

## Jet Pilot

Son Volt

Jet pilot for the day, washed his sins away  
Loves to see the rangers play  
His daddy has a job in Washington  
Wants to raise a Harvard son

Junior liked to let his hair down  
Only trouble is word gets around

Revolution will be televised  
Across living rooms and the great divide  
Robbing barren ghettos before us now  
Everybody needs a hunting ground

Jet pilot flown away, got a passing grade  
Made it to the world stage  
A hemisphere away, death is on display  
The sins would never wash away

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