

Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled when he flew over the bay
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled when he flew over the bay
My horse is a shackled old man
His, his remorse, was that he couldn't survey
the skes, right before
right before they went gray
my horse and my remorse
flying over a great bay
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled when he flew over the bay
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled when he flew over the bay
My source is the source of all creation
Her, discourse, is that we all don't survey
The skies, right before
Right before they go gray
My source, and my remorse
Flying over a great bay
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled when he flew over the bay
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled when he flew over the bay
Where were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
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