Pilots

Tiger Lou

Raise the chandelier
Light the candles, dear
I feel your breath so near
I feel your breath

Burn it to the ground
This is what I found
That it's you, child
That it's you, child

Down this worn down trail
We run although so frail
Oh yes, we must prevail
Oh yes, we must prevail

Burn it to the ground
This is what I found
That it's usual
That it's usual

Where are we now?
We are pilots

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