

Idiot Pilot, Red Museum

Came in through an open window
Through a small mistake
Glanced over at your sleeping baby
We can hardly wait

In the red museum
It's had to sleep
We are known for the lack
Of the words we speak

Now he is one
Now she is one
Now they are one
Now he is one
Now she is one
Now they are one

Glass eyes and some wooden teeth
You cannot sit still
These walls have a sense of reach
And an iron will

In the red museum
It's had to sleep
We are known for the lack
Of the words we speak

Now he is one
Now she is one
Now they are one
Now he is one
Now she is one
Now they are one

Red sky
Red sky
Red sky
If you would try to let us
Red sky
Red sky
Red sky
If you would try and let us
We cant stop them from coming in
We cant stop them from coming in
We cant stop them from coming in
We cant stop them from coming in