Jet Pac

Eve 6

You're the one stepping on the back of my shoes
You're the one using me as a muse
You're the one with the jet pack strapped to your back ready to go
It's you and her and nobody else the lights are low and she's so ready
You're already on your way to the door
You're at the bar the tender gives you a free drink and winks, she's perfect
You sweat bullets, spill the drink and you leave
Everyone leaves the party except a gorgeous twenty something, you turn and run
You call me up
You're the one stepping on the back of my shoes
You're the one using me as a muse
You're the one with the jet pack strapped to your back ready to go
So the way you act, is it just an act or some strange courtship ritual
A habitual nervous reaction
Hey it's just me, set yourself free, why don't you let me know

what's going on
Inside your cluttered head
You're the one stepping on the back of my shoes
You're the one using me as a muse
You're the one with the jet pack strapped to your back ready to go
What the hell are you talking about is that what you would say
If I were to wonder out loud would it make you turn away
Just a curious question
If it was you and me and nobody else would you want me to want to be ready to go
Would you want to take the lights down low
You're the one stepping on the back of my shoes
You're the one using me as a muse
You're the one with the jet pack strapped to your back ready to go
Hey it's just me, set yourself free, why don't you let me know

what's going on
Hey it's just me, set yourself free

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