throat
Is getting tighter and raw

Then, the plane takes off

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