

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.

A little bit of Jesus
And a foreign car
Never learnt to come home