

# Rhubarb, Just Another Pilot

A little bit of Jesus  
And a foreign car  
Never learnt to come home  
It's too far  
Somewhere in the country  
You're moving way too fast  
For all your hours working  
How do you make it last  
There's no-one left to tell you, enough

One too many take-offs  
Staring at the stars  
At home beneath the wind-shears  
We drift on  
The tower yells instructions  
You're coming in too low  
You need to bring your speed down  
Or you'll blow us all too hell  
I'm just another Pilot, who followed you down

Take me back I'm almost at the end  
C'mon, C'mon.

Take me back I'm almost at the end  
C'mon, C'mon.

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