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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