

Jet Pilot

Son Volt

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
Robber baron 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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