

## **Brandtson**

# **"Some Kind Of Jet Pilot"**

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Sleepy-eyed  
And bed headed  
Nine a.m., traffic jam  
And I'm late for work again

There are planes overhead  
People going places  
And I'm dreaming I'm  
On my way with them

But I just want to be  
Driving through  
Just want to be  
Driving through

I got my sunglasses and the radio on  
I'm feeling good just like I could  
Roll up my sleeves and take on the world but

But if the city had its way  
It would swallow me whole  
I won't let it swallow me now

I just want to be  
Driving through  
Just want to be  
Driving through

Through the night to be with you  
Or maybe on my way to New York  
Or towards the western sky  
I don't really care, I'd just drive

Just want to be  
Driving through  
Just want to be  
Driving through

Just want to be  
Driving through

