

You Am I, The Applecross Wing Commander

We'd like to introduce you to the nature of our trials
We'd love the chance to bring your elders down
So fix your Dad a drink 'cause we're gonna need to think
Now you're a plane we won't need them around anymore
We done a lot of dumb things now, sure hope we do some more
And we'll wait all summer just to piss on your door

The wing commander's sister is a golden haired surprise
I can't walk far but I can shoot for miles
And my radar can see anyone over thirteen
Now you're grown up we don't need you around anymore

We done a lot of dumb things now, sure hope we do some more
It's the last summer so in our dust you will crawl