

## Auto-Tech Pilot

### The Fall

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