

# Jet Lag

Brendan Benson

My so called friends  
Where are they now  
I guess a love that bends  
Isn't worth much any how They come and go  
And talk their shit  
And when I really need to know  
All I get is spit in my eye But the less I know, the better  
The faster I go, jet setter  
I chase around the world  
But I never get the girl But it doesn't really matter  
If you won't have any part of this  
My scheme, I've devised  
Where my team is disguised  
And we seem like ordinary guys but surprise Some people want to know  
All about my history  
And no one seems to care  
That none of it's noteworthy But I talked so much as it were  
That I made the local news  
The boy has got the magic touch  
And he can't ever lose My present situation  
Is no longer inspiration  
My precious generation  
Is killing their time  
And behind their backs  
I'm slipping through the cracks I'm hardly phased anymore  
By your classless ways  
It takes more than that  
To amaze me these days I stayed up late  
The night before  
I slept the whole way on the plane  
And now my neck is sore And it doesn't really bother me  
I just cut out any part of me  
That's been bruised

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