

The Fall

"Auto-Tech Pilot"

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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 cake 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

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