

Some Kind of Jet Pilot

Brandtson

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sleepy-eyed
And bed headed
Nine a.m., traffic jam
And I'm late for work againThere are planes overhead
People going places
And I'm dreaming I'm
On my way with themBut I just want to be
Driving through
Just want to be
Driving throughI got my sunglasses and the radio on
I'm feeling good just like I could
Roll up my sleeves and take on the world butBut if the city had its way
It would swallow me whole
I won't let it swallow me nowI just want to be
Driving through
Just want to be
Driving throughThrough the night to be with you
Or maybe on my way to New York
Or towards the western sky
I don't really care, I'd just driveJust want to be
Driving through
Just want to be
Driving throughJust want to be
Driving through

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