

Metarie

Brendan Benson

Met a girl, introduced myself, yeah
I asked her go to with me and no one else
And she said, "I'd really like to see you every day
But I'm afraid of what my friends might say""You need a bath and your clothes are wrong
You're not my type, I can tell we wouldn't get along"
I just laughed, what else could I do?
Just then her friend chimed in, singin', Get a clue""Get a life, put it in your song
(Put in your song)
There's something I've been meaning to say to you
I've run out of gas and I'm stuck like glueI'd had enough, I couldn't take it anymore
So I turned and I ran straight for the door
Bought some mags on my way home
For later on, you know, when I'm all aloneA bottle of wine and some cigarettes
A racing form, maybe, maybe I'll make some bets
I know a guy, lives in Los Angeles
Sometimes his life there makes me so jealousI'd like to move out of this place
Should change my name, get a new face
Get a life put it in my song
(Put in my song)
There's something I've been meaning to say to you
I've run out of gas and I'm stuck like glueI'd like to move out of this place
Should change my name, maybe get a new face
Sleep all day, stay up all night
Everybody I meet thinks I'm alrightGet a life

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