Jet Lag

Brendan Benson

My so called friends
Where are they now
I guess a love that bends
Isn't worth much any howThey come and go
And talk their shit
And when I really need to know
All I get is spit in my eyeBut the less I know, the better
The faster I go, jet setter
I chase around the world
But I never get the girlBut 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 surpriseSome people want to know
All about my history
And no one seems to care
That none of it's noteworthyBut 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 loseMy present situation
Is no longer inspiration
My precious generation
Is killing their time
And behind their backs
I'm slipping through the cracksI'm hardly phased anymore
By your classless ways
It takes more than that
To amaze me these daysI stayed up late
The night before
I slept the whole way on the plane
And now my neck is soreAnd it doesn't really bother me
I just cut out any part of me
That's been bruised

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