

The Fall, Auto Tech Pilot

Last night I heard 3 real loud ricochets
From the police tech center at the top of my street
And then the morning after, brass band in unison
Jumping, shouting, all 3000
Meanwhile I've been broke in twice
And had a maniac at door, swearing, 12:05 AM

And I really think this computer thing is getting out of hand
And I think this tech pilot isn't going to land
Three quarters of mail destined for beer
Time to put an end, to the extend
All the bump men
Time we cack this
Compute garbage in, garbage out
And time to put a cap on this
With a brain, nice habit
And I'm thinkin of...

(Track is deserted
All securities run forth of the perverted)

Isn't gonna land
On its purgatory band
Auto tech pilot
Isn't gonna land
Jet isn't gonna land
Troll the instant pilot
Auto tech pilot
Isn't gonna land