# Jet Pilot

## [System of a Down](#)

Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled, when he flew over the bay
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled, when he flew over the bayMy horse is a shackled old man
His, his remorse, was that he couldn't survey
The skies, right before
Right before they went gray
My horse and my remorse
Flying over a great bayWired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled, when he flew over the bay
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled, when he flew over the bayMy source, is the source of all creation
Her discourse, is that we all don't survey
The skies, right before
Right before they go gray
My source and my remorse
Flying over a great bayWired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled, when he flew over the bay
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
One that smiled, when he flew over the bayWhere were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot
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