

System Of A Down, Jet Pilot

Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay,
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay.
My horse, is a shackled old man,
His, his remorse, was that he couldn't survey,
The skies, right before,
Right before they went gray,
My horse and my remorse,
Flying over a great bay
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay,
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay.
My, source, is the source of all creation,
Her, discourse, is that we all don't survey
The skies, right before,
Right before they go gray,
My source, and my remorse,
Flying over a great bay,
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay,
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay
Where were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay,
Where were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay.
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay,
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay
Where were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay,
Where were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay.