

Ian Thomas

"Pilot"

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One by one they disappeared
The minds of science, the nation's leaders
To meet again at destination
Sweating in their seats, anticipation
On the salt flats of Nevada
All those who mattered waited for the word
Oh oh Pilot, woah oh pilot
This paradise is lost forever
Oh oh Pilot, woah oh Pilot
We place our trust in the flyer
To deliver us from the fire
We have made
Thru the porthole panic stricken
Humanity had been forsaken

The door secured, the cry was distant
But the scratching fingers grew persistent
On the salt flats of Nevada
All those who mattered waited for the word
Oh oh Pilot, woah oh pilot
This paradise is lost forever
Oh oh Pilot, woah oh Pilot
We place our trust in the flyer
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