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