

Jetpack

Tim Wilson

Those liars of ours back when I was in school
said 2010 would be future cool.
The gasoline engine would be a thing of the past.
We'd get our own little rockets that would fly real fast.
I couldn't wait to start flyin' around
with a 4 hour erection that wouldn't go down.
I'd impressing and undress every woman in town.
I couldn't wait for that to get off the ground.

Now I'm sittin' here and there's a cop over there.
Me and him's supposed to be up in the air, him sayin'
"Tim, you're way too drunk to fly. I'll hav'ta
write you up for an FUI."

I'm stuck in an '89 Pontiac.
I'm supposed to be a flyin' sex maniac.
So, where's that contraption to strap on my back.
Where the f*ck is my jetpack? (x2)

Maybe Ross Perot could've finally got around
to tiny little rockets with a giant suckin' sound,
but Clinton came along with mainly women in mind,
and a giant suckin' sound of a different kind.

I can't smoke in my car. I can't smoke in the bar.
Bob Dylan's still our biggest rock star.
We made it to Mars and now the President's black.
But, where the f*ck is my jetpack? (x2)

WHERE THE F*CK IS MY JETPACK?!! (x2)

Lyrics submitted by DIEXEL.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>