

# Idiot Pilot, In Record Shape

Call it what you will  
If pressed and pressed again  
Then something surely spills  
Who cleans and who forgets?

It's hard to tell if I am well  
These spinning lights are disco hell

It's not an axe you have to lift  
It's not a load that you can split  
It's not an axe you have to lift to lift to lift  
It's not an axe you have to lift  
It's not a load that you can split  
It's not an axe you have to lift to lift to lift

Pressure combusting  
Aligned in redded growth  
We'll choke, we'll choke

My teeth are nothing  
More than shreds of bone  
One will drain the blood  
From you eyes

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Keep myself in record shape