

Red Museum

Idiot Pilot

Came in through an open window
Through a small mistake
Glanced over at your sleeping baby
We can hardly wait
In the red museum
It's had to sleep
We are known for the lack
Of the words we speak
Now he is one
Now she is one
Now they are one
Now he is one
Now she is one
Now they are one
Glass eyes and some wooden teeth
You cannot sit still
These walls have a sense of reach
And an iron will
In the red museum

It's had to sleep
We are known for the lack
Of the words we speak
Now he is one
Now she is one
Now they are one
Now he is one
Now she is one
Now they are one
Red sky
Red sky
Red sky
If you would try to let us
Red sky
Red sky
Red sky
If you would try and let us
We cant stop them from coming in
We cant stop them from coming in

We cant stop them from coming in
We cant stop them from coming in

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