

Kari Ruesl?Tten

"Pilot"

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You just want to strip me
Off of who I am
Divide me into pieces
And then you can decide
What it is you want
A heart a mind a fuck
If it's all the same to you
I'll choose instead
It's a close race, close race
You're pushing the buttons now
As fast as you can
Close race, close race
Now it's time to understand
And leave you, leave you
Stranded here
A pilot with no plane
My parachute will open
While yours will fail
And it doesn't really matter
If your crash-helmet is on
I'll just light another
Of your cigarettes
And the ghosts that haunt this house
Will slowly fade away

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