

## Test Pilot Blues

Black Francis

Breathing mask, gloves and leather  
Stations of the Cross  
I've got no wings full of feathers  
Just my engines and a little sauce  
I never go up just for the money  
I never go half way  
You know I always wanna do you, honey  
But I, I don't want to fade away  
It ain't no use, test pilot blues  
A sunny day, boy, it sure do hurt  
Big bang sky, a big bang dirt  
I've seen blue you've never seen  
And I've seen you from on high  
I've been places you never have been  
I waived for you, you did not reply  
Oh it ain't no use, these test pilot blues  
Here it comes, I love this part  
We did it  
I never go up just for the money  
I never go half way  
You know I always wanna do you, honey  
But I, I don't want to fade away  
It ain't no use, these test pilot blues  
A cloudy day, boy, it sure do hurt  
Big bang sky, big bang dirt  
Big bang sky, big bang dirt  
Big bang sky, big bang dirt