

Brendan Benson, Jetlag

(Benson)

My so-called friends
Where are they now
I guess a love that bends
Isn't worth much anyhow
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 if 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 thru 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