

Hugh Cornwell, Hot Head

When we met I thought that you'd take off and try to fly
Then a man with giant lips began to catch your eye
You were caught on a hook
It was straight from a book

Didn't listen to advice and started telling tales
On the runway low on gas your engine starts to fail
If you tried you could win
Extra time take a spin

Hot head I hear you're coming through
Your ears are burning that's nothing new
Hot head you're wearing no parachute!

Knowing one or two up in the blue prepared me good
First of all my favourite pilot in my neighbourhood
Still in flight with her man
Riding high understand

Hot head I hear you're coming through
Your ears are burning that's nothing new
Hot head you're wearing no parachute!