

## Hot Head

Hugh Cornwell

When we met I thought that you'd take off and try to fly  
Then a man with giant lips began to catch your eye  
You were caught on a hook  
It was straight from a book

Didn't listen to advice and started telling tales  
On the runway low on gas your engine starts to fail  
If you tried you could win  
Extra time take a spin

Hot head I hear you're coming through  
Your ears are burning that's nothing new  
Hot head you're wearing no parachute!

Knowing one or two up in the blue prepared me good  
First of all my favourite pilot in my neighbourhood  
Still in flight with her man  
Riding high understand

Hot head I hear you're coming through  
Your ears are burning that's nothing new  
Hot head you're wearing no parachute!