

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 again There are planes overhead
People going places
And I'm dreaming I'm
On my way with them But I just want to be
Driving through
Just want to be
Driving through I got my sunglasses and the radio on
I'm feeling good just like I could
Roll up my sleeves and take on the world but But if the city had its way
It would swallow me whole
I won't let it swallow me now I just want to be
Driving through
Just want to be
Driving through Through 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 drive Just want to be
Driving through
Just want to be
Driving through Just want to be
Driving through

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