Jet Pilot
System of a Down

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Afinação(C,G,C,F,A,D)Verso:1
D|---------------------------------|
A|---------------------------------|
F|---------------8----------------8|
C|0-0-0-/6-0-0-0-8-0-0-0-/6-0-0-0-8|
G|0-0-0-/6-0-0-0-6-0-0-0-/6-0-0-0-6|    4x
C|0-0-0-/6-0-0-0---0-0-0-/6-0-0-0--|

     (abafado)Verso:2
D|---------------------------------|
A|---------------------------------|
F|---------------8----------------8|
C|0-0-0-/6-0-0-0-8-0-0-0-/6-0-0-0-8|
G|0-0-0-/6-0-0-0-6-0-0-0-/6-0-0-0-6|    4x
C|0-0-0-/6-0-0-0---0-0-0-/6-0-0-0--|

   Verso:3
D|-------------------|
A|-------------------|
F|-------------------|
C|-------------------|
G|0-8-7-5-7-5h7p5-3-1|
C|-------------------|

                        Verso:4
D|-------------------------|-----------------------------|---|
A|-------------------------|-----------------------------|---|
F|--------------4x---------|----3x----------------------|---|
C|-------------------------|-----------------------------|-7-|
G|-------------------------|-7-8-7-8-7-555-7-8-7-8-7-555-|-7-|
C|7-8-7-8-7--5-7-8-7-8-7--5|-7-8-7-8-7-555-7-8-7-8-7-555-|-7-|
                     Repete Verso:1
                     Repete Verso:3
                     Repete Verso:4
                     Repete Verso:1
                     Repete Verso:3 3x


D|-------------------------------------------------------|
A|-------------------------------------------------------|
F|-----------------------9-7--10-9-------9-------------|
C|------7-8-7-10-8-12-10-----------12-10---12-10-8-----|
G|0-7-8------------------------------------------------|
C|-------------------------------------------------------|
                     Repete Verso:1

Jet Pilot
```

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 bay

My 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 bay

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 bay

My, 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 bay,

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 bay
Where were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay,
Where 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 bay,
Wired were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay
Where were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay,
Where were the eyes of a horse on a jet pilot,
One that smiled when he flew over the bay